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ON

FAMILIAR SUBJECTS

BY

J. G. HOLLAND

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PREFACE.

EVERY accepted speaker before the lecture-associations of the country hears the frequent expression of a wish, on the part of his audiences, to secure in type the utterances of his tongue. My own experience in this respect has not been exceptional; and, in publishing this volume of lectures, I fulfil a promise repeatedly made to those who have heard them from the platform. It seems legitimate to conclude that that is not valueless on the printed page which has been received with favor by many audiences, in nearly every Northern State of the Union. I am sure it will revive some pleasant memories; and I hope it may renew some useful impressions.

These lectures have been written at different periods during the last six or seven years. These

years have been eventful ones in American history; and they have given point and coloring to much that the volume contains. It has not been deemed desirable to introduce changes in the text, in order to adapt it to altered times and circumstances, or to append notes explanatory of incidents and events that have retired from the field of current interest into history. Such lectures as bear the stamp of any time bear the stamp of their own time, and sufficiently explain themselves.

J. G. H.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *July*, 1865.

PREFACE TO THE REVISED EDITION.

I HAVE considerably changed this volume, both in its arrangement and its materials. Several lectures that were embraced in the original edition have been omitted, and others deemed more important, as they were more recently written, have been put in their places. The essay on "The Popular Lecture," originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, now introduces the volume, instead of closing it, as in the previous editions, and it is believed that the book will be found more symmetrical and satisfactory in consequence of these modifications. The author commits these lectures to the public, associated as they are with a most interesting field of effort, from which circumstances have forever shut him out, with affectionate reminis-

cences, and with the hope that they will pleasantly recall some of those golden evenings when the auditorium listened while the platform pronounced them.

THE LECTURER.

New York, 1881.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Popular Lecture,	1
Hobby-Riding,	26
The Elements of Personal Power,	64
The Social Under-Tow,	104
Fashion,	138
Working and Shirking,	168
Work and Play,	203
Cost and Compensation,	238
Art and Life,	274

PLAIN TALKS.

THE POPULAR LECTURE.

THE popular lecture, in the Northern States of America, has become, in Yankee parlance, "an institution;" and it has attained such prevalence and power that it deserves more attention and more respect from those who assume the control of the motive influences of society than it has hitherto received. It has been the habit of certain literary men (more particularly of such as do not possess a gift for public speech), and of certain literary magazines (managed by persons of delicate habit and weak lungs), to regard and to treat the popular lecture with a measure of contempt. For the last twenty-five years the downfall of what has been popularly denominated "The Lecture System" has been confidently predicted by those who, granting them the wisdom which they assume, should have been so well acquainted with its nature and its adaptation to

a permanent popular want as to see that it must live and thrive until something more practicable can be contrived to take its place. If anything more interesting, cheaper, simpler, or more portable, can he found than a vigorous man, with a pleasant manner, good voice, and something to say, then the popular lecture will certainly be superseded; but the man who will invent this substitute is at present engaged on a new order of architecture and the problem of perpetual motion, with such prospect of full employment for the present as will give "the lecture system" sufficient time to die gracefully. Circumstances there may be which will bring intermissions in its yearly operations; but no instance can be found of its permanent relinquishment by a community which has once enjoyed its privileges, and acquired a taste for the food and inspiration which it furnishes.

An exposition of the character of the popular lecture, the machinery by which it is supported, and the results which it aims at and accomplishes, cannot be without interest to thoughtful readers.

What is the popular lecture in America? It will not help us in this inquest to refer to a dictionary; for it is not necessary that the performance which Americans call a lecture should be an instructive discourse at all. A lecture before the Young Men's Associations and lecture organizations of the country is any characteristic utterance of any man who speaks in their employment.

The word "lecture" covers generally and generically all the orations, declamations, dissertations, exhortations, recitations, humorous extravaganzas, narratives of travel, harangues, sermons, semi-sermons, demi-semi-sermons, and lectures proper, which can be crowded into what is called a "course," but which might be more properly called a bundle, the bundle depending for its size upon the depth of the managerial purse. Ten or twelve lectures are the usual number, although in some of the larger cities, beginning early in "the lecture season," and ending late, the number given may reach twenty.

The machinery for the management and support of these lectures is as simple as possible, the lecturers themselves having nothing to do with it. There are library associations or lyceum associations, composed principally of young men, in all the cities and large villages, which institute and manage courses of lectures every winter, for the double purpose of interesting and instructing the public and replenishing their treasury. The latter object, it must be confessed, occupies the principal place, although, as it depends for its attainment on the success of the former, the public is as well served as if the entertainment were alone consulted. In the smaller towns there are usually temporary associations, organized for the simple purpose of obtaining lecturers and managing the business incident to a course. Not unfrequently, ten, twenty, or thirty men pledge themselves to make up any deficiency there may be in

the funds required for the season's entertainments, and place the management in the hands of a committee. Sometimes two or three persons call themselves a lecture-committee, and employ lecturers, themselves risking the possible loss, and dividing among themselves any profits which their course may produce. The opposition or independent courses in the larger cities are often instituted by such organizations,—sometimes, indeed, by a single person, who has a natural turn for this sort of enterprise. The invitations to lecturers are usually sent out months in advance, though very few courses are definitely provided for and arranged before the first of November. The fees of lecturers range from fifty to a hundred dollars. A few uniformly command the latter sum, and lecture-committees find it for their interest to employ them.

The popular lecture is the most purely democratic of all our democratic institutions. The people hear a second time only those who interest them. If a lecturer cannot engage the interest of his audience, his fame or greatness or learning will pass for nothing. A lecture-audience will forgive extravagance, but never dulness. They will give a man one chance to interest them, and if he fails, that is the last of him. The lecture-committees understand this, and gauge the public taste or the public humor as delicately as the most accomplished theatrical manager. The man who receives their invitation may generally be certain that the public wish either

to see or hear him. Popularity is the test. Only popularity after trial, or notoriety before, can draw houses. Only popularity and notoriety can pay expenses and swell the balance of profit. Notoriety in the various walks of life and the personal influence of friends and admirers can usually secure a single hearing, but no outside influence can keep a lecturer permanently in the field. If the people like to hear him, he can lecture from Maine to California six months in the year; if not, he cannot get so much as a second invitation.

One of the noticeable features of the public humor in this matter is the aversion to professional lecturers,—to those who make lecturing a business, with no higher aim than that of getting a living. No calling or profession can possibly be more legitimate than that of the lecturer; there is nothing immodest or otherwise improper in the advertisement of a man's literary wares; yet it is true, beyond dispute, that the public do not regard with favor those who make lecturing their business, particularly if they present themselves uninvited. So well is this understood by this class of lecturers, that a part of their machinery consists of invitations numerously signed, which invitations are written and circulated by themselves, their interested friends, or their authorized agents, and published as their apology for appearing. A man who has no other place in the world than that which he makes for himself on the platform is never a popular favorite, unless he uses the platform for the ad-

vocacy of some great philanthropic movement or reform, into which he throws unselfishly the leading efforts of his life. Referring to the history of the last thirty years, it will readily be seen that those who have undertaken to make lecturing a business, without side pursuit or superior aim, are either retired from the field or are very low in the public favor. The public insist, that, in order to be an acceptable lecturer, a man must be something else, that he must begin and remain something else; and it will be found to-day that only those who work worthily in other fields have a permanent hold upon the affections of lecture-going people. It is the public judgment or caprice that the work of the lecturer shall be incidental to some worthy pursuit, from which that work temporarily calls him. There seems to be a kind of coquetry in this. The public do not accept those who are too openly in the market, or who are too easily won. They prefer to entice a man from his chosen love, and account his favors sweeter because the wedded favorite is deprived of them.

A lecturer's first invitation, in consonance with these facts, is almost always suggested by his excellence or notoriety in some department of life that may or may not be allied to the platform. If a man makes a remarkable speech, he is very naturally invited to lecture; but he is no more certain to be invited than he who wins a battle. A showman gets his first invitation for the same reason that an author does—because he is no-

torious. Nearly all new men in the lecture-field are introduced through the popular desire to see notorious or famous people. A man whose name is on the popular tongue is a man whom the popular eye desires to see. Such a man will always draw one audience; and a single occasion is all that he is engaged for. After getting a place upon the platform, it is for him to prove his power to hold it. If he does not lecture as well as he writes, or fights, or walks, or lifts, or leaps, or hunts lions, or manages an exhibition, or plays a French horn, or does anything which has made him a desirable man for curious people to see, then he makes way for the next notoriety. Very few courses of lectures are delivered in the cities and larger villages that do not present at least one new man, who is invited simply because people are curious to see him. The popular desire is strong to come in some way into personal contact with those who do remarkable things. They cannot be chased in the street; they can be seen only to a limited extent in the drawing-room; but it is easy to pay twenty-five cents to hear them lecture, with the privilege of looking at them for an hour and criticising them for a week.

It is a noteworthy fact, in this connection, that, while there are thousands of cultivated men who would esteem it a privilege to lecture for the lecturer's usual fee, there are hardly more than twenty-five in the country whom the public considers it a privilege worth paying for to

hear. It is astonishing, that, in a country so fertile as this in the production of gifted and cultivated men, so few find it possible to establish themselves upon the platform as popular favorites. If the accepted ones were in a number of obvious particulars alike, there could be some intelligent generalizing upon the subject; but men possessing fewer points of resemblance, or presenting stronger contrasts, in style of person and performance, than the established favorites of lecture-going people, cannot be found in the world; and if any generalization be attempted, it must relate to matters below the surface and beyond the apprehension. It is certain that not always the greatest or the most brilliant or the most accomplished men are to be found among the popular lecturers. A man may make a great, even a brilliant speech on an important public question, and be utterly dreary in the lecture-room. There are multitudes of eloquent clergymen who in their pulpits command the attention of immense congregations, yet who meet with no acknowledgment of power upon the platform.

In a survey of those who are the established favorites, it will be found that there are no slaves among them. The people will not accept those who are creed-bound, or those who bow to any authority but God and themselves. They insist that those who address them shall be absolutely free, and that they shall speak only for themselves. Party and sectarian spokesmen find no perma-

nent place upon the platform. It is only when a lecturer cuts loose from all his conventional belongings, and speaks with thought and tongue unfettered, that he finds his way to the popular heart. This freedom has sometimes been considered dangerous by the more conservative members of society; and they have not unfrequently managed to get the lectures into their own hands, or to organize courses representing more moderate views in matters of society, politics, and religion; but their efforts have uniformly proved failures. The people have always refused to support lectures which brought before them the bondmen of creeds and parties. Year after year men have been invited to address audiences three-fourths of whom disagreed utterly with the sentiments and opinions which it was well understood such men would present, simply because they were free men, with minds of their own and tongues that would speak those minds or be dumb. Names could be mentioned of those who for the last twenty-five years have been established favorites in communities which listened to them respectfully, nay, applauded them warmly, and then abused them for the remainder of the year.

It is not enough, however, that a lecturer be free. He must have something fresh to say, or a fresh and attractive way of saying that which is not altogether new. Individuality, and a certain personal quality which, for lack of a better name, is called magnetism, are also essential to the popular lecturer. People desire to be

moved, to be acted upon, by a strong and positive nature. They like to be furnished with fresh ideas, or with old ideas put into a fresh and practical form, so that they can be readily apprehended and appropriated.

And here comes the grand difficulty which every lecturer encounters, and over which so many stumble into failure,—that of interesting and refreshing men and women of education and culture, and, at the same time, of pleasing, moving, and instructing those of feebler acquirements or no acquirements at all. Most men of fine powers fail before a popular audience, because they do not fully apprehend the thing to be done. They almost invariably write above the level of one-half of their audience, or below the level of the other half. In either event, they fail, and have the mortification of seeing others of inferior gifts succeed through a nicer adaptation of their literary wares to the wants of the market. Much depends upon the choice of a subject. If that be selected from those which touch universal interests and address common motives, half the work is done. A clear, simple, direct style of composition, apt illustration (and the power of this is marvellous), and a distinct and pleasant delivery, will do much to complete the success.

It is about equally painful and amusing to witness the efforts which some men make to write down to the supposed capacity of a popular audience. The puerilities and buffooneries that are sometimes undertaken by

these men, for the purpose of conciliating the crowd, certainly amuse the crowd, and so answer their end, though not in a way to bring reputation to the actors. No greater mistake can possibly be made than that of regarding an American lecture-going audience with contempt. There is no literary tribunal in this country that can more readily and justly decide whether a man has anything to say, and can say it well, than a lecture-audience in one of the smaller cities and larger villages of the Northern States. It is quite common to suppose that a Western audience demands a lower grade of literary effort, and a rougher style of speech, than an Eastern audience. Indeed, there are those who suppose that a lecture which would fully meet the demands of an average Eastern audience would be beyond the comprehension of an average Western audience; but the lecturer who shall accept any such assumption as this will find himself very unpleasantly mistaken. At the West, the lecture is both popular and fashionable, and the best people attend it. A lecturer may always be certain, there, that the best he can do will be thoroughly appreciated. The West is not particularly tolerant of dull men; but if a man be alive, he will find a market there for the best thought he produces.

In the larger cities of the East, the opera, the play, the frequent concert, the exhibition, the club-house, the social assembly, and a variety of public gatherings and public excitements, take from the lecture-audiences the

class that furnishes the best material in the smaller cities; so that a lecturer rarely or never sees his best audiences in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia.

Another requisite to popularity upon the platform is earnestness. Those who imagine that a permanent hold upon the people can be obtained by amusing them are widely mistaken. The popular lecture has fallen into disrepute with many worthy persons in consequence of the admission of buffoons and triflers to the lecturer's platform; and it is an evil which ought to be remedied. It is an evil indeed, which is slowly working its own remedy. It is a disgraceful fact, that, in order to draw together crowds of people, men have been admitted to the platform whose notoriety was won by the grossest of literary charlatanism—men whose only hold upon the public was gained by extravagances of thought and expression which would compromise the dignity and destroy the self-respect of any man of character and common sense. It is not enough that these persons quickly disgust their audiences, and have a brief life upon the list. They ought never to be introduced to the public as lecturers; and any momentary augmentation of receipts that may be secured from the rabble by the patronage of such mountebanks is more than lost by the disgrace they bring and the damage they do to what is called "The Lecture System." It is an insult to any lyceum-audience to suppose that it can have a strong and permanent interest in a trifler; and it is a gross injustice to

every respectable lecturer in the field to introduce into his guild men who have no better motive and no higher mission than the stage-clown and the negro-minstrel.

But the career of triflers is always short. Only he who feels that he has something to do in making the world wiser and better, and who, in a bold and manly way, tries persistently to do it, is always welcome; and this fact—an incontrovertible one—is a sufficient vindication of the popular lecture from all the aspersions that have been cast upon it by disappointed aspirants for its honors, and shallow observers of its tendencies and results.

The choice of a subject has already been spoken of as a matter of importance, and a word should be said touching its manner of treatment. This introduces a discussion of the kind of lecture which at the present time is mainly in demand. Many wise and good men have questioned the character of the popular lecture. In their view, it does not add sufficiently to the stock of popular knowledge. The results are not solid and tangible. They would prefer scientific, or historical, or philosophical discourses. This conviction is so strong with these men, and the men themselves are so much respected, that the people are inclined to coincide with them in the matter of theory, while at the same time they refuse to give their theory practical entertainment. One reason why scientific and historical lectures are not popular, is to be found in the difficulty of obtaining

lecturers who have sufficient ingenuity and enthusiasm to make such lectures interesting. The number of men in the United States who can make such lectures attractive to popular audiences can be counted on the fingers of a single hand. We have had but one universally popular lecturer on astronomy, and he is now numbered among the precious sacrifices of the late civil war. There has never been but one entirely acceptable popular lecturer on natural sciences in New England; and what was he among so many?

But this class of lecturers has not been widely successful, even under the most favorable circumstances, and with the very best lectures; and it is to be observed, that they grow less successful with the increasing intelligence of the people. In this fact is to be found an entirely rational and competent explanation of their failure. The schools have done so much toward popularizing science, and the circulating-library has rendered so familiar the prominent facts of history, that men and women do not go to the lecture to learn, and, as far as any appreciable practical benefit is concerned, do not need to go. It is only when some eminent enthusiast in these walks of learning consents to address them that they come out, and then it is rather to place themselves under the influence of his personality than to acquire the knowledge which he dispenses. Facts, if they are identified in any special way with the experience and life of the lecturer, are always accept-

able ; but facts which are recorded in books find a poor market in the popular lecture-room. Thus, while purely historical and scientific lectures are neglected, narratives of personal travel, which combine much of historical and scientific interest, have been quite popular, and, indeed, have been the specialties of more than one of the most popular of American lecturers, whose names will be suggested at once by this statement.

Thirty years ago the first popular lectures on anatomy and physiology were given, and a corps of lecturers came up and swept over the whole country, with much of interest and instruction to the people and no small profit to themselves. These lectures called the attention of educators to these sciences. Text-books for schools and colleges were prepared, and anatomy and physiology became common studies for the young. In various ways, through school-books and magazines and newspapers, there has accumulated a stock of popular knowledge of these sciences, and an apprehension of the limit of their practical usefulness, which have quite destroyed the demand for lectures upon them. Though a new generation has risen since the lecture on anatomy and physiology was the rage, no leaner field could possibly be found than that which the country now presents to the popular lecturer on these sciences. These facts are interesting in themselves, and they serve to illustrate the truth of that which has been stated touching lectures upon general historical and scientific subjects.

For facts alone the modern American public does not go hungry. American life is crowded with facts, to which the newspaper gives daily record and diffusion. Ideas, motives, thoughts, these are always in demand. Men wish for nothing more than to know how to classify their facts, what to do with them, how to govern them, and how far to be governed by them; and the man who takes the facts with which the popular life has come into contact and association, and draws from them their nutritive and motive power, and points out their relations to individual and universal good, and organizes around them the popular thought, and uses them to give direction to the popular life, and does all this with masterly skill, is the man whose houses are never large enough to contain those who throng to hear him. This is the popular lecturer, *par excellence.* The people have an earnest desire to know what a strong, independent, free man has to say about those facts which touch the experience, the direction, and the duty of their daily life; and the lecturer who, with a hearty human sympathy, addresses himself to this desire, and enters upon the service with genuine enthusiasm, wins the highest reward there is to be won in his field of effort.

The more ill-natured critics of the popular lecturer have reflected with ridicule upon his habit of repetition. A lecturer in full employment will deliver the same discourse perhaps fifty or a hundred times in a single season. There are probably half a dozen favorite lectures

which have been delivered from two hundred to five hundred times within the last fifteen years. It does, indeed, at first glance, seem ridiculous for a man to stand, night after night, and deliver the same words, with the original enthusiasm apparently at its full height; and some lecturers, with an extra spice of mirthfulness in their composition, have given public record of their impressions in this respect. There are, however, certain facts to be considered which at least relieve him from the charge of literary sterility. A lecture often becomes famous, and is demanded by each succeeding audience, whatever the lecturer's preferences may be. There are lectures called for every year by audiences and committees which the lecturer would be glad never to see again, and which he never would see again, if he were to consult his own judgment alone. Then the popular lecturer, as has been already intimated, is usually engaged during two-thirds of the year in some business or profession whose duties forbid the worthy preparation of more than one discourse for winter use. Then, if he has numerous engagements, he has neither time nor strength to do more than his nightly work; for, among all the pursuits in which literary men engage, none is more exhaustive in its demands upon the nervous energy than that of constant lecturing. The fulfilment of from seventy-five to ninety engagements involves, in round numbers, ten thousand miles of railroad-travel, much of it in the night, and all of it

during the most unpleasant season of the year. There is probably nothing short of a military campaign that is attended by so many discomforts and genuine hardships as a season of active lecturing. Unless a man be young and endowed with an extraordinary amount of vital power, he becomes entirely unfitted by his nightly work, and the dissipation consequent upon constant change of scene, for consecutive thought and elaborate composition.

It is fortunate for the lecturer that there is no necessity for variety. The oft-repeated lecture is new to each new audience, and, being thoroughly in hand, and entirely familiar, is delivered with better effect than if the speaker were frequently choosing from a well-furnished repertory. It is popularly supposed that a lecturer loses all interest in a performance which he repeats so many times. This supposition is correct, in certain aspects of the matter, but not in any sense which detracts from his power to make it interesting to others. It is the general experience of lecturers, that, until they have delivered a discourse from ten to twenty times, they are themselves unable to measure its power; so that a performance which is offered at first timidly, and with many doubts, comes at length to be delivered confidently, and with measurable certainty of acceptance and success. The grand interest of a lecturer is in his new audience—in his experiment on an assembly of fresh minds. The lecture itself is regarded only as an

instrument by which a desirable and important result is to be achieved; and familiarity with it, and steady use in its elocutionary handling, are conditions of the best success. Having selected the subject which, at the time, and for the times, he considers freshest and most fruitful, and with thorough care written out all he has to say upon it, there is no call for recurrence to minor themes, either as regards the credit of the lecturer or the best interests of those whom he addresses.

What good has the popular lecture accomplished? Its most enthusiastic advocates will not assert that it has added greatly to the stock of popular knowledge, in science, or art, in history, philosophy, or literature; yet the most modest of them may claim that it has bestowed upon American society a permanent good of incalculable value. The relentless foe of all bigotry in politics and religion, the constant opponent of every form of bondage to party and sect, the practical teacher of the broadest toleration of individual opinion, it has had more to do with the steady melioration of the prejudices growing out of denominational interest in Church and State than any other agency whatever. The platform of the lecture-hall has been common ground for the representatives of all our social, political, and religious organizations. It is there that orthodox and heterodox, progressive and conservative, have won respect for themselves and toleration for their opinions by the demonstration of their own manhood,

and the recognition of the common human brotherhood; for one has only to prove himself a true man, and to show a universal sympathy with men, to secure popular toleration for any opinion he may hold. Hardly a decade has passed away since, in nearly every Northern State, men suffered social depreciation in consequence of their political and religious opinions. Party and sectarian names have been freely used as reproachful and even as disgraceful epithets. To call a man by the name which he had chosen as the representative of his political or religious opinions was considered equivalent to calling him a knave or a fool; and if it happened that he was in the minority, his name alone was regarded as the stamp of social degradation. Now, thanks to the influence of the popular lecture mainly, men have made, and are rapidly making, room for each other. A man may be in the minority now without consequently being in personal disgrace. Men of liberal and even latitudinarian views are generously received in orthodox communities, and those of orthodox faith are gladly welcomed by men who subscribe to a shorter creed and bear a broader charter of life and liberty. There certainly has never been a time in the history of America when there was such generous and general toleration of all men and all opinions as now; and as the popular lecture has been univeral, with a determined aim and a manifest influence toward this end, it is but fair to claim for it a prominent agency in the result.

Another good which may be counted among the fruits of the popular lecture, is the education of the public taste in intellectual amusements. The end which the lecture-goer seeks is not always improvement, in any respect. Multitudes of men and women have attended the lecture to be interested; and to be interested intellectually is to be intellectually amused. Lecturers who have appealed simply to the emotional nature, without attempting to engage the intellect, have ceased to be popular favorites. So far as the popular lecture has taken hold of the affections of a community, and secured its constant support, it has destroyed the desire for all amusements of a lower grade; and it will be found, that, generally, those who attend the lecture rarely or never give their patronage and presence to the buffooneries of the day. They have found something better—something with more of flavor in the eating, with more of nutriment in the digestion. How great a good this is, those only can judge who realize that men will have amusements of some sort, and that, if they cannot obtain such as will elevate them, they will indulge in such as are frivolous and dissipating. The lecture does quite as much for elevated amusement out of the hall as in it. The quickening social influence of an excellent lecture, particularly in a community where life flows sluggishly and all are absorbed in manual labor, is as remarkable as it is beneficent. The lecture and the lecturer are the com-

mon topics of discussion for a week, and the conversation which is so apt to cling to health and the weather is raised above the level of commonplace.

Notwithstanding the fact that a moiety, or a majority, of the popular lecturers, are clergymen, the lecture has not always received the favor of the cloth. Indeed, there has often been private and sometimes public complaint on the part of preachers, that the finished productions of the lecturer, the results of long and patient elaboration, rendered doubly attractive by a style of delivery to be won only by frequent repetition of the same discourse, have brought the hastily prepared and plainly presented Sunday sermon into an unjust and damaging comparison. The complaint is a strange one, particularly as no one has ever claimed that the highest style of eloquence or the most remarkable models of rhetoric are to be found in the lecture-hall. There has, at least, been no general conviction that a standard of excellence in English and its utterance has been maintained there too high for the comfort and credit of the pulpit. It is possible, therefore, that the pulpit betrays its weak point, and needs the comparison which it deprecates. A man of brains will gratefully receive suggestions from any quarter. That impulses to a more familiar and direct style of sermonizing, a brighter and better elocution, and a bolder utterance of personal convictions, have come to the pulpit from the platform there is no question. This feeling on the

part of preachers is by no means universal, however; for some of them have long regarded the lecture with contempt, and have sometimes resented it as an impertinence. And it may be (for there shall be no quarrel in the matter) that lecturers are quacks, and that lectures, like homœopathic remedies, are very contemptible things; but they have pleasantly modified the doses of the old practice, however slow the doctors are to confess it; and so much, at least, may be counted among the beneficent results of the system under discussion.

Last in the brief enumeration of the benefits of the popular lecture, it has been the devoted, consistent, never-tiring champion of universal liberty. If the popular lecturer was not a power in this nation for the overthrow of American slavery—for its overthrow in the conscientious convictions and the legal and conventional fastnesses of the nation—then the friends of oppression grossly lied; for none received their malicious and angry objurgations more unsparingly than our plain-speaking gentleman who makes his yearly circuit among the lyceums. No champion of slavery, no advocate of privilege, no apologist for systematized and legalized wrong was ever able to establish himself as a popular lecturer. The people listen respectfully to such a man once; but, having heard him, they drop him forever. In truth, a man cannot be a popular lecturer who does not plant himself upon the eternal principles of justice. He must be a democrat, a believer in and an advocate

of the equal rights of men. A slavery-loving, slavery-upholding lecturer would be just as much of an anomaly as a slavery-loving and slavery-singing poet. The taint so vitiates the whole æsthetic nature, so poisons the moral sense, so palsies the finer powers, so destroys all true sympathy with universal humanity, that the composition of an acceptable lecture becomes impossible to the man who bears it. The popular lecture, as it has been described in this discussion, has never existed in the South, and could not be tolerated there. Until after the beginning of the war it found no opportunity for utterance in the capital of the nation; but where liberty goes, it makes its way, and helps to break the way for liberty everywhere.

It is a noteworthy fact, that the popular lecturer, though the devoted advocate of freedom to the slave, was never regarded as either a trustworthy or an important man in the party which represented his principles in this country. He was always too free to be a partisan, too radical and intractable for a party seeking power or striving to preserve it. No party of any considerable magnitude ever regarded him as its expositor. A thousand times did party-speakers and party-organs, professing principles identical with his own, wash their hands of all responsibility for his utterances. Representative of none but himself, disowned or hated by all parties, acknowledging responsibility to God and his own conscience only, he did his work, and did it

well—did it amid careful questionings and careless curses—did it and was royally paid for it, when speakers who fairly represented the political and religious prejudices of the people could not call around them a baker's dozen, with tickets at half-price or at no price at all.

When the cloud which still envelops the country shall gather up its sulphurous folds and roll away, tinted in its retiring by the smile of God beaming from a calm sky upon a nation redeemed to freedom and justice, and the historian, in the light of that smile, shall trace home to their fountains the streams of influence and power which will then join to form the river of the national life, he will find one, starting far inland among the mountains, longer than the rest and mightier than most, and will recognize it as the confluent outpouring of living, Christian speech, from ten thousand lecture-platforms, on which free men stood and vindicated the right of man to freedom.

HOBBY-RIDING.

THE happy reply of Charles Lamb to Coleridge's question—"Did you ever hear me preach?"—is familiar to you all: "I never heard you do anything else." I suspect that the same question in regard to myself, put to the audiences I have addressed for the last twenty years, would elicit the same response. I might reply to this, that the platform gives the layman his only chance to preach, and the preacher his only public opportunity for pleasantry, with which no considerate layman will interfere—but as that would be a jest, and might injure my reputation, I prefer to give the real reason for my choice of topics and mode of treatment.

In all these twenty years, I have found the American people always ready to listen to the practical treatment of any topic relating to the conduct of life. How to live so that the dangers of life may be avoided; how to live so that life shall be made the most of, and reach the best consummations; how to be prosperous and happy men and women—these questions have always been in order. And as the years go by, and the wrecks of char-

acter and life are multiplied around us, they are asked with increasing earnestness. Life is so sad a failure to such multitudes, it ends so quickly after wisdom has been dearly bought by experience, and thus renders our mistakes so irretrievable, that earnest men and women are glad to hear intelligent suggestions from any hopeful quarter. It is with the desire to help such as these, that I have prepared the lecture which I am to read to you to-night.

It is said that the first question an Englishman asks, in his attempt to learn the quality of a man, is: "What is his hobby?" It is not so wise a question as it seems at the first hearing, for it leads as frequently to a man's affectations as to his natural tastes. The puny boy who never fights, and who is afraid of his own shadow, delights in swords and tales of blood and the sound of fire-arms,—at a distance,—and many a man rides the hobby which will most surely divert the eyes of his neighbors from his deficiencies. To affect "horsiness" and be afraid of horses, to have the consciousness of being born for a man-milliner and to cover the fact from one's friends by becoming a persistent and very harmless sportsman, to be painfully aware of the lack of all literary gifts and to hide the defect behind a profuse patronage of literature and art, and of literary men and artists as well—these are not uncommon things, and they show how unreliable a hobby is, as an index to character.

Probably half the hobbies which men ride were se-

lected through suggestions springing directly out of their deficiencies. They admire a horse which they do not own, and straightway mount it, and endeavor to make their friends believe that it belongs to them.

There are various sorts of hobby-riding, however. Natural eccentricity often rides a hobby. Idleness may mount a hobby with which to amuse itself, or to give a little flavor to its life. Stupidity finds a rut to run in, and runs there to tiresomeness. But whoever the hobby-rider may be, and whatever may be his hobby, he is always a narrow, one-sided, petty man. He is always this, whether he ride a reform or a ritual, an art or a science, an antiquarian's chair or a ladder in a pear-orchard. He is usually an innocent person, except, perhaps, when he practises medicine, and a harmless person, save when he preaches Christianity or philanthropy. It is in the professions that the hobby becomes rampant, and does damage, if anywhere. One trembles to think of Dr. Abernethy and his blue pill and ipecac, and of the innumerable medical hobby-riders who have passed rough-shod over the by-gone generations. One sighs to remember that even while we are speaking, the competing saviors of the race are prancing up and down the world upon their special methods; or one would sigh if he did not remember that they spend the most of their energy upon their tilts with each other.

But there is a kind of hobby-riding into which well-

organized, healthy men degenerate unwittingly, and it is with this that we have to do. All the danger that hobby-riding has for you and me, and for men generally, lies in the transformation of our callings and our specialized lines of knowledge and effort into hobbies. Here is something very closely associated with our personal and social development and well-being, yet it is very little talked about. If we have not already reached it, we are rapidly approaching what may be legitimately regarded as the age of specialties, both in knowledge and pursuits; and these are apt to become so absorbing that men lose their hold of everything else, and become mere hobby-riders without suspecting the fact.

The enormous developments of science, the broadening speculations of philosophy, the accumulating accomplishments of invention, the increasing opulence of results in all the realms of research, have made the field of knowledge so large that no human mind can cover it. There was a time—and it was not long ago—when the patient student could, during a long life, survey the field of knowledge,—when he could learn what his predecessors had discovered,—when he could know something definitely of all that was known in science, art, literature and philosophy.

Since that day what has not been done? A thousand ingenious and accomplished scholars and naturalists, each following his special line of investigation, have been untiringly engaged in probing the secrets of the

world. The old earth, upon whose bosom we were nursed, reticent about her age, like some of her aged children, has been compelled to yield to their curiosity, and to acknowledge that the brief six thousand years reported of her are quite an incompetent estimate. The whole book of geologic process has been opened during the last hundred years. Exploration of the earth's surface has led us into broad realms of life-bearing territory, before only dreamed of. Steam has become the world's burden-bearer and lightning its messenger, within the last half-century. Discovery has followed discovery, on the earth and in the sky, until a text-book in any natural science, which has reached the age of five years, is valueless without revision. The birth of a new art is hardly more surprising than the birth of a child. The school-boy of forty years ago, who had the names of the planets at his tongue's end, has now ceased even to count them. We find a new pearl upon our string every year. There is not a science known to man which has not almost measurelessly enlarged its area within the last century. Old languages and literatures have been explored, and men have followed the trailing words, blossoming all the way back from our own trellises, to their roots, still vital under the sunrise. Criticism has laid its hand upon our sacred book, and probed the secrets of its authorship and history. Syria and Egypt have given up their dead. The old life, long turned to dust, blooms in inscriptions which surprise

our senses with beauty and perfume. Nay, men have not only gone back to the sources of literature and language, and explored the geologic ages: they have striven to find the origin of man, and to pierce the secret of life itself. Speculation has overleaped investigation, and hovered with presumptuous wing above the creative processes of the universe.

The field of knowledge has become so large, I say, that no human mind can cover it. A thousand patient, special workers are busy, all their lives, contributing to it. Their contributions during a man's life-time accumulate too rapidly for his appropriation, to say nothing of what he finds recorded at the beginning of his study. There is, therefore, no chance for him to know anything thoroughly, unless he becomes a specialist in study. Life is limited in its duration; and so many are our natural and artificial wants, that it is largely employed in acquiring the means of subsistence. Indeed, to keep up a healthy balance between a man's receptivities and his activities, so that he shall be an outgoing force as well as an absorbent, and to win the recreation that he needs, his leisure must be divided by two, thus reducing his time for study to an almost insignificant compass. Scholars are rare. The typical American is an actor,—the busiest man in the world,—and he cannot, in the present state of things, even choose to occupy half his leisure in study.

Again the man of to-day, with all his advantages, finds

himself shorn of some of the privileges of study possessed by his ancestors. Our fathers, especially those who were humbly bred, learned Rollin's "Ancient History," Josephus, and Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," by rote. They had *The Spectator*, Milton, and Cowper. They read these books again and again; for these were all, or nearly all, that they possessed. To-day, young and old are met by the newspaper and the magazine, with a demand upon their attention and their time which practically leaves them no leisure at all. The daily newspaper is a product of the century. It comes to every house, every morning, with its burden of intelligence, gathered from every field all over the world.

The daily newspaper is with us, and it has come to stay. It is no longer a question whether it shall be read or not. It must be read. No man or woman can afford to be ignorant of passing affairs, in politics and society. We are all called upon to act intelligently, in a thousand ways, with relation to movements, events, and tendencies whose record is only to be found in the daily newspaper. Our common conversation, with regard to topics worth talking about, presupposes knowledge won from the daily press. The politician, the voter, the financier, the tradesman, the preacher and the teacher must read it. The time now devoted to this great source of current intelligence is irrecoverably lost to the pursuit of permanent knowledge. The situation is complicated not a little by the introduction of

this new factor; but we must accept it, and adapt ourselves to it. Whether we will read much of it or little; whether we will dilute our minds with an everlasting wash of news; whether we will choose the class of news we will read, are questions which we must settle for ourselves; but, more or less, we must read the newspaper, or shut ourselves from society.

I have an impression that a man may employ himself better than in reading the details of a five months' trial, even if the man tried be our best man; that it is not essential to any man's well-being to learn that a demagogue has won an office; that Pat Malony has been fined for getting drunk; that some insane brute has murdered his wife; or even that Mrs. Jones has entertained a number of distinguished guests at her palatial dwelling, and that in some notable assembly, Miss Jones wore a miraculous over-dress, looped-up with pearls. I have, at least, an impression that a man has a right to choose whether he will waste himself on frivolity and become an idiot, or read only those things which comport with decency and dignity. But of all those matters which relate to essentials, in the progress of society, politics, art and letters, he must read the daily record, or become a nobody.

But the editor does not appear alone: the story-teller is at his side; and together they strive for a monopoly of the popular attention. The wandering minstrel comes no more to sing his songs and tell his tales in the halls of

lordly castles, but he has taken up his abode in every man's castle. He walks with him, sleeps with him, eats with him. He follows him into every resort. He accompanies his wife, his daughters, his children. The popular novel, a product of the present century, is everywhere; and the novel, like the newspaper, has come to stay. It is a record of social life, written by the hand of art. It is a repository of philosophy, religion, ethics, manners, institutions, politics and typical character. It is, in truth, the most prolific and luxuriant product of our civilization. It is society to the lonely, rest to the weary, amusement to the idle, and, in its best forms, instruction to the ignorant. If it ministers little to permanent knowledge, it is the very high priest of popular culture. The world of human life is greedy for human life. The most interesting thing to man is man—and—woman; and the records of life, as we find them in novels, are the most interesting records that we possess. The loves, the hopes, the tragedies, the comedies, the personalities and social relations of life,—for these there is an insatiable appetite in the human mind; and of these the novel is the purveyor. But the novel and the newspaper together reduce the leisure for study to a very insignificant fragment of our time.

You will see, then, that a man's opportunities for winning knowledge at this day—knowledge that goes to the roots of things—are limited, and that, while there is

more of it to be acquired, the time for acquiring it is really less than it was a hundred years ago.

Have we comprehended and adapted ourselves to the situation? I think not. We have had an impression that we ought to know everything, and so have become a nation of smatterers. We have walked through a great many fields; we may have paused to rub a few heads of corn in our hands and to eat the product, but we have reaped and garnered none. Our science is only, or mainly, a knowledge of names, our art is a bundle of guesses, our literary acquisitions are patchwork; we gather our knowledge of books through reviews written by men who have not half read them; and we are thoroughly at home and *au fait* in nothing. We have tried to cover too much ground. We have endeavored to accomplish the impossible, and, in so doing, have thrown away much of the work of our lives.

Veneer, varnish, gilding,—a show of outside finish,—may cover up the ugly wood and iron of your coffer, but a golden hinge or a tablet of well-wrought bronze is worth a great deal more, and gives it a better look. One science thoroughly learned; one accomplishment perfectly in hand; one vein of literature worked through; one art achieved, makes a man valuable to himself and others. To know one thing well is better than to half know a thousand things, for half knowledge is not knowledge at all.

In society, the general or universal talker is, by rule,

the shallow man. By no possibility can a man who undertakes to cover too much ground in his knowledge, be a deep or profoundly instructive man. Among true scholars, the specialists are always in a large majority. There is but one Humboldt in a century. The scholar is ninety-nine times in a hundred a chemist, a geologist, an Orientalist, a Latinist, a philosopher, or a specialist of some sort. If he wins honors, they are always in a special line of study, or of effort. The master in scholarship owns but a single slave, even if he have a thousand disciples. Human faculty is so limited, life is so short, and any single line of investigation is so long, that only very rarely a man is found who can take all the lines of knowledge into his hands, and braid them into cosmic harmony and system.

If it be evident that our knowledge, to be valuable, must be specialized, it is emphatically true that we can do nothing except through specialties. Indeed, so universal is the opinion that a man can only do one thing well, that a certain prejudice attaches to all who undertake to do more than one thing. It matters little how great a man Goethe was in science: the world insisted that his fame should be that of a poet. It practically said to him: "You are a great man, but we insist that you can only be great in a single direction. Leave your science alone. The very fact that you are a great poet makes it impossible that you should be anything else." Sir Philip Sidney was a politician, a courtier, a poet and

a soldier; and the fact that he did so many things well, forbade his winning a great reputation in one of them, so that he is only remembered as being the first gentleman of his time. What he was, and not what he did, makes up his contribution to history. Thackeray wrote good verses, but we never speak of him as a poet. Coleridge was a profound theologian, and Milton a great statesman, but not one man in a hundred ever thinks of them except as they are associated with the divinest of the arts. If Emerson were not so much of a philosopher, there are multitudes who would regard him as our first poet. Let any man do anything well, and though he may verily do something else well, he will get scanty credit for it. The fact that he does one thing well, cheapens, or throws suspicion upon, all else that he does. Mr. Ruskin writes on art, and wins the world's plaudits; but when he writes a pamphlet on politics or finance, the world opens its eyes with surprise, or its mouth with a laugh.

There is, of course, a measure of injustice in all this. A truly great man, under sufficient motives, can be great in many ways; but the world is not made up of great men, and I am not sure that the fact we are considering is not attributable to the jealousy and incredulity of a race painfully conscious of its own limitations.

If you will go into the Springfield armory, you will find every workman engaged, not in making rifles, but

54603

in making parts of rifles. It may be that there is not a man there who ever made a rifle. One forges a barrel or a bayonet, others finish it, each in his own detail. One turns a stock, another makes a hammer, another a spring, another a tumbler, another a screw, and so on, through every part and process,—forging, casting, turning, filing, polishing,—until, all the parts complete, they are assembled and put together. Each man, by pursuing a specialty, learns to perform his office with skill and facility, and the grand result is a fire-arm better than any one of them can make.

Division of labor into specialties in manufacturing processes is not a new thing, but it will help us to see how rational it is that a similar division should spread out into many of the higher pursuits of life.

If you will go out, even at this late day, into the country, you will find the old-fashioned country doctor, and his old-fashioned saddle-bags too. In those saddle-bags he bears the whole enginery of his profession. He can extract an aching tooth with the same instrument, in miniature, with which a lumberman rolls a log. He can reduce a fracture, after a fashion—after a very good fashion, perhaps; treat a fever; act as accoucheur; open an abscess; dress a wound; cure a headache; soothe a chilblain; release a sprouting tooth; administer tonics, alteratives, sedatives, demulcents, and diaphoretics, and minister to a mind diseased; and, if he is ambitious, do considerable fancy

surgery on the surface, and a great deal of good, any way, and perhaps some harm. Well, it is necessary to have doctors in the country. Ten thousand blessings on them! They are our friends in the great troubles of our life, riding in storm and shine, by day and by night, sometimes with reward and sometimes without it, and often without the expectation of it. We could not live without them; but would it be a matter of wonder if they should sometimes make great mistakes?

This body of ours, with its bones and muscles and nerves, its arteries and veins and coursing fluids, its secreting and excreting apparatus, its marvellous processes for sustaining and propagating life, its beautiful senses through which the mind makes its apprehension of external things—itself the greatest marvel of all, and itself also the subject of disease—two mysterious creations, one of matter and one of spirit, united in a life-long partnership,—this is the thing, this is the double miracle, the profoundest wonder of the world, that the country doctor is called upon to care for. Does it take twenty-five men to make a good rifle, and only one so to comprehend the secrets of vitality, the mysteries of disease and the virtues of medicine, that he is competent to take the charge of a human life—to repair all its accidents, expel its morbid growths, heal its infinite variety of sicknesses, and direct its possessor in its management?

The truth is, that in any single organ of the human

body there are more physiological and pathological mysteries than a man can fathom in a life-time. Von Graefe, of Berlin, left, as the result of his short life of a little more than forty years, twenty-five volumes of "Archives," relating to the treatment of the eye. This remarkable man, rushing from patient to patient in his "Augenklinik;" operating for hours together, surrounded by eager professors and students; sitting in his office through the long evenings, his anteroom crowded with waiting sufferers from every part of the world; dictating until midnight to flying fingers, the record of the day's cases for the use of others; visiting other cities and finding his hotel crowded with those who sought hardly more than to touch the hem of his garment, while the streets around him were blocked to suffocation with the carriages of the nobility and gentry,—this man, I say, illustrates what can be done by devotion to a specialty, and shows how the knowledge and treatment of a single organ may absorb the energies of the grandest life. How much can the general practitioner of medicine and surgery, in country or city, know of the eye, and how intelligently can he treat its various ailments in comparison with such a man as this?

When Nélaton, of Paris, was summoned to the bedside of Garibaldi, in company with some of the most eminent surgeons of Europe, he brought with him a nicer knowledge of gun-shot wounds than any of his

confrères, though he was younger than most of them. The wound of the gallant chief was examined by the old men, and declared not to contain the bullet whose presence was suspected. Nélaton differed with them, and, finding himself overborne in opinion, retired from the consultation. Then he went to a manufacturer, and directed him to make a porcelain probe, with a sharply rough end. This he inclosed to the attending surgeon, with the request that it should be thrust to the bottom of the wound, and sharply turned upon any hard substance that might oppose it. It was done, and the probe returned to him. He then sent it to a chemist, another specialist, asking him to report the nature of any substance which he might find ground into the rough surface of the probe. The leading chemist examined it, and reported "lead." Nélaton was recalled, and the other surgeons were dismissed, and Garibaldi was relieved of his bullet, while all Paris went wild over its new hero, and crowned him with honors and patronage while he lived.

This was the triumph of a specialist. He was a surgeon rather than a medical man, and the treatment of gun-shot wounds was his specialty. There was not wisdom enough in Europe, outside of Nélaton's trained instincts and ingenuities, to find that bullet.

In medicine and surgery, specialties are constantly increasing. The oculist, the dentist, the aurist,—these are familiar to us; but we have those who specially de-

vote themselves to diseases of women, diseases of children, diseases of the lungs, diseases of the skin, dyspepsias, neuralgias, rheumatisms, fractures, malformations, luxations, sarcomas—all the organs and all the ailments that range between the opposing fields of the barber and the corn-doctor. The treatment of insanity has become one of the most thoroughly organized of all our specialties. Even drunkenness has its special hospitals; and idiocy is not forgotten.

In the practice of law, the specializing process has not gone so far as it has in medicine; but among lawyers it is very well understood that every important man of their number has his special field of knowledge and of labor. We speak of the criminal lawyer, the marine lawyer, the railroad lawyer, and the patent lawyer, almost as if they belonged to different professions. The man who prepares a case for trial and the advocate are usually different persons. We have great law-partnerships, each member of which has his own special field of practice. Indeed, there is no specialty of the legal profession which may not legitimately absorb the efforts of a great life.

In the matter of schools, the specializing process has progressed with great rapidity within the last half century. The professorships in our colleges have been widely extended in number, and narrowed down to single branches of instruction. We have scientific schools, special educational courses, mercantile schools, schools

of elocution, writing schools, schools of mines, kindergartens, and, in the absence of epidemic cholera, spelling schools! The grading of our public schools is a part of the specializing process. The fact is recognized in our educational processes, that the ground of even rudimentary knowledge can only be covered by a few; and that in special schools, under special teachers, the elected specialties of knowledge are best acquired.

One word of trades and callings. The good sense of the world has always recognized the fact that success in life depends on the faithful, persistent following of a single line of productive labor. The rolling stone gathers no moss. The jack-at-all trades is good at none. Industry has always been specialized; and one of the marvels of the world is that a man can be found for every office under heaven, including those called political. From the sharpening of a pin to the shaping of a statue; from the cutting of a screw to the casting of a cannon; from the largest transactions of commerce to the peddling of a basket of popcorn; from an exhibition of Punch and Judy to Barnum's Hippodrome; from pumping stale music out of a barrel to conducting an orchestra, there is never lacking a man for any specialty of office or labor. What is best and most remarkable of all, is, that there is never lacking the man who finds his account and his pride and comfort in any place that can be offered.

Even in reforms, "The Great Cause" means a great

many things. Aminadab Sleek had his "line," and patronized nothing outside of it. The specialists in philanthropy have their place among the specialists of the world. The prison-reformer labors in his own field and rarely goes out of it. The woman who makes flannel shirts for the Hottentots is very apt to have Hottentots in her own house whose shirts need mending. Not only the hobby-riders among the reformers cling to their specialties, but the grand, conscientious men and women, engaged in reform, have their specialties, with very few exceptions.

I am afraid I have wearied you with all this detail; but my effort has been to give you an impression of the incompetency of man to grasp the whole of knowledge, and do more than to work skilfully in a single line of labor. In short, I have tried to show to you that this is not only an age of specialties, but a world of specialties; and that the tendency to specializing increases with the growth of knowledge and the intensity of competition. The time is sure to come when, in the vast domain of recorded truth and trained human effort, necessity and sound policy alike will parcel out to each man his special wealth and work. God intended we should be specialists. The great variety of human organization points to precisely this destiny. There is just one thing in the world that each man can do, and do best; and his highest success in life depends upon finding it and doing it.

But the question of practical importance with which we have to deal relates to the effect of specialties upon character. A noted journalist, now passed away, once said that if a man would practice eight hours a day on the piano for twenty years, he would become either a pianist or a fool! He might have gone further and declared that he would become both. The absolute exhaustion of a man on his speciality becomes, practically, his ruin as a man. Not only this, but it becomes, practically, his ruin as a specialist. The more of manhood a specialist can bring to bear upon his work, the better specialist will he be. Those who met Rubinstein on his visit to this country, declare that he was more man than musician, and that the charm of his conversation far surpassed that of his handling of the instrument of which he was the acknowledged master. Courage, endurance, drill—these are all good, but the bayonets that think win the battles of the world.

If any of you have built a house, and so come into intimate observation of the masons, carpenters, painters, and decorators; if you have employed men in stable and garden, in field and wood, you have learned one of the most singular facts in your experience, viz., the fact that, in many things relating to his craft, you can teach every craftsman more than he can teach you. So long as he may be engaged upon his routine work; so long as, under supervision, he goes on with his specialty, all goes well; but the moment he is called upon

to think, to contrive, to get out of difficulties, to exercise the gifts of a man rather than the limited power and range of a machine, he breaks down. Exactly there, the man of brains and culture must go to his help. It does not require a knowledge of the specialty to know what to do; it simply requires that a man have the faculty of thought. The stupidity of men who are called good workmen, in relation to many matters pertaining to the handicraft to which they have devoted their lives, is notorious. It causes a thousand wonderments and vexatious inconveniences. Where we expected to see them particularly alive, we find them particularly dead. Their exclusive devotion to the routine of their specialty shortens their vision, reduces their capacity, cuts off their power. A carpenter who has all his life devoted himself to the execution of the beautiful designs of others will, when called upon to make a design, show that he has learned nothing. He will build what is known as "a carpenter's house,"—a structure to disgust men and frighten horses; while men and women who have never so much as held a saw in their hands, and who know nothing technically of architecture, will design a beautiful dwelling for themselves, and tell him how to build it. Now, there is something wrong about this, and, by and by, we shall find out what it is, and how to remedy it.

The way in which trades and professions stamp themselves upon men is noteworthy. We can usually detect

a clergyman in a crowd as easily as if he carried a label upon his forehead. We may not find all professions and callings as plainly stamped as the clerical, but we shall find the mark if we look deep enough. The paper may not bear the letters in ink, but if we hold it against the light we shall see the water-line; for specialties wrongly pursued do leave their mark—if not on the physique, then on the mind. Many a teacher, by constant association with minds inferior to his own, and the constant handling of rudimentary knowledge, acquires certain unlovely traits which show that breadth of character and juiciness of quality have departed. If it is true that no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin, it is the man's fault, and not the boy's. When we speak of a school-ma'am, an image of primness of person and preciseness of language and manner presents itself. The typical, or, rather, the conventional, school-ma'am is never jolly.

But the matter goes deeper than this. The pouring of a life, large or little, into a specialty, cuts a channel deep down through the nature, and leaves the banks all dry. In counting-rooms, in school-rooms, in offices, in libraries, in work-shops, behind judicial benches, behind commercial counters, there are millions of men so bound to their life, and so absorbed in its details, that all life outside has ceased to have any significance. Their callings have degenerated into hobbies. If they leave their life, they die of ennui. They are good for

nothing but this, they are happy in nothing but this. Rest is toil to them, society bores them, their homes are only boarding-houses, and they are only machines. Men who plead causes before high courts every day break down at dinner-tables, as if they were children. They may be strong and remarkable in their specialty, but they are helpless outside of it. Some of them are without any wordly wisdom whatever, and their wives are obliged to carry all the common sense of the household, and to administer all the household economies. They can talk nothing but "shop"—think, dream, do nothing but "shop." They are nothing but "shop." They cease, at last, to be husbands and fathers; and no sight is more common in America than that of a generous family life, carried on entirely independent of its nominal head. He works away contentedly at his specialty, while his family enjoy, in more or less rational ways, the money which he earns for them. There is a great deal of injustice done to the families of these men, in the accusation that their extravagances compel him to sacrifice himself. The truth is that the family, finding that they cannot have him, and that he gradually ceases to be worth having, do the next best thing, and try to get something for his money!

So we find that specialties, as they are too commonly pursued, make men narrow,—compress them into grooves, shut out the vision and the ministry of better things, and, unless some corrective be employed, make

slaves of them. Even the specialty of the pulpit, when it so absorbs the life of a man that he has no opportunity for culture, no time to come into contact with the world, no energy left for acquiring familiarity with current thought, criticism, discussion and discovery ; no chance to retire and look at his work from the outside, but lives, moves, and has his being in it, may so pinch his power, check his growth, and narrow his sympathies, that he will become the veriest bigot. The most sacred of all callings may degenerate into a hobby, and that hobby may degenerate into a rocking-horse, which, however violent its motion, never stirs out of its tracks. The world can show but few things more pitiful than this, and few more hopeless.

How to pursue our specialties so as to make them great ; how to pursue them and so to nourish our manhood that we shall be their masters ; how to pursue them so that they shall not dwarf us, and make us their slaves,—these are the problems before us.

To solve them we shall need a brief preliminary discussion concerning the distinctive natures of knowledge and culture. There is wide confusion touching the respective meanings and relations of these two words. They are used interchangeably by multitudes. We hear men, who are simply men of culture, spoken of as scholars, and men of knowledge as men of culture. Let us, therefore, try to define the words. Knowledge applies to our mental possessions ; culture to ourselves. Knowledge is built upon facts ; culture upon thoughts.

What we acquire is knowledge; what we develop is culture. A man may possess a great deal of knowledge,—that is, he may have laid up in his memory a great store of facts, and have no culture; or, he may have fine culture without great possessions in knowledge. He may acquire a thorough knowledge of astronomy, for instance, and win from it no appreciable culture. This must come to him through another side of his nature,—more particularly through the æsthetic side. If the stars in their spheral harmonies sing to him of order, of beauty, of sublimity; if they stir his wonder; if they speak to him of the Great Creative Fire at which all their torches were lighted; if the spaces which they bespangle give him either humbling or exalting hints of infinity; if they act powerfully in any way upon his æsthetic or religious nature, they give him culture. Now all this culture may come to a man without the slightest knowledge of astronomy, as it does come to millions of men and women. It is so in all the sciences; and we have at this late day the pitiful show of men devoted to science, devoted to the enormous acquisition of facts, yet cold as icebergs on the æsthetic and religious side of them,—the most hopeless and the most mischievous of all hobby-riders. They have large possessions in knowledge, but none of the culture which makes them good and great,—no appropriation,—no apprehension even—of those spiritual realities of which their facts are only the material expression.

It is proverbial that the lecturer upon science is a dry man; but no hearer ever complained that the late Prof. Mitchell was a dry man. His theme stirred him, lifted him, so that he spoke more like a poet or a prophet than a paid peddler of scientific truth. His knowledge had brought him culture. It came to him full of thought, suggestion, inspiration. It came to him as a revelation of the divine; and men hung upon his words as if an angel had been speaking to them. Did Hugh Miller become great because of his discoveries in a single science—because of his acquisitions in knowledge—or because of the marvellous meanings which he discovered in the rocks—the sermons that he read in stones? It was not science, but culture, that gave us the Hugh Miller whom we sadly and reverently remember. John Stuart Mill, dedicated to knowledge from his birth by a skeptical father, and shut off from the supreme source of culture, comes at the last to show himself so weak, so small, so starved, that in the lack of a God to worship he falls down before a woman, and, after she dies, before the memory of a personality which he believes he has relinquished to the grasp of its original material elements! I can imagine nothing more pitiful than this, except perhaps the worship that some men of science pay to themselves—lacking God and woman too!

Knowledge can never make a man. Culture does sometimes, and always ought to, come to a man with

his knowledge; but the fact is patent that knowledge is held by millions independently of culture, and culture independently of knowledge. A fact is a dead thing—dead as a diamond—and as indestructible. If we bury it, it will not germinate; if we keep it in the earth a thousand years, it will not decay. We cannot burn it, we cannot crush it, we cannot change it; but a thought is vital and seminal. If it fall into a fruitful soil, it will germinate and produce a thousand wonderful and beautiful growths. As the pulp of the apple bears the seed, and is the food of the seed, so a thought not only enriches the mind it enters, but carries with it the force and food of other and larger life.

Rufus Choate was a great lawyer. He was learned in the law; but what distinguished him—what did more, indeed, to make him a great lawyer, than anything else—was his culture. During all the severe and exhausting professional labors of his life, he stood by his classics, read poetry, brought himself into contact with the thoughts and ideas of great minds. Charles Sumner was a man of culture, and was not better versed in the principles and arts of statesmanship than in the classics of living and dead languages, and in the poetry and arts of the ages. The great man of the senate was its man of highest culture. No one can read the speeches of our dead Webster or our living Evarts without meeting constantly the evidences of their culture, and discovering the exact difference which exists between them and the

average lawyer—the difference on which their greatness depends.

Our living Beecher, also, without profound scholarship, without even an ordinary degree of respect for that science which its builders call divinity, is our great preacher, not only because he is a genius, but because he bears a mind blossoming all over with culture. To him nature is a revelation of the divine, and it speaks to him in heavenly languages. All the arts are his ministers, and he is not the chief of his specialty because his life has run in its channel, but because it has run in ten thousand channels.

But why multiply examples? In culture lies the cure for all the evils which naturally grow out of the limitations of our knowledge, and the dwarfing influence of specialized pursuits. In a country where literature is cheap, one great source of culture need not be wanting in any house. The pulpit is, or ought to be, a great source of culture. No man can afford to shun a pulpit where a man of culture preaches, no matter what his opinions may be. Even if a man does not choose to be saved, he ought to keep himself worth saving. That old Puritanic heresy which regarded every appeal of beauty as a temptation of the devil, still has a hold upon the people. Culture, with a large class, is still held under ban as a thing which may be either weak, or wicked, if not worse—wasteful or unprofitable!

The means and modes of culture—what shall they

be? It would take more than our entire lecture to reveal them, and my limit of time is so nearly reached that I can only give them a brief review. The culture of the heart, the culture of the reasoning faculties, the culture of imagination, the culture of the taste—how large and beautiful the field that greets us here!

I account no culture competent, even in its beginnings, that does not lift and expand the affections toward the Infinite—toward the divine fatherhood and the entire human brotherhood. That love which opens the heart to all life above it, around it and beneath it,—that catholicity of affection which accords a place to every divine and human right, and yields its homage to every personality, will do more, perhaps, than any other single agency to neutralize the narrowing and dwarfing effects of specialized knowledge and specialized industry. The love of father and mother, of wife and child, sweeter than any other love, may be as selfish as the love of gold. There are men who make hobbies of their families, and are narrowed, even by their home affections. The culture of the intellect, of the imagination, the taste—these may become selfish pursuits, and the basis of such vanity and pride as will destroy all loveableness of character, and excite either envy or contempt.

A man narrowed down in his affections to himself and his immediate belongings,—a man who cannot rise adoringly toward the Infinite, and go out sympatheti-

cally toward all of his kind—has little to hope for in any other form or department of culture. This large culture of the heart is the warm, sweet background on which all other culture is to be painted. It is the broad and fathomless blue in which are set the stars that make our visible heaven, It is the garden from which our flowers draw all their fragrance, and on which they display their various beauty. Work shuts us into a prison, and keeps us there. We may illuminate our bondage, by painting beautiful scenes and figures on the walls, but love only can lift us out, and give us an horizon. All other culture walks or creeps through tedious processes: love has wings. The heart that cannot echo the old song, sung by angels above the Judean hills on the great birthnight of Christian history, has yet to take its first lesson in sound culture. The fly in amber is still a fly, and is only valuable because the amber holds it; so the significance of all culture outside of the affections comes from the setting which they supply.

The means for the culture of the reasoning faculties are as varied as human nature or human genius. Philosophy, history,—criticism, all departments of endeavor to arrive at truth by rational processes, furnish the field of culture here. The range of reading is so large in this department of culture that men must turn specialists to a certain extent in their choice of means, though they seek and secure general results. It makes little difference what the means are, provided they are legitimate

and are adapted to the nature of the intellect that uses them. The arm grows whether it swings a hammer or shoves a plane. The effect is general, though the means may be special. And it may be mentioned here, in passing, that our special knowledge can only be assimilated to life—can only be made the source of growth—through the power of culture.

To the man who seeks for the culture of imagination and taste, the whole world of art is open. Poetry bears to him the songs of all the ages. Homer and Dante, Shakspeare and Goethe, and a thousand singers of smaller voices and humbler harps, become his ministers. The great art of arts—the art which is painting and sculpture and music and architecture all in one—has built for him a world of which high culture is alike the earth and the heaven. Here he can walk or fly. Here he can struggle with the storm or bask in the sunshine. Here he can hold converse with ideal life and ideal character. Here he can be lifted out of the dry and dull details of his special calling and his special knowledge into a realm that has no bounds. Here he can catch a glimpse of his own infinite faculties, and hints of his infinite destiny. A man without imagination is an angel without wings. A man whose native imagination has no culture, who apprehends nothing but what he sees, who gets no vision of that ideal realm which opens beyond the cognizance of sense, is a clod, whether he digs a ditch or works a telescope.

Oh, happy he who is in love with beauty,—to whom flowers are a heavenly language, day and night, and weeks and months, and years and centuries a rhythmic song, music a revelation of the infinite and the divine, seas and skies and mountains and plains voiceful echoes of the Everlasting Word, and all life the expression of the Everlasting Love! Oh, happy he whose culture lifts him into an apprehension of fitness and harmony, and who is able to gather around him, in humbler or higher creations of art, those appointments of form and color which make an embodied poem of his life! Oh, happy he who can rise out of his work, and, from this heavenly realm of culture, look down upon it, and recognize the fact that it is only the minister to a life as far above it as the heavens are above the earth!

I have thus only hinted at the means of culture, and attempted to give you a glimpse into that realm of thought and vital development which is open to the humblest man and woman. No matter how circumscribed our knowledge may be,—and circumscribed it must be;—no matter how narrow our routine of labor, culture that shall counteract the degrading influence of specialized pursuits in every field is within our reach,—culture that shall make us catholic, sympathetic, symmetrical, and, in the best sense, manly. It may be urged that life, in multitudes of instances, is so absorbed by our specialties that we have no vitality left for these higher pursuits, but the book that we can pick

up in an idle hour, the sermon we can hear on a Sunday morning, the lecture to which we devote a restful evening, the picture which we see in a window, the cathedral which we pass in our daily walk, social intercourse, even the humblest music,—out of these the most absorbed and laborious lives may win that which will not only reinforce their vitality, but give them the materials of growth.

But I must leave all this, that I may have time to point out what seems to me to be the one hope of the world in this matter of culture. You will notice that I have been talking about men thus far. Women, as a rule, are not specialists. Their round of duty covers a thousand things. Generally, their world is very different from that of men; and it ought to be. I regret that any one of them should ever be obliged to become a specialist in labor, for I do not believe it to be in the natural order of their life.

To introduce what I have to say in this closing passage of my lecture, let me ask you to look with me at the two sexes as they emerge from the processes of their education. The average young woman is notoriously brighter than the average young man. She comes from her school, if her school has been well chosen, a more accomplished person than the young man who comes from his college. She appears better in society. She can see quicker, talk better, write better, than her college friend. She is more of a woman than he is of

a man; and why? Not necessarily because she knows as much as he does, but because, first, she is more open to influences upon the æsthetic side of her nature than he; and second, because she has been fed upon thoughts rather than facts. She draws, she paints, she plays. While he was grubbing at Greek roots, she was communing with Beethoven and Chopin. While he was delving at mathematics, she was studying Shakspeare, or reading a poem. From her earliest childhood she has been doing something: dressing a doll, keeping house with it, playing at life. Even her dress-making and millinery have been a part of her culture. All that side of her nature has been open and receptive, while he has been engaged in developing his rude strength in out-of-door sports, or packing the treasures of knowledge into his memory. Yet they talk of the higher education for girls, while we ought to be talking about the higher education for boys! And this absurd mistake comes of our confounding knowledge with culture, than which none more absurd can be made. We first cram the boy, and then put him into his specialty, and ruin him. Heaven forbid that our girls ever come to such a fate as this!

Has woman a sphere? I have always claimed that she has, but would it not be better to call it a hemisphere? I have shown you the dark side of the sphere. There is another one; it is bright, and it is woman's. Without the life of woman, flowing in upon the race

through her æsthetic and religious nature, the working world would long ago have gone to ruin. O ye women who feel that it is better to work than to worship, better to lead a race than to lift it, better to know all mysteries than to become the incarnation ot the divine sweetness, better to go down into the hard struggles, responsibilities, and competitions of men, than to reign as queens in that upper life where alone men can heal their scars, and keep up their communication with heaven! this matter of culture rests with you. Men are doing and are to do the hard work of the world. Heaven has ordained that it should be so. They are to build the cities and build the ships; they are to navigate the seas, level the forests, and till the ground. They are to work out, in countless specialties of toil and skill, all the material results of our civilization. No matter how widely you may extend your field of labor, and I have no disposition to limit it, so that you do not become as uninteresting as men are,—the fact will remain that man is the prime worker of the world. It is a sign of degradation and not of progress when women are driven to engage in the work of men. It is a sign of perverted instincts when any of them desire, for its own sake, to engage in that work.

In the homes you make for men, in the children you bear them, in the flowers you plant and tend for them, in the books you read to them and write for them, in the ten thousand appeals to the better side of their

manhood, which only you can make, lies all the hope that any rational man may cherish, for that culture which alone can counteract the dwarfing and depreciating influences of specialized labor. It is too evident—you have seen it, and you know it to your sorrow—that men will not choose to cultivate themselves. Culture must be borne to them, and you must bear it.

I pray you to insist that no man shall practically commit suicide in your home, through his labor for you. Hold to your apostleship, magnify your office, do your duty by every drudge whose life runs in a narrow channel by the side of yours. Envy no man, but pity and help him. There is not one of them too great to be your humble debtor—too rich to be your beneficiary. If there is any man so blind, so conceited, so weak, that he is not ready to acknowledge this, he only shows how desperately he has been damaged by his contact with the world, how low he is sunk in the rut of his specialty. If you would have good fathers, good husbands, good sons, make them such by working every day to counteract the influence of those pursuits from which they gain your support in the natural order of family life.

There are two distinct departments in all home life—getting a living and living. Man, in the natural order of things, presides over the former, woman over the latter. One cares for the means, the other for the ends; and unless a man can rise from every day's drudgery into a

reward; unless from the specialty in which he labors he can step up into life—into the ministries of loving society and many-handed culture, he is sure to degenerate. The man will become a machine. He will cease to be interesting, even to the woman who loves him best. This is no fanciful theory. It is a matter of painful, every-day observation. If woman does not save man from this, he will not be saved; and if she does not see a noble mission in this beautiful service, she is blind. A woman who cannot find in the work of ministering to the spiritual wants of the man who spends his life in earning bread for her and her children, a great duty and a sweet and ennobling office, is a very poor sort of woman.

If I were to present this matter of American life to you in a figure, I should choose as my symbol a tree, standing in a fertile soil, and growing with the centuries. Its roots are men; its leaves are women. The one strike down into the earth by a million rootlets, each searching the soil for nutriment and transmitting it to the leaf under whose grateful shadows it works; the other gather from the sunlight and the atmosphere those elements by which alone the roots may be kept alive. The one select and lift the earthly elements, the other catch and chain the heavenly. If the roots die, the leaves die; if the leaves fail to perform their office, the roots die. Special knowledge and special labor may send up a stem, but culture must

crown it that it may have life. The roots have but little space and stinted material; the leaves are visited by a thousand birds, and by all the winds that sweep around the world. The sun shines on them, the dews descend upon them, they hold converse with snows and storms, they watch with the stars; spring illuminates them with flowers, and autumn hangs them with fruits.

A thousand maledictions on any man, or any woman, who dares to girdle this tree by any social theory or false philosophy, for root and leaf are interdependent, and will live and die together.

THE ELEMENTS OF PERSONAL POWER.

WHEN Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, first appeared at the Court of the Bassa, he was inclined to believe that the man must be pleased with his own condition whom all approached with reverence and heard with obedience; and who had the power to extend his edicts to a whole kingdom. "There can be no pleasure," said he, "equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands, all made happy by wise administration."

The charms of power do not appeal alone to princes, nor do they find entertainment only among those who are moved to use it benevolently. The love of power is universal. The desire for power is the grand motive-force in most of the social and political changes of the world. In the neighborhood, the village, the town, the county, the State,—in all classes and forms of society; in all great popular movements which involve the modification of policies and institutions; in the church itself, and all the sects into which it is divided,—there are men who seek for power as the choicest good. To achieve power is to achieve honor. To be clothed with power is to be clothed with purple.

To be able to move masses of men by eloquence, to guide them by counsel, to govern them by command, to occupy place and exercise official authority—in any way to shape the life and destiny of men—these are privileges to be worked for with every faculty of the mind, and purchased by every sacrifice of time and treasure. Multitudes are willing to be toadies to those above them, provided they may be tyrants to those beneath them. The king may cuff the courtier, and the courtier the butler, and the butler the scullion, and the scullion the dog; but the dog licks the scullion's hand for his food, and the hand-licking runs back through the whole line to the king again.

This love of power, in its wide range through all grades of life and all forms of society, must have its basis in nature and its legitimate field of exercise. When it takes full possession of a man, we dignify it by the name of ambition, one of the most imperious passions of the soul. In a benevolent nature, like that of Rasselas, it is closely allied to a love of the popular consideration and a desire to minister to the public good; in selfish natures, it tramples on every popular right to reach its objects, and refrains from no cruelty to hold them.

The forms in which the love of power manifests itself are Protean. The perfumed exquisite who sets the fashion for his followers; the leader of society who gives the authority of law to social usage; the man who

proclaims his superior wealth by the display of equipage; the man of ostentatious benevolence; the foremost man in all public movements and on all public occasions; the man who makes himself felt by pushing forward everybody, and the man who makes himself felt by holding back everybody; the man who wins everybody's good will and the man who defies everybody's good will; the man who seeks control by ideas and the man who seeks control through the medium of wealth or office or intrigue or association with the powerful,—all these are moved by the love of power, and all are seeking in some way to elevate themselves above their fellows and to exercise an influence downward upon them.

I repeat, that this prevalent love of power must have its basis in nature, and its legitimate field of exercise. It will be our task to ascertain the elements of personal power, in its legitimate and natural forms. In doing this I shall not consider those faculties whose existence is taken for granted in all men—those faculties which in varied relations and proportions may be said to form the framework of the mind—but those elements, some of them native and fixed and others adopted or acquired, which determine and regulate the action of that framework in the exercise of power upon men.

In announcing honesty as the first element of power that comes to us for consideration, let me ask you to preserve in your minds the distinction which I hold in mine between a power and an element of power. All

power must have a footing to stand upon—a basis upon which to act, and there is no sound basis of power but honesty. This is the first element of character which ambition is likely to overthrow. The strongest temptation that assails a man who seeks for power is that which pleads with him to sacrifice truth to present advantage. To conceal truth, to conceal half of the truth, to color truth, to shape truth so that it shall not offend the popular prejudice, to treat public questions with supreme reference to party or personal ends, to sophisticate the truth in any way, for any purpose, breeds rottenness at the foundations of personal power.

At a time when fraud rides in chariots and controls the enormous revenues of corporations and States; at a time when theft prospers in high places, and integrity looks on with folded and well nigh impotent arms—when bold and base intrigue pulls the wires of influence in public affairs, and rascality apparently holds the winning cards in every game—it is hard to realize that honesty rises so high in value as even to be the best policy. Yet the New York Ring—the most powerful combination of knaves this country ever saw—lived long enough to learn that power based on dishonesty was itself a cheat, and that they were its victims.

Sooner or later all fabrics of power based on dishonesty crumble and fall. Nature is against dishonesty. God is against it; all the conservative and restorative forces of society are against it. It vitiates all the cur-

rents of power that flow out of it. I do not think that the importance of honesty, not only as a condition but as an element of power, can be over-estimated. Absolute moral and intellectual honesty—rectitude that will neither tamper with itself nor permit the profanation of foreign fingers—this furnishes the only basis upon which legitimate personal power can stand.

Within the memory of most of us, there occurred a notable political struggle in a Western State, between two representative men. One of these men was master of the arts of popular address—eloquent, facile, witty, fertile in expedients, and, shall I say, unscrupulous? There may still be men upon whose ears the word will grate harshly, and I will only say that he was a modern politician! There was no limit to his personal ambition. He had friends in plenty,—devoted, enthusiastic partisans, who attached themselves to his fortunes, and who believed that he had an open path to the highest seat of power. By his side there labored with conscientious honesty, a tall, ungainly man, who could not, or would not, do violence to his love of truth by false reasoning. He was not only morally but intellectually honest. He made no unworthy appeals to the prejudices of the populace. He argued fairly and squarely the great questions before the nation at that day. His whole earnest soul was in them, and, however men regarded his opinions, they knew him to be true to his convictions.

History has made its record of these two men, for both have acted their parts, and passed away. The record of the first is very brief, and there is something pathetically significant in the fact that his name will go down to posterity only or mainly because it is associated with that of "Honest Old Abe."

The political history of this country is full of instruction upon this point. Memory does not need to reach far back to recall a list of eminent men who built themselves up by honest manhood into positions of great personal power, and lost those positions by the low intrigues and disgraceful compromises into which they were tempted by their desire for place. Many a noble neck that has bowed itself to a party yoke has found that yoke a guillotine. A statesman turned demagogue for the sake of place is a Samson shorn; and it is a noteworthy fact that no statesman of any prominence, who has ever thus degraded himself in this country, has been rewarded with the prize he sought. The men who have sought for the presidency in this country, from above downward, have always sought in vain, and died in disappointment. Dishonest men rising from the ground have snatched the prize, but have been despised during life, and forgotten in death. I do not say that dishonest men do not and cannot win power. I only say that they cannot and do not win it legitimately, and that therefore it contains within itself the elements of its own destruction.

The next element of personal power which presents itself for our consideration is will. If honesty furnishes the soil for the tree of personal power, will is the vital sap which persistently and perennially flows through every branch. Strong, indomitable will—persistency of purpose—a prodigious element of personal power is this! The man who said: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," revealed in those words the secret of all the successes of his life. It is not claimed that General Grant is a great military genius, or a great statesman, or a great politician, but since Vicksburg he has held the foremost place in this nation of forty millions by the force of will. Without eloquence or elegance, or personal magnetism, or popular qualities of any sort whatsoever, the honest purpose that actuated him during the war and the mighty will which rode supreme over all obstacles to the final victory, have carried him by sheer impetus to the heights of political power where he may pluck his own bays, or drive them, at his leisure!

No man can be accounted strong who is not strong of will. Will may indeed be called the backbone of power, into which all the other elements are articulated. The proverb says that "we make way for the man who pushes by us." Men of weak will make way for the man whose will is strong, as living things fly from the track of the locomotive. We cannot more familiarly illustrate the strength of this element than by noticing

its operation in the family. In every family there is one strongest will, which modifies and commonly controls the life of all the members. It is not always the parent, it is often the child that governs. There is probably no parent who has not felt the tug of a strong-willed child at his determinations; and he does not need to be told that there are both torture and weariness in it. The same fact obtains in every form and organization of society. In the neighborhood, the church, the village, the town, there are strong wills which either control every movement or are to be conciliated or overcome in every movement. If these wills are associated with benevolence and other amiable qualities, their possessors become leaders, with trusting and obedient followers.

"Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles I would on," said Luther, when his friends tried to dissuade him from appearing before a tribunal of his enemies. The will which revealed itself in these strong words was an essential, not to say the most powerful, motor in the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century—a reformation which determined the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race, and led the way to the world's release from the tyranny of Priests and Kings.

"I will; be thou clean!" The power was in the will and not in the word. Further back there was One who willed, and then an infinite universe was swung in infinite space. "I will!" and worlds rolled in their or-

bits, seasons came and went, all things had their law, life sprang and bloomed and reproduced itself and died, civilizations rose and fell; and still the worlds spin on, and life lives on by the almightiness of that will which breathed them into being, and informed them with perpetual law and persistent energy.

Will has the same office now that it had at the beginning. It is a spark struck from the divine might. All action has its origin and determination in it. It creates, directs, controls; and so long as it flows from honest purposes, through honest channels, I know of no power which can more truly be called divine. It is indeed the matrix of power. The conflicts of the world, little and large, between nations as well as individuals, are conflicts of will. The current of a man's voluntary life is simply the current of his will, to which all other streams arising in his nature are tributary; and he is the strong man whose will cuts so deep and broad a channel, and sweeps on with such resistless force that all contiguous wills flow into and unite with his. How far this element of power may be cultivated I do not know. The practical difficulty seems to be that it requires an exercise of strong and persistent will to determine upon the cultivation of the will, which is much like lifting one's self by one's boots. I am not sure that a man born with a weak will may ever have a strong one. Observation shows us, at least, that the multitude have always been led, and that wonderfully cultivated men

have gone through life with the same weak and easily subordinated wills with which they were born. Will seems, more than almost anything else, to be an original and fixed endowment. It is as strong apparently in the child as in the man, and, in its manifestations, often stronger, because less intelligently directed and controlled.

There is in certain weak minds a quality which their possessors suppose to be will, but which, in reality, is *won't*. Wilfulness is not will; it is simply a form of obstinacy. The pig possesses it in an eminent degree. Will is positive and projects a current of vital force which we break up into words or shape into actions. Wilfulness, or obstinacy, is negative, and even dams the current of the little will with which it is always associated. Will draws the load along its own highway. Wilfulness stands still or kicks over the traces, or runs across the tracks of others. None but fools ever mistake the won't that is in them for will.

Self-possession is the next element of personal power that claims our attention. I use the phrase in its broadest possible sense, covering self-knowledge, self-mastery, self-confidence. It is astonishing how loosely some men carry themselves around, how little they know about themselves, how little mastery they have of themselves, and, as a consequence, how little confidence they have in themselves. They live at random,

they talk at random; they know nothing with certainty; they have neither their powers nor their passions in possession.

Every man ought to have a complete inventory of himself, so as absolutely to know what he can do in all the ordinary matters of life and even in its great emergencies. He ought to be able to lay his hand on every faculty, every fragment of knowledge, every fancy, every lesson of personal observation and experience, every spring in his enginery of expression, every available mental and moral resource,—to know himself so well in parts and in whole, and so thoroughly to hold himself in hand, that nothing can shake him from his poise, or, in other words, deprive him of himself.

Between some men and themselves there apparently is a great gulf fixed. They do not lay up facts in their memory: they lose them there, and when they hunt for them it is like hunting for coins dropped in the highway. No power in them is ever ready for the work required of it. It would take a peal of thunder to call their faculties together for any sudden and direct effort; and then they would probably scatter faster than they came. Stumbling, rambling, easily embarrassed, easily tripped, loose, inconsequent, they go through life so far separated from themselves that they never find themselves without an effort.

To be intellectually self-possessed is essential, then, to the exercise of power upon others. No man can

exercise power who does not strongly hold in hand and skilfully use the instruments of power. No man can win an intellectual kingdom outside of himself who has not the command of his own forces. I know of few grander objects in the world than he who becomes the master of a supreme occasion through perfect self-possession. The public debater who, holding every faculty in hand, and all his mental armament close about him, drives calmly and fearlessly into the contest, is the charioteer who wins all our cheers and garlands, while we only laugh at him whose mind stops in its tracks, or runs away with him.

What we denominate self-mastery, or self-control, is only a form or department of self-possession. No man can master or control the passions of others who cannot control his own. A reformer with a red nose would find it very difficult to dissuade a reveller from his cups. Men who preach moderation must weigh less than two hundred pounds. He who in anger reproves or corrects an angry boy only feeds the flame he tries to quench. An orator, overwhelmed by the passion which he seeks to excite in others, loses his power in the catastrophe. When he begins to weep, we begin to laugh; and when he begins to laugh, we grow sober. In short, the world refuses to be moved by men who have not their passions under control—at least, so long as they are in sight.

Here is where we find the weak points of men, and these weak points are what they are all engaged in cov-

ering from sight. This is the weakness of vice, that, even with sound moral and intellectual convictions and abundant good wishes for society, it binds the hands and chokes the voice, and kills the influence of those who indulge in it. No man can preach temperance with a wine-cup in his hand, or train a daughter to virtue with a mistress in the next street.

The traveller who visits the Emperor William's summer palace in Potsdam will see there a modest bedroom, and a humble single bed, where the most powerful potentate of Europe is content to lodge. We can find the equal of that bed in any auction-room, and its superior in every respectable house; but it is valuable to us as the revealer of the secret by which its owner holds the veneration of his empire. The Emperor William is respected, if not loved, because he will not live a life of luxury and ease. He is known to have mastered the temptations to personal indulgence. He is chaste, he is industrious, he is temperate, he is frugal, he eats simply and lodges humbly, and is the master of his passions. It took such a monarch as he to conquer France and unify Germany. The self-mastery of this king, made emperor, has given him the mastery of Europe. The vices of Napoleon and of France, impersonated on the throne of Prussia, would have changed the whole current of recent European history.

And here we may properly declare that he who is not the master of himself is a sinner, and is weak by the

poison of the sin he cherishes. Continency, then, in its broad sense, is an essential department of self-possession. That man only is strong who comprehends and controls his powers, and holds his passions in perfect subjection to his moral and intellectual nature.

A legitimate self-confidence grows out of self-possession; and without confidence in one's self very little headway is made in the world. Now this quality is not to be confounded with self-respect, though it is usually associated with it. It is not self-conceit, for it need not be accompanied by personal vanity. Self-confidence comes of self-measurement. The man who holds himself in possession measures himself by those around him, and arrives at a rational estimate of his powers in relation to them. The process of self-measurement is begun at so early an age in many men that they are conscious of no steps by which they reach their self-confidence. Some men seem to have self-confidence born in them. Without vanity or self-conceit, they never see anything done which they do not believe they can do. As children they are willing to undertake anything a thousand times beyond their existing powers. They are conscious of their possibilities even before they are old enough to know that they must pass through long processes of development and culture in order that those possibilities may be reached.

However self-confidence may be arrived at, there is no doubt that it is a very necessary element of personal

power. Faith in one's own faculties, faith in one's own motives, faith in one's own processes and ends, is essential not only to leadership but to all positive influence in the world. We are creatures of sympathy; and it is unnatural and impossible for us to have faith in men who have not faith in themselves. The general who hesitates or vacillates in his plans leads a doubtful or a demoralized army. The preacher who only half believes the thing he preaches, and shuns the responsibility of his declarations, may be nearer the truth than his more positive and more poorly furnished neighbor, but the latter will win ten converts to his one. The reformer who has not some positive scheme to which he commits himself with unwavering faith will make no headway. A man must believe in himself, and believe he is right, before men will believe in him, or that which he proposes.

There are thousands of men scattered over the world who are known to be men of talent, of education, of culture; yet who are almost nonentities so far as personal power and influence are concerned, simply because, measuring themselves by some impossible ideal, or oppressed by some natural and irrational reverence, they show that they have no faith in themselves. It seems to them, apparently, that every man's opinion ought to be better than theirs; and they consent that society shall be moulded and led by those inferiors or equals who have faith in themselves and confidence in

their own powers. Teach men to reason ; help them all that you can, each for himself, to come to personal conclusions ; throw responsibility upon them, and they will leave you. Dogmatize, and they will cling to you. Even those who reason most independently are strengthened by a strongly held opinion. The Mormon preaches his dogma, and brings home converts by the ship-load ; the moment he even consents to discuss his religion before a tolerably intelligent audience, and subjects it to any tribunal beyond his own faith and opinion, he goes to the wall. Dogmatists, positive men, men not only of will but opinion—men who have faith in themselves so strong that they naturally come to the front—always have led the world, and I suppose they always will.

Courage is another important element of personal power. There is probably no element of character that inspires so much admiration and creates so quick and enthusiastic a following as this. A man who is afraid of nothing in the performance of his duties—afraid of no consequences personal to himself—has his battles half won before he strikes a blow. The quality of courage is closely allied to self-confidence ; indeed, the latter is often based upon the former, though it may be acquired without it. We all bow to the hero. The man who fears nothing that may befall his person, who braves physical odds, who confronts death in the defense of a friend or a good cause, or he who espouses an un-

popular measure, or assumes an unpopular position, or becomes the champion of the weak, without reference to the result of his actions upon himself, compels our respect, or excites our most enthusiastic affection. So great is the popular admiration of courage that it has always been surrounded by a halo of romance. Even crime itself, and the most cruel and causeless wars, have been glorified by association with courageous deeds. In the common thought, the test of courage is the test of manhood. In multitudes of minds there is no unpardonable sin but that of cowardice; and when a man has once been guilty of that, his power for good or evil is gone. In the battle of life we send the poltroon to the rear. The wildest mob will always respect, and often reward, the courage of the man whom they are hunting to his death, when he turns upon and bravely faces them.

Selfish as we all are, careful of our persons and reputations as we all are, there is something in the basest of us which recognizes the fact that unselfishness is the most admirable thing in the world. The man who willingly and promptly places his life in jeopardy for the sake of others, or for the sake of a great cause; who sacrifices ease, or place, or popularity, to follow duty; who loses sight of all personal consequences while manifesting in action his impulses and highest convictions, is the hero whom we worship—the hero whom we ought to worship. The man who dares to rise in a com-

munity and denounce wickedness, to follow it to its strongholds or drive it from its covers, to be known as the sworn enemy of all forms of vice and disorder, is the man around whom all the good elements of society cluster, and by whom all are led. Not alone the good respect him; the bad respect him more. A man by long years of culture and conscientious action may build up for himself a character so strong and pure that his example and counsel will be of great weight; but one grandly courageous deed will win in a moment more influence in the line of leadership than he has won in a lifetime.

An exhibition of true courage—that is, self-forgetfulness in a dangerous deed, undertaken for the good of others—demonstrates the possession of most of the elements of personal power—certainly all that I have noticed. Manhood comes to the perfect definition and demonstration of itself in such a deed, and mankind give it instant obeisance. Even the foolhardy enthusiast of Harper's Ferry won a martyr's crown; and his soul went marching on, singing as it marched, with every Union regiment through all the war that followed, until that was accomplished which he so strangely undertook.

To the lack of the element of courage in our teachers and reformers is attributable, in a great degree, the slowness of our progress toward national purity of manners and morals. Why is it that the sin of intemperance and the crime of him whose business it is to sow

the land with temptation are not denounced more universally and persistently from the pulpit? Is it because the sin and crime are not evident? Do not the cries of the widow and the orphan fill the land? Do not the victims of drink crowd the cemeteries? Do they not throng the poor-houses and prisons? Do they not burden our courts of justice, and double our constabulary, and swell our taxes, and ruin our industry, and destroy both body and soul in hell even before death comes? Why is it, I say, that this great, overshadowing crime that darkens the world is hardly alluded to in ten thousand pulpits? I will not pronounce the word that rises to my lips, but I will say that when the clergy of America boldly and persistently declare what they think of drunkenness and of all those who minister to it, or abet it by example, the cause of national temperance will receive the strongest impetus it has ever felt.

Why is it that our politicians—many of them amiable men in the main—are so slippery, so cautious, so non-committal in matters of policy, so careful of their record in all things in which there is a chance for a difference of opinion, so crafty and full of intrigue? Simply because the element of true courage is not in them. There is nothing in them of the heroic spirit—no self-abandonment for the sake of right. The most of them are selfish, time-serving cowards who only retain the show of courage by covering up their cowardice.

Physical courage, intellectual courage, moral courage

—prime elements are they all of personal power. Half the power of modern scepticism resides in the intellectual and moral courage of those who disseminate it. He is a brave man who sits down to an investigation, and, divesting himself of all opinions, all predilections, all partisanships, all pride of position, pledges himself to a search for truth—a brave man intellectually; and he is a brave man morally, whether mistaken or otherwise, who rises from that investigation and tells his neighbors that he believes they and their ancestors have lived on lies for a hundred generations. Why are so many half willing to believe that they are the descendants of monkeys, except through their admiration of the courage of the monkey who told them so? Intellectual and moral courage has its followers, and always has had them, independent of the merits of its conclusions and declarations. Ah! when good men are willing to do intellectually and morally what the soldier does physically when he faces the cannon's mouth at the word of command; when they are willing to follow truth wherever it may lead, with whatever consequences, and to declare truth at whatever sacrifice, they will not have occasion to complain that the people follow after strange gods and listen to the voice of false prophets. The truth, in brief, is, that he who plants courage of any sort raises friends; and he who has the spirit to declare himself a free man in all his acts, even though he sunder every tie by which he has been bound to society, joins at once

a better brotherhood, and immeasurably magnifies the sphere of his power. When Jackson said, "I take the responsibility," he mastered his situation, and became essentially a king.

There is an element of personal power which, for the lack of a better name, we call magnetism. The fact that we borrow a word from the realm of physical science by which to designate it shows how difficult it is to define it. A magnet attracts to itself and has the power to throw its subtle influence and law over certain forms of matter with which it is brought into contact. So we say that a man who has a secret, indescribable power to attract others, and bring others into sympathy with him, possesses the quality of magnetism. It is a form or an instrument of sympathy; and sympathy is one of the conditions of power. We must sympathize with those upon whom we would act or they must sympathize with us. We can sympathize with others without being magnetic, but we must be magnetic in order to bring them into sympathy with ourselves. A man can do much through the channels of his sympathy with others; he can do a thousand times more by bringing them into sympathy with himself. There are some men who, when they rise to speak, compel instant and complete attention to every word they utter. Eye, bearing, voice, breathe out an effluence impossible to analyse and impossible to resist. Other men may utter their words without effect. Other men may utter better and

stronger words, and win only a listless hearing. There are generals whose presence and carriage will win the confidence of an army away from better men. There are men of hardly more than ordinary parts who, on entering a social circle, become at once and without purpose its centre, around which all the other elements revolve. Jenny Lind conquered her audience before she opened her lips. Pulpit, platform, forum, society, are constantly illustrating the presence and the absence of this element of power. It is not often that the ablest preachers have the fullest pews. It is not often that the best lawyer is the popular advocate. The finest and deepest thinker is quite apt to be left alone in the social circle. These are notorious facts, yet the puzzle remains. This element of power which compels sympathy flies as we touch it. We know there is such an element; we feel its influence upon ourselves; we witness its effect upon others: but where it comes from —what it is—how to win it—whether it can be won at all when not naturally possessed—are unanswerable questions.

When we read of the eloquence of Patrick Henry, or remember the magnitude of his traditional reputation, and try to find the secret of it in the most memorable words he uttered, our conclusion must be that his power was in himself rather than in what he said. Henry Clay was a magnetic man. How men loved him! How they clung to him! How women wept over

his defeats! His "Aye" and "No" in the Senate upon the simplest questions were speeches. His reputation lives on, and will live through many generations, notwithstanding the fact that all he uttered is practically unread, and will probably remain so. Patrick Henry is in the school-books, Daniel Webster is in the school-books; but Henry Clay is buried in the *Congressional Globe*. It was that indefinable effluence of his personality which we call magnetism that brought half the country into sympathy with him, and gave him his enormous power and reputation. The same power, I suppose, must have been in the possession of that divine who could reduce an audience to tears by his way of pronouncing the word "Mesopotamia!" Henry Clay had honesty, will, intellectual self-possession and courage, doubtless; but, above all, this element of magnetism was the secret of his power over men.

I speak of this element of power as a matter of psychological interest, rather than because I believe it to be susceptible of enlargement or cultivation. It is a natural endowment, bestowed upon some and wholly denied to others. It certainly is a miracle-worker in the realm of influence. It makes that seem to be wit which is not wit. It makes that seem to be brilliant which is not brilliant. It clothes its possessor with a charm which unlocks all our hearts and engages our sympathies, even when it fails to capture our judgments.

I have spoken of it as an important instrument in

procuring the condition of sympathy. Love of men—genuine philanthropy—establishes this condition; but it comes from the wrong side for the best results. A child will not be moved by one who does not love children, or who does not possess some charm to make them love him, and if a man has neither magnetism nor sympathy he must rely for power upon colder elements, that bring little reward to their possessors. There are men who win power by the sheer force of will, and the imperious and overwhelming assertion of themselves. There are such men in public life to-day, but they breathe a cold atmosphere, and occupy a lonely place.

"Knowledge is power," according to the old adage. Yes, it may, or it may not be power. Knowledge in some men is weakness. Knowledge is a treasure which power may use, but it is often associated with minds that have no power. There is a world of mistaken opinion on this subject; and the saddest thing connected with it is that it has vitiated nearly all our educational schemes. House-furnishing is not house-keeping. When we train a crew for a boat-race, we are not content to weigh out to them their beef and bread, but we give them their regular pulls over the water. When knowledge is used to feed power, and its grand object is the development of power, then knowledge is convertible or converted into power; but knowledge in a man's head, not thus converted, is no more power than it is inside the covers of a book.

Let us have knowledge by all means—the more the better—but let us rectify the radical mistake that knowledge is power in itself. Let us stop giving prizes for cramming, and save them for those who can do something. Let us banish the idea that scholarship is education, that acquisition is development, and that knowledge is anything more than the furniture of the mind. Our ship is complete in all its parts when she strikes the water, and knowledge is what we take in. We want coal in the bunkers, and provisions in the larder, and water in the tanks, and chart and compass and quadrant—furniture for the cabin and furniture for the steerage; and all these knowledge gives us. But knowledge is neither hull nor spar, neither engine nor paddle-wheels, neither rudder nor capstan, neither captain nor crew. So far as knowledge can be used for propulsion and direction, it becomes power, but it is stowed in many a hull that waits to be manned, or hopelessly rusts and rots in the harbor.

And this naturally brings me to another element of power which, for the lack of a better word, I shall call Expression. I use the word expression to cover every manifestation and form of power. Life in all its active relations, public speech, private conversation, every department of art and literature—all these are expression, or the outcome of power. We walk in a garden in the spring, and find all the plants coming forth from the same earth, with roots seeking nutriment among com-

mon elements. They are warmed by the same sun, fanned by the same airs, and watered by the same clouds, at the same time; yet as each plant rises to inflorescence and fruitage, it expresses its life in forms different from that of its neighbors. One is a rose, another is a pansy; one is a pea, another a potato; one is beautiful to the eye, another is fragrant to the smell, and another still is agreeable to the palate. All express the life that is in them according to the law of their nature. We simply ask of the potato that it shall be useful. We do not expect it to be beautiful, or fragrant. Modestly—covered from the eye of the world—it is to fill its roots full that it may minister to the homely needs of men. We do not expect the rose to be anything but beautiful and fragrant. That is the way its nature and all the nutritive elements of the soil passing up through its nature express themselves.

Our figure will serve us no further, because expression in men and women is very largely a voluntary matter, and the result of special culture. There are lives whose only natural and full expression can be found in the line of homely usefulness. There are lives that must be expressed in poetry, in oratory, in investigation, invention, literature, painting, sculpture, architecture. Now all expression to which we voluntarily give shape and direction is art. A well-directed life of usefulness is as truly a piece of art as the Sistine Madonna. It is the result of a vital design patiently worked out. I

do not need to say that all the special forms of expression are art, for that is the name by which we call them.

All power, then, is expressed in some form of art; and this expression becomes one of the prime elements or instruments of power. If a man be not master of some form of expression, either high or humble, the power that is in him must remain latent. This truth is of enormous significance to this country and this generation, though in the utterance it may seem like a truism. Everything goes well in our life, apparently, until we come to the matter of expression; and then nearly everything is left to nature, and comparatively nothing to culture. Our preachers, as a rule, are not good speakers, or forcible writers. When they become so, as many of them do, it is mainly through natural aptness and force. Now a preacher's public usefulness depends on his art. Unless he can speak well, read well, and write well, he cannot express well that which is in him, or impress himself and the truths he preaches upon others. Multitudes of men go into public life with minds stored with knowledge, with reasoning faculties well-trained, but without having acquired a single art through which in impressive forms they can express their power. They try to preach, and the people will not hear them. They try to make a speech, and break down. They write a book, and nobody wants it. The faculties of expression have no training. The arts of expression have no development. The paths through

which power must travel to find manifestation are unopened, and every man is obliged, among pitfalls and thorns, to find his own way. Untrained inventive genius crams the patent office with useless contrivances; nobody thinks of such a thing as learning a trade; if a singer or an artist wishes to study his art he must go abroad; every man thinks himself not only capable of designing his own house, but of writing a good magazine article the first time he tries, and when we talk about the art of conversation, people do not know what we mean. Instead of bringing our educational processes to the point of flowering and fruitage, or, in other words, to the point of expression, we have little to show but stalks and leaves. If we can only devote to educational purposes the amount of time now allotted to them, let us have less science and more art, less of the language of the dead and more of the living, less cramming and more training, smaller power if it must be, and better expression.

Earnestness and enthusiasm are elements of power, whose importance can hardly be exaggerated. I name them together because, in their nature and results, they are so closely allied. Indeed, enthusiasm is only earnestness at a white heat. They are the only qualities that can take the place of personal magnetism, in compelling sympathy. Earnestness comes of strong conviction and strong feeling, and always keeps its hold of reason. Enthusiasm, rising out of it, is the fusion and

sublimation of all the elements of power within a man, and is strong just in the proportion that it is rational. The moment it becomes mere passion it is weakness. The man who can see but one idea, and who pushes it by the stress of his enthusiasm out of its relations with the world of ideas, becomes practically a monomaniac, and ruins his influence. But enthusiasm, which is simply exalted earnestness, is one of the greatest of all the elements of personal power.

The world refuses to be moved by men who are not in earnest. To have an intellectual conviction of a truth, and to feel the importance of that truth to the life of men, are different things. A man may believe and utter a proposition concerning morals or religion without making any impression; but if he feels the importance of that proposition to his own soul, and to the souls of men, and speaks not only out of his brain but his heart, men will hear him and be moved. Earnestness comes from the incorporation of truth into life; and no man can be earnest who does not speak from his life. It is easy to say proper things and true things. I suppose Mr. Barnum's talking machine could be made to do this, but neither Mr. Barnum's talking machine, nor any other talking machine,—and we have a great many of them,—can produce conviction or induce appropriation. They must come vitalized from the life of the speaker.

Some of the most important changes in the current of

human history have been wrought by personal and popular enthusiasms. The enthusiasms of patriotism, of partisanship, of religion, of social reform, have been the tidal waves which have overwhelmed the strongholds of corruption and wrong, and borne in upon their bosoms the men and the materials of a better life. Human nature is very much like iron; if you would bend it, or shape it, you must heat it. Earnestness is fire; enthusiasm is a furnace seven times hot, whose flames only need to envelop other minds to make them plastic or ductile. Truth is often unpalatable, offensive, but, borne to our lips on the menstruum of a strong enthusiasm, we accept the draught which otherwise we should have refused. Without earnestness and enthusiasm, the powers of a man must always fight single-handed and without concert; with them, the whole force is enlisted, horse, foot, and dragoons. In brief, they unify, exalt, concentrate, and inspire to action all the elements of power within a man, and are never absent in the supreme moments of his active life.

And now, what shall I say of character as an element of personal power?—what of that slowly grown and carefully cultivated impersonation of wisdom, goodness, purity and truth which gives the force of authority to opinion, the strength of law to counsel, and makes every word a golden coin to be sacredly treasured? I know of no higher expression of power than character. I know of no higher form of art than character. A great

character, a fine character, a good character—the silent, unconscious force of these in moulding the morals and manners of the world, is so grand, and sweet, and wonderful, that I cannot undertake to describe it. The dear old men and women, in whom human wisdom is complete, and passion dead, and love supreme; the young men, pure and true, and hopeful, untainted by the touch of sin, and unapproachable by temptation; young women, who stand like morning lilies in a garden, with dews unkissed of any sun, and petals untouched by the fingers of any wind—the character of all these is an element of power in the world the most benign that can be imagined. If life is music, character is the score, to be seen and read and learned of all men. The character that shines upon us from the pages of Holy Writ is like the sun in heaven. The living characters that shine upon us in our daily life are like the stars of the night, which repeat their burning images on the bosom of the great sea of humanity that lies beneath and looks up to them. Character is a picture which every man can paint, a statue which every man can carve, a temple that every man can rear, a poem that all can write, a sermon that all can preach, a form of expression into which every life can pour and embody itself. It is the highest and noblest form of self-expression, and is like all the best things—love, hope, happiness and heaven—within the reach of all.

I gave honesty as the basis of all legitimate personal

power, and faith shall be its cap-stone and crown. Faith in the unseen and the eternal, faith in the spiritual and the undemonstrable, faith in the fatherhood of God and the childhood of man, faith in the revelation of the divine will and the manifestation of the divine providence, faith in the responsibility and the immortality of the soul—this gives wings to all our powers, endows life with unspeakable dignity, and enriches us with motives which can come from no other source. It is the inspiring, organizing, informing force of our Christian civilization. It filled the sails of the May Flower during all her long voyage, and has blown the seeds of the tree planted in the inhospitable soil of Plymouth over a continent. It carries the message of love to the Heathen, and has made more heroes and martyrs than any other motive. It has organized a million societies for making men better. Clogged by useless or harmful dogmas, burdened by ignorance and hindered by mistakes, it has still done what has been done to raise man out of the animalism to which he so easily and naturally descends, into self-mastery, self-government, and a benevolent spirit and life. The man who believes in nothing but what he sees, who gropes blindly among material elements and forms, and never looks up, who denies the existence of a God whom he cannot measure and a soul that he cannot analyse, is powerless for anything in the moral world but mischief. Is it "star-eyed science?"—is it not rather blear-eyed science, with eyes

shut upon God and the moral reformation of mankind, which, while undermining the temple of faith, seeks deification for itself? What is the world to do without faith? Whither is it to drift without faith? What motives are there outside of faith sufficient to redeem it from its selfishness and misery? Where except in faith are we to look for that element of power which can raise men from sensuality into spirituality? If our work of improvement is slow while teaching men that God is our father, what will it be when we teach them that our father was an ape? Is the undevout astronomer mad? He is worse: he is a fool! Faith makes gods of men. It crowns them with a power born of the world unseen, of which this material sphere is but the type and unsubstantial shadow. It builds on the basis of all things. It draws its vitality from the very fountain of life, and gives motive, direction, and nutriment to all the elements of power with which it associated. It is the conscious channel along which flows to us the tide of the divine might. It is the one crystal peak that crowns the mountain of human power, perennially clothed upon with whiteness and crowned with light, and perennially dissolved in rills that bathe all the life below it in purity and fill all the streams with bounty. Deprived of that sense of responsibility and duty which have their source alone in faith; despoiled of those motives which can come to us only from the world unseen, and discrowned of that dignity which allies us with God and all spiritual

intelligences, the power of the strongest is but weakness, and human life ceases to be significant or valuable.

I have thus very briefly and very imperfectly exposed the leading elements of legitimate personal power, and to what practical end? I have hinted at this end in various ways, during the progress of the discussion, but, for the sake of a clear and definite impression, I will state it in a definite form. I suppose there are few persons before me who do not regard their lives thus far as in some sense a failure. They have not done what they planned to do; they have not been the powers in the world which they expected to become. Many men and women have sadly come to the conclusion that they have no mission in the world. They see men moving great multitudes by eloquence, or charming them by song and a hundred sister arts, or professionally ministering to the sick, or preaching the Good Tidings, or standing in the place of the advocate, or sitting in the seat of the Judge, or serving in the halls of legislation, or administering the great duties of political office—and they witness all this with a sigh on their lips, and their arms folded upon their hearts. They would have been glad to do something of all this, and it has never come to their hands to be done. They intended to do something of this, and they have never done it. Further than this, they despair of ever doing it; and because they cannot do these things, which seem so beautiful and so desirable, they have come to the conclusion that

there is no beautiful and desirable form in which they may express their power.

Now let us recall and repeat a proposition already uttered, viz.: There is no higher expression of power and no nobler form of art than character. It may be that, beyond the performance of the common duties of life, you have nothing to do but to build a beautiful character,—that it is only in this way that you can express the power which you possess. Very well—let that content you! Your work is simple, but it is no less difficult and important than his who must find a special expression in literature, or art, or public life. You may not have a strong will; you may not have magnetism;—it may take a whole life-time to become your own master and possessor;—you may not have special intellectual endowments; but you may have perfect honesty and perfect faith, and, standing on the one and crowned by the other, you cannot fail to be powerful, whatever may be your form of expression. No man who builds up a fine character on a safe foundation fails; and every man fails who does not do this, whatever else he may do. All other arts are ministers to the art of character-building, and all artists and all power-bearers of whatsoever sort are the servants of him who practises this art.

You will remember that I have not been speaking of either general or special intellectual endowments, but only of the motive and determining forces which stand

behind them at first, or gather round them during life. As I have presented these in detail, I suppose every man has detected his weak as well as his strong points. One has been able to say : " I am morally and intellectually honest, if nothing else ; " another has sighed over the ease with which this element of his power is overcome by temptation. One has found his strong point in will ; another has recognized his weakness in that particular. One has felt himself to be a man of courage ; another knows that, however successfully he may have hidden himself from others, he is a coward. One is conscious of the possession of a certain amount of magnetism ; another knows that he has little, or none at all. One has knowledge ; another is ignorant. One is earnest and enthusiastic ; another is cold and without feeling. One has faith ; another is a sceptic, and draws no motives whatever from the spiritual world.

Now, if you have failed, or feel that you have failed—why have you failed ? I have shown you the principal motive elements, native or acquired—in which are you lacking ? Could you have exercised the power you wished to exercise if you had possessed more will, or courage, or knowledge, or earnestness, or honesty, or faith ? Then, do what you can to win what you lack. The essential thing is to become acquainted with your own motive forces, and then so to combine and direct them in your action that they shall express your power.

And this brings me again to the matter of skilful ex-

pression; and here, after all, is the weak point of the world. We do not half do that which comes to our hands to be done. Suppose you are a teacher: What kind of a teacher are you? Have you studied all the methods, and intelligently selected your own? Have you a method suggested by a careful and loving study of the young minds placed in your care, and by such experience as you have been able to secure? Have you idealized your calling, and seen in it the angelic work of training and building the human mind, and leading it to its highest and finest issues? Does the work absorb you, fill you with enthusiasm, dignify you with the conscious crown of a great responsibility, and call forth from you the most skilful, the most conscientious and careful, and the most self-forgetful exercise of all your power? Or is your work drudgery, which you dislike, and which you are content to do poorly, provided you can get your pay and keep your place?

No man fails who carries such power as may be in him to its finest expression. We sometimes hear it said of a man that he has made the most of himself. All the elements of power within him have wrought themselves into the highest form of his special art. All honor to such a man, whether high or humble. I would rather make a good shoe than a poor ship. I would rather be the author of a first-rate child's story than a third-rate history. If we could only get rid of the idea that anything is small that God has shaped our power to do, and

could comprehend and appropriate the idea that it is of infinite importance to us that we do the smallest things well, life and the world would take on a very different look.

He who can do all things, takes no more pains with the structure of the leviathans that wallow among the reeds than with that of the midgets that speck the twilight. The wonders of almightiness go as far below the microscope as they rise above it. The lily is as beautiful as the star, and the humming-bird as admirable as the eagle. Some humble fathers and mothers, apparently of little account in the world, express their power in the training and education of their children. This is their art; and we know nothing about them until we see coming forth from their homes splendid young men and women, equipped for useful lives, which are crowns of glory for the heads of those who begot and bore them. Is your life one of humble ministry? Minister well. Put all your power, all your love, all your skill into it. You may not win the fame of Florence Nightingale, but you will win love, which is better than fame, and character, which is better than love. Shape your powers to their best issue, and concentrate them all upon it. If you preach, make yourself master of the art of preaching. Your power is good for nothing unless you do. Find your specialty, and stand by it. Do the thing you undertake to do better than anybody else can do it.

After all, it is the parable of the ten talents over

again. It is the man with one talent who is so prone to hide it in a napkin: yet Verboeckhoven becomes the pride of collectors, and commands the wealth of princes, because he can paint a sheep better than any other man in the world. Even a team of dray-horses will command as much attention in the street as if they were the pets of the turf and the heroes of a dozen races, if only they are perfect dray-horses. There is a little church in Lucerne, whose principal attraction is an organ, and every day during the summer months it is played for the benefit of visitors. On each occasion the ear is regaled with the music of an Alpine storm. A man has only to be susceptible to musical impressions, and to shut his eyes, to hear the rising and moaning wind which preludes the thunder-burst, then the sweeping hurricane, then the tramping of the rain, while lightnings play and thunders echo from peak to peak, and the world seems overwhelmed by an army of demons. Then, while he listens, the great procession sweeps by. The thunders which were sharp, die into a distant roll, the wind ceases, the sound of the rain grows fine, and at last the sun breaks forth, and all is peace and light. Then, coming from afar, as if the music were born of heaven itself, he hears that which is the organ's glory, its *vox humana*, in a chant of thanksgiving. His heart swells, his eyes are flooded with tears. He forgets all the grandeur and glory of the thousand pipes through which the storm manifested

itself to him, in this feeble, distant, human voice, which speaks the praise of his maker. He forgets trumpets, and viols, and flutes, and diapasons, and all the thunders that rolled under the feet of the organist, in the breathing of this one stop, because it is the best in the organ, if not the best of its kind in the world.

Humanity is one, and the breath of power which sweeps through it is divine. Every man's form of power is a stop in the organ, and there is really nothing more admirable in the trumpet than in the flute, nothing finer in the oboe than in the flageolet, and nothing so wonderful in the whole instrument as the simple voice of humanity. The great desideratum is perfection in the stop, whatever it may be. To make these stops perfect—to shape them so that they shall entirely express the power which the Creator breathes into us, and breathes through us—is the crowning work of our lives. When the little stops become as good as the great ones, and the great ones have reached perfection, when none of them is either dumb or out of tune, then shall the anthem of a triumphant humanity sweep around the world!

THE SOCIAL UNDER-TOW.

THE question whether the progress of the age bears any just proportion to its activity is easier to ask than to answer, though I suppose that thoughtful persons would give it a pretty prompt and unceremonious negative. I have often wondered whether a horse, treading a wheel, appreciated the difference between his getting over the ground and the ground getting out from under him. There are vast numbers of men who are like the horse—very hard at work, and very strongly under the impression that they are making headway, when, in truth, they occupy through all their active life the same point in space, and the world rolls under and away from them.

There certainly is a show of progress in the world, yet there are many facts that lead us to suspect that the world is growing neither wiser nor better. Men are not wanting who believe that it is rapidly growing worse. It is probable that no human judgment can measure, from generation to generation, the results of our civilization,—can strike the balance between our good and evil,

and decide whether, on the whole, our advance in certain respects has counterbalanced, or been counterbalanced by, our retrogradation in others.

The depreciation and waste, whose steady draught upon the results of progress so constantly place those results in doubt, are too little considered. We are apt to see nothing but the onward movement, and to forget that, while much may be gained in a single direction, much may be, and, indeed, invariably is, lost in another.

The world grows better and the world grows worse all the time. The tide flows and ebbs every day and evermore. The waves come tramping in from distant seas full of palpitating life, and pour their tribute upon the shore; but they stop at the shore, and he who stands upon the sand feels his foothold sliding from under him as they fall back into the caves from which they came. There is a social under-tow, complementary to the rhythmic flow of social progress, and only here and there does the sea of human activity make permanent encroachments upon the land. Reforms chase each other along the surface of the great deep, but they all stop at their bound, and crawl back in an under-tide that leads to darkness.

When the American people rose to that conviction which compelled them to declare that human slavery was a wrong, and that it should not further invade the national domain, it seemed as if they had taken a long step toward the political millennium; but it cost a war

between men of the same race and nation, whose woes were immeasurable. Hundreds of thousands of human lives, billions of treasure, and incalculable blood and tears, and brutality and corruption, formed the under-tow of that wonderful wave.

When the proclamation of emancipation set four millions of bondmen free, it seemed that we had made another grand advance in the line of progress; but when the wave poured its burden upon the shore, the ruined fortunes of disfranchised and embittered multitudes slid back into the sea. Then, when the emancipated received their right to the ballot, we felt that another noble wave in social and political progress had swept in; but still there came the under-tow. Carpet-bagger and Ku-klux, and enormous power in the hands of ignorance, easily misled, are all to be deducted in estimating the good it brought us. On the whole, we may have made progress. I think we have; but there are honest men who entertain a different opinion. Both sections of the nation would rather have things as they are than as they were, perhaps; but no man is large enough to strike the balance, and tell us whether, and how far, we have gone forward or backward.

It is thus with all reforms—moral and religious, as well as social and political: all have their complementary under-tow. The protest of Luther brought religious liberty to millions; but out of that same protest have come license and rationalism that threaten to

lead back whole peoples into irreligion and infidelity. French liberty, springing into a republic, sinks quickly into the Parisian commune, in whose bloody waters are overwhelmed priests and altars, and the shrines and treasures of the nation.

In all our efforts at reform, we are obliged to take into account not only the natural gravitation of humanity toward vice, but the fierce opposition of all who are interested in its perpetuation. Vice of every sort has its interested adherents and friends, who are always roused to activity by the attacks upon it of the better elements of society. A great movement against the vice of intemperance generates always a counter-movement, whose intensity and power are measured by the exciting cause. The waves of effort and influence may come in grand and strong, but they always bear back a proportion of drunkards and ruined families and broken fortunes. The Maine Law sweeps in as an overwhelming tenth-wave, but it bears back, in a treacherous under-tow, its own broken fragments and the filth of vice stirred into new activity. By the natural gravity of men toward vice, and the force of vicious example, and the efforts of those whose selfish interests are involved, the movement toward reform has been held in check for years. Sometimes, indeed, it has been crowded almost hopelessly back, and it is doubtful whether for twenty years any great advance toward national temperance has been effected.

If a religious revival sweeps in upon a community, it stays but a little while, and then it retires with its burden of dead hearts and broken pledges and scoffing tongues. Few keep all the footing they gain, and some lose it entirely. After a hundred years of life, and a score of revivals, and the faithful preaching of reform, there are large numbers of churches in America that are hardly stronger than when they were born. The outflow equals the income; the loss cancels the gain; and the world around is worse rather than better.

I have rehearsed these facts, not to discourage the hopeful, nor to add my voice to the prophecies of evil with which the Jeremiahs of the world are wont to offend our ears, but in order to find my way, through some healthy talk about the mistakes of reform, into a better and surer path of progress. The figure I have chosen under which to represent the action and reaction of popular reform will answer our purpose in many ways. The agitations of the sea are the agitations of the surface. Tempests may rage and navies may ride over depths that receive no impulse from the commotions above them. There is beauty in the agitation; there is inspiration in it; there is something that looks like progress in the procession of the waves—but, the sea holds to its bed and its bitterness.

Our word reform embodies the prevalent idea of progress. The aim of our practised or professional agitators and schemers for progress, has always been to

change the forms of our life. The theory is that society only needs to be reformed, and reformed, and reformed, in its conditions or its institutions, to render it perfect, and to do away with everything that hurts or hinders. Ignoring or denying the natural gravitation of the race toward evil, they have attempted to find the cause of the evils that afflict the race in its circumstances and surroundings. So they talk and organize against wrongs in political and social life, and hunt for the millennium in the track of their ruin and reformation.

Well, the reformers have had a busy life of it, and we have seen in our glance at the results about how much it amounts to. The experience and present condition of the country show that though law may be a thousand times reformed; that though wrong may be legislated out of the statute-book, and the statute-book may legislate it out of the country; that though vice in its awful variety may be hunted from cover to cover; that though the conditions and institutions of social and civil life may be made as nearly perfect as human wisdom can contrive—the character of the people is not perceptibly changed.

We destroy slavery; but the slave-holder is not converted to freedom, nor the slave made fit to discharge its trusts and duties. We outlaw strong drink; but we keep the drunkard. We give no quarter to a social vice that thrives in every quarter. We preach against extravagance in the best clothes we can buy, and thin

the popular ranks of rogues by setting them to rule over great cities or sending them to Congress. We organize societies and build institutions for the suppression of vices and diseases that increase and multiply on our hands so fast, that we can make no impression on them.

The movements for popular progress of the last twenty years have all originated in the theories of reform so widely preached by agitators and so generally accepted by the people. What an enormous space upon the stage of public activity have these reforms and reformers occupied! The reforms themselves, though they have sadly failed to bring us the results they promised, have been our pride and boast, while the reformers have been our petted heroes. Wrong after wrong has been attacked and legally overwhelmed, social customs and conventions have been changed, old prejudices have been uprooted, and there has been a general clearing away of external obstacles to a better national life and growth. But the results we have expected fail to appear. There was never a time when the drink-fiend had the entrée of better or broader circles than now, or demanded a larger tribute at the hands of his devotees. There was never a time when the social evil, with its thronging horrors, was more prevalent than now. There was never a time when Christian marriage was held in lighter esteem than now. Men and women are living apart—driven asunder by the extravagance of the times,

and by ideas, policies, and habits, which I may not name. The air is full of the clamor for freedom of choice, and freedom of renunciation, and heavy with discord and discontent.

Capital combines to steal railroads, and public lands, and whole cities, and labor combines to extort from capital more than its market price. Capital and labor that should be friends confront each other as enemies, or jealous rivals in the strife for power and privilege.

If church-membership and attendance on the public services of the church do not grow smaller year by year in proportion to the population, year by year growing larger, they certainly do not increase.

Are these the results we have labored and hoped for? Do the best results we have achieved correspond in any just degree to the enormous amount of life and labor expended to secure them? Is not half that we seem to do a deception and a delusion! When we seem to remedy one evil, do we not too frequently develop another? The New York police that break up a hundred houses of ill-fame in a single night, really do nothing but develop or enlarge a hundred similar houses elsewhere. There is no real reform in the matter, and no good permanent result from it. A hundred criminals sent to prison may answer the ends, or some of the ends, of justice, but not much is gained to society if it reduces a hundred families to want, and develops a hundred criminals more among their children. We re-

joice to learn from the morning papers that three hundred policy shops are broken up in a single night, but we have three hundred rascals on hand whom we have no use for, and who soon manage to find some use for us. We change the place, but keep the pain. The ebb equals the flow, the under-tow is the complement of the wave. There is a look of progress about it all, but in truth there is none.

That there may be no misunderstanding of my meaning in this matter, let us examine briefly the temperance reformation. I choose this because of its prominence, and of our familiarity with it, and because we are all agreed upon the magnitude of the evil which it seeks to remedy. There is no question that alcoholic drinks are a curse to the human race. No man will have the hardihood to deny that they produce more disease, more vice, more crime, more poverty, and shame, and wretchedness, than any other cause in existence. We are all agreed upon the evil, but with this popular conviction to help us, and with law on our side, has there been a great temperance reformation? In the most moral State of this American Union, the people cannot be trusted with a full rum-bottle for twenty-four hours. In connection with this fact, I ask you to recall the Herculean labors that have been performed in the cause of temperance during the past thirty years, or during the life of a whole generation of men. Think of the tons of temperance literature that have been distrib-

uted! Think of the meetings and conventions that have been held! Think of the hundreds of thousands of public addresses that have been delivered! Think of the sacrifices of personal benevolence among the degraded, and all the machinery of pledges and badges and banners, and secret societies of men and women! Think of the enormous amount of temperance legislation that has been effected, and the constabulary machinery that has been created to make that legislation operative, and then judge whether the country, as it stands to-day, gives evidence of labor well-directed and well-performed. Are we practically any nearer being a temperate nation in the use of strong drink than we were thirty years ago? If so, how much? If so, is the gain we have made any greater than we have made in general refinement? Indeed, have we made any considerable gain outside of that which may fairly be attributed to our special efforts at temperance reform? Are men less ready to make money by selling strong drink now than they were thirty years ago? Is there less need of temperance effort now than there was thirty years ago? Do you see in the future any—the slightest release from constant labor in this department of benevolent enterprise? Are we to follow it, and follow it, and follow it in this way until the end of time? Are we to go on amputating the heads of this hydra, knowing that for every head that falls a new one sprouts and grows? I do not need to answer these questions: they

answer themselves. Every one must be conscious of a fearful under-tow of public sentiment and popular vice, fully complementary to every wave of good influence and legal power that has been borne upon the shore of benevolent achievement.

I might multiply illustrations, but they sicken me as I think of them, and I should tire and perhaps offend you. It is every where the same: reform without improvement; change without progress. One would suppose that from labors and results like these the world would learn wisdom, but we still work in the same old way, and hold to our blunders in sheer desperation. If the soundness of the old methods is questioned, no one seems able to make a new departure. Then it *is* such a splendid thing to battle open-handed with an evil, and so tame a thing to patiently nurse and develop a good; it is so gallant a thing to fight a wrong, and so petty a business to nurse a virtue, that the field of reform has become attractive to those who are fond of living in the public eye, and are at the same time restless with unappropriated energies.

So long as it shall be easier to scold than to teach, and pleasanter to declaim and contend in public than to work in private, the reformer and the agitator will be likely to live and make themselves heard; but if history teaches us anything, it teaches us that the world is to be redeemed, if redeemed at all, without them, and by other methods than those which they pursue.

And now, do you ask me to show you a more excellent way? I will try, though I shall claim no discovery, and give the details of no scheme. I am moved to try, first, because I believe the most conscientious work done for the world is done at a ruinous disadvantage; and, second, because I am entirely convinced that the means of true progress are in our own hands, and are little used.

A mountain rivulet goes never back, except by way of the sky, and has no under-tow. From its fountain, all down its passage to the plain, growing to be a brook, and widening at last into a river, its path is a path of progress. It meets no barrier which it does not overleap, and surely finds its way to the waiting sea. Formation and not reformation holds the vital secret of the world's progress.

It is cheaper and better to build a new house than to remodel an old one, for no old house can be made new. If you would have pleasant shade around you after twenty years, cut down your forest, and plant your trees. It is an easier task to choose and plant, and train and wait, than to prune and heal the scars of pruning. Besides, a wild-forest tree can never be wholly civilized. It would be better to let the world of adult life which seems so bent on going to the devil, go to the devil, if in our efforts to save it our minds are diverted from the Christian education of our children.

The wise nurture of children in the family and in the school; the thorough inculcation of Christian morality;

the development of conscientiousness in every little soul as it passes through the processes of its education; the practical instruction of every boy and girl in self-government as they rise into the realm of personal responsibility; in these lies the power which alone can redeem the world to purity and goodness. The race can be formed, but it cannot be reformed, so as to make it strong enough to stand without support. A boy well instructed in the dangers of temperate drinking and the evils of excess, and trained in temperance as a principle of life—temperance in the gratification of all his appetites and passions—is a boy not likely to become a drunkard. A girl well taught concerning the relations in which her sex involves her, and carefully trained in self-government and self-protection, is not likely to be led astray. It is out of the unregulated desires and indulgences of childhood—in ninety-nine cases of every hundred—that the moral infirmities and vices of mature life proceed. The thief and the liar, the libertine and his weak victim or wicked paramours, the drunkard and the gambler, the selfish miser and the careless spendthrift, are all shaped in childhood and youth. The boy is father of the man. Every illustration that history, nature, and revelation can furnish, shows this. The general fact is universally admitted. Mind, like matter, can only be shaped when it is plastic. Human character, like the tree, can only be bent when it is young.

New life can be grafted into an old tree, it is true, but it takes fifty scions to do it, when fifty years earlier it would have taken but one.

The reformatory work of the world has been from time immemorial just this grafting of old trees—this sawing off old limbs and the grafting in of new and delicate life, most of which dies or fails to come to fruit-bearing.

We have neglected the children. I make the charge boldly, and appeal to the condition of the country for proof. Our minds have been so much occupied with our great business affairs, and in our moments of leisure our attention has been so much absorbed by the voice of reformers and the schemes of reform, that our neglect of the young has more than nullified every good result we have achieved.

Unhappily, it does not seem evident that matters are greatly improving. Indeed, there is a growing contempt for the duties of home; an increasing impatience with the quiet labors imposed by the parental relation, and a greater willingness to throw the work of teaching and training into incompetent and irresponsible hands. There certainly are no duties more sacred; none more honorable; none more sweetly resting under the constant benedictions of heaven; than those of the mother. There is no other being who can do so much for a child as she. There is no one who can do so much for a motherless child as a Christian woman.

To woman's hands peculiarly has been committed the work of training children and youth. Man can be little more in this work than her helper. She is the Heaven-appointed teacher of the young, and the hope of humanity—the burden of the great future—rests upon her. In the family and in the school, in the social circle and in the church, the young are her peculiar charge. They come forth from her life, they are nursed in her bosom, they live in and upon her love.

Man cannot take her place, and she can never leave it or neglect its duties without dishonor to herself and disaster to society.

Society needs nothing so much at this time as a better discharge of the duties of woman to the young; nothing so much as a purer and more modest example, a broader and a tenderer love; and a more hearty, patient, self-denying performance of duty to children on the part of the women of the nation.

To be charged with the Christian nurture and training of the rising generation, is to hold the highest and most momentous trust that has ever been placed in human hands. The healthy and permanent progress of mankind is bound up in it. The safety of society—nay, the salvation of the world—is involved in it. Nor Emperor nor President can honor himself more than by honoring the woman who does her duty to the young, and neither has the power to confer an office of greater dignity than that with which God crowns every Christian mother.

Just at this juncture in our country's history—when we are weary with pushing our reforms that are not reforms; when we are sickened by their lack of permanent results; when society seems loosening more and more from the old moralities; when we feel compelled to turn to the fountains of national life for the waters of cleansing and healing—what do we meet? Women who, forsaking their sacred trusts, half discharged or wholly neglected, clamor for their rights; women who, forgetting or refusing to learn that formation is a thousand times easier and more important than reformation, demand a place upon the platform of the agitator, and apparently delight in its excitements and glory in its publicity. At this time, when every newspaper is burdened with its record of crime, growing out of the infidelities of married life, and of illicit relations between the sexes, who but woman meets us with demands for freer choice and easier divorce, and with complaints of the tyranny of Christian marriage?—woman, and such coarse men as she permits to represent her.

And this, O men and women of the nineteenth century of Christ, is called "reform" and "progress!" By this, woman is to be released into a freer and a better life! I know there are trials, sad and terrible, in the lot of woman, as there are in the lot of men, but not in this direction lies her remedy; not in this direction lies her elevation. If she had been better trained by her own mother, and if men had been better trained

by their mothers, they would not be groaning in bondage, or seeking release from the infelicities of marriage. There would be no need and no call for reform. The end and aim of this whole movement is to adapt a holy institution to the weaknesses and wickednesses of unholy people, growing more and more unholy every day.

The permanent cure of woman's greatest trials is in woman's hands. Not the ballot, not political power or public office; no new prerogative or privilege, no new liberty, and no new law, can elevate woman a step above the office which she holds at the head of her family. The woman who trains her family and rules her household well, fills and honors the highest office the world has for her; and whenever a wife and mother steps out of such a place she steps down, even though her steps lead to a throne. Nay, all the steps that woman takes, or proposes to take, without a recognition of the fact that her highest office is that of presiding over a family; all the steps that she takes or proposes to take with the idea that there is something better and higher than home with its trusts and duties, are downward steps, thronged with mischief to her and disaster to the future of society.

There never was a time when we needed more than we do now the ministry of patient, loving, Christian women in the rearing and education of the children of the nation; when it seemed more absolutely essential to

the progress of the nation in virtue; yet at this time we find women engaged in loosening the marriage-tie, cheapening the motherly office, depreciating the family life, and looking for connections and careers independent of home and beyond its bounds and its duties. And this is reform! Ay, it is reform, but it is not reform in the interest of Christian progress.

We talk about the growing irreverence of our children and the growing irreverence of American character, but we gratefully remember that children were reverent enough when parents held their office high, and so administered that office as to develop the reverence whose loss we deplore. This wild going astray of the present generation—this impatience of restraint among men and women—originated in the family, and must be cured there, or it never will be cured. We plant the tree and let it grow as it will, and then spend our lives in lopping off branches and calling it reform! Woman clamors for better work and more of it, while she does not half do that which only she can do, and that which must be done to make human life worth preserving and the world worth living in.

The inadequate estimate placed upon the office of schools in our civilization, and upon the reach and range of their functions, is full of menace and discouragement. The highest popular estimate of a school regards it as an institution in which a certain number of arts are to be learned, and a certain number of scientific and historical

facts are to be acquired. There are schools in this country where higher ideas are recognized, but they are exceptional. We send our children to school, not to be subjected to social, moral, and religious training, not to be developed into men and women who thoroughly know themselves, and who, recognizing their relations to the God above and the world around them, have learned self-respect and self-subordination to law; but we send them to acquire a few facts, and to learn a few arts that will enable them to push their way in the world, and to appear as well as their neighbors. Instead of demanding the highest qualifications in our teachers, we hold the profession in such low esteem, that first-class men and women, to whom social position is precious, will not become teachers if they can help it. I allude strictly, of course, to the profession of teaching and training children. It is very respectable to teach adults. The professors in our colleges and the heads of our seminaries have high social recognition, but the rank and file of the teachers of children are not regarded with the consideration which their position demands and deserves. So long as the profession of teacher is regarded as in any degree inferior to that of minister, or lawyer, or physician; so long as the merchant and the man of business and wealth look upon that profession as beneath the ambition of any first-class man, our schools must remain incompetent to perform the work that belongs to them.

There is no man or woman living, however brilliant in gifts and acquirements, who is too great, or who knows too much to teach and train a school of children. If ideas are wanted anywhere, they are wanted in a school. If mechanical routine is out of place anywhere, it is there. All the ingenuities of which the best mind is capable, all the Christian love and sensitive conscientiousness which a human heart can carry ; all the insight into human nature which the quickest and most comprehensive intellect possesses ; all the force and benevolence of character which the strongest and best man bears, will have abundant exercise in the teaching and training of children.

Indeed, no high results in our educational schemes can possibly be secured without the agency of the best men and women. The men who manage and mismanage our railroads get good salaries and many perquisites, but the men and women who teach our children live humbly and die poor. The men who push our inconsequent reforms win political office or public reputation, but the men who alone can supply the lack and rectify the mistakes of home-training, have small reward and no public recognition whatever. These things ought not so to be, and they must cease to be before the American people can be very much improved.

Knowing what is possible in a school-teacher and a school, and seeing how far short of it we come in both, and convinced as I am that the faults in our educational

institutions are the result of an entirely unworthy and incompetent idea of education on the part of a majority of our people, I declare again that we neglect the children. It is pleasant to believe that teaching is pursued more as a profession than it used to be, and that the profession is held in higher repute than formerly, but it is still regarded by multitudes who teach, as a stepping-stone to something better, and is entered upon without any special professional study, or the smallest comprehension of the moral elements that enter into all efficient training. If the family and the school are both incompetently managed, is it a marvel that our reformers find so much to engage their attention? Well, in the midst of these obvious necessities, and our many efforts to improve the schools of the country and to bring their advantages within the reach of all, we are met by a party that is opposed to universal education, and would altogether destroy our public schools if they could. As if the popular ignorance which we import were not as much as we need, it is insisted that we shall add to it immeasurably by home manufacture! And this in the face of the fact, that vice goes hand in hand with ignorance the world over, and that children who do not go to school willingly or compulsorily, go invariably into mischief and fail of all training whatsoever!

And this is not all. It is attempted to crowd out of our schools that Book without whose teachings our civili-

zation is of the smallest value. Whatever there may be in American institutions that recognizes the right of every man to think for himself; whatever there may be of purity and beauty in our social life; whatever of good there may be in liberty of conscience, and freedom of worship, and absence of priestly domination, we owe to the Bible. It is the record of the divine wisdom and the basis of our morality, as well as the authoritative revelation of the religion by which alone the human race may be saved. It is all this, or it is nothing; but whether it be all this or nothing, America owes to it all the eminence of goodness, and greatness, and privilege she possesses.

If we regard carefully the dangers that menace the integrity of the national life and institutions, we shall find that those which threaten most, originate in the vice and ignorance of men to whom common learning and the Bible have been denied. The crowds in out great cities that are bought and sold by demagogues like cattle, are made up mainly of men who cannot read anything, and who would not be permitted to read the Bible if they could.

The world is large—go out and look at it! You will find many peoples across the sea who know nothing of popular education. Through all the generations of their life they have known nothing of it. Through all their life they have known nothing of the Bible. It is, and has always been, practically a sealed book to them.

Compare these peoples—and I am speaking, mark you, of the masses, and not of the favored few—with the masses born and bred in America, educated in her public schools, and brought from infancy into familiar acquaintance with the Bible. If you like an ignorant, stolid, brutal peasantry better than the American farmer, mechanic, and operative, you can have it. All you will need to do is to abandon your public schools; and in case you cannot quite do that, shut the Bible out of them, and thus do all that you practically can to bring that Book into contempt and disuse by the young.

Permit me to insist, then, that next in importance to a better discharge of the duties of woman to children, we need better schools, and the extension and perpetuation of the influence of the Bible in them. I make no question of the desirableness and the duty of compulsory education. Neither the whim of a child nor the vices or the necessities of a parent, much less the interests of any party in Church or State, should be permitted to stand in the way of a wise national policy in this matter.

No republic can prosper—ay, no republic can live—without popular intelligence and virtue. This measure of universal education, made compulsory when necessary, is a measure of self-preservation. The State has the highest right to secure and retain the conditions of its own existence and prosperity; and, if these conditions are popular virtue and intelligence, it has a right to insist on the use of such means in securing them as

the experience of many centuries and many peoples has proved to be essential and sufficient.

In addition to the family and the public school, there is still another agency for the training of children and youth which claims our careful attention. It is an agency which many of the great ones of the world hold in small esteem. No governmental bureau takes cognizance of it as an instrumentality of our civilization. We get mechanical and agricultural reports from the patent office by the cargo, and learned papers on wheat and turnips dispensed at the public charge, but not a word about this. The Superintendent of the Census has no column devoted to its statistics. Though it is an institution of the Church, or, rather, of the churches of the country, there are many church-members everywhere who turn their backs upon it as a thing of very little importance. The reformers are not attracted to it, because it offers no opportunities for brilliant rhetoric and showy oratory and exciting conflict. There are no material rewards connected with it. There are no worldly honors to be won by it. It is an agency as truly founded in Christian benevolence as any that the world knows; and I venture to say that it has done more to form moral character than all the reformers of every kind and class have done to reform it since it became prevalent in England and America. Of course I can allude to nothing in words like these but the Sunday-school.

To obliterate what the Sunday-school has done for

the United States, would be to obliterate the United States as we know them. We are, as a people, conscientious and strong in our reverence for the Bible, and firm in our moral convictions, almost as much through the agency of this institution as through the influence of home life and training. It has been called the nursery of the church ; it may as truly be called the nursery of the nation. It utilizes Sabbath rest and leisure, and makes them tributary to moral and social progress. No more beneficent and beautiful work for the country can be done than that of bringing into this school all the young life that can possibly be brought into it ; and the Christian, of whatsoever sect, who turns his back upon it, practically turns his back upon his country and his Master. The humanizing culture that comes to the young through its pure and pleasant music ; the self-respect with which it inspires the poor and degraded, whom it brings into association with the better bred ; the reverence for the Sabbath which it inculcates ; the vital contact into which it brings multitudes of children with the most earnest and self-sacrificing spirits in the country ; and, above all, its instruction of hundreds of thousands in the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion who, but for that instruction, would grow up in almost heathenish ignorance—all these mark it as one of the most useful and important agencies in our hands for the redemption of our country and the world to purity and goodness.

Is this agency held in sufficient honor? Are the literary men and the literary women of the country who write and talk so elegantly and eloquently of culture and reform and progress, engaged in it? Are the great men of the bar and the forum busy and happy in its service? Do our governors and legislators and judges consider the work of the Sunday-school one to which they owe a high and constant duty? Is the steady and enthusiastic influence of the highest and best men given to this institution? I do not undertake to answer these questions. You can answer them yourselves for this community, and it would be pleasant to know that you can answer them in the affirmative.

Without statistics—indeed the case hardly admits of them—I can only give you what seems to me to be rational opinions; and I think it rational to believe that if one-half the effort that has been bestowed upon the temperance reform had been diverted to Sunday-schools, with no higher special aim than that of training up a generation of temperance men, the object of the reform would be incalculably further advanced than it is to-day. And this shall stand as my illustration of this whole subject. What we want is to train up our children in the way they should go, under the assurance of the world's wisest man, that when they are old they will not depart from it.

There is a vicious notion in some of our theologies—less prevalent now, I am happy to believe, than for-

merly—that it is impossible to make a Christian of a man until he has become something of a sinner. Accordingly, the preaching of many of our pulpits is almost exclusively the preaching of reform. The children and youth are hardly preached to at all. The preaching of reform must always hold a prominent place in every pulpit, but time should at least be taken to repeat occasionally those words of the Master, "Suffer the little ones."

The reformer doubtless has his legitimate place in the world, and he will have it until the millennium comes. I would not depreciate his triumphs, or detract from his legitimate influence. I simply protest against his monopoly of the popular attention, and the diversion of all the energies and efforts of Christian philanthropy into his channels. I protest that there is a field of effort of almost infinitely greater importance than that of reform, and that to give our lives to the latter exclusively is to waste our best opportunity to make the world better. I protest that woman has and can have no higher function and no nobler honor than that of training the young, and that her growing contempt for the quiet duties of the family is fraught with danger to herself and the nation. I protest that our public schools, and that all our schools, should be made places where the children of the nation are brought under the instruction and discipline of the brightest and best minds that our civilization can produce and our wealth can com-

mand, and that no profession or position should outrank that of teacher. I protest that all children should be made to acquire at least a common education, and be brought into direct relation with the source of Christian morals.

I see but one way in which we can rid ourselves of rascals, and that is to stop raising them. We have imprisoned them, we have fined them, we have hanged them; we have tried to reform them by the best appointed machinery; we have blessed them and cursed them alternately, but the stock is undiminished. As one dies another takes his place, and does his best to bring a companion with him. Reforms do not reclaim, and revivals do not reach them. I repeat, I see but one way in which we can rid ourselves of them, and that is to stop raising them.

So long as there are two hundred thousand children in New York and the immediately adjoining cities who have no privileges of education and culture except such as they may secure after a day of exhausting toil—who work every day and every week of their lives; so long as there are multitudes of others running loose in the street, engaged in thieving and beggary and all the vicious practices of which they are capable, and so long as New York is in any degree a representative city in its industrial and moral aspects, the reformers will have their hands full, and will find it impossible to stem the tide of vice. Our facilities for producing rascals are so

much greater than our means of reforming them, that the stock accumulates, and we get perplexed and discouraged with the task before us.

But all this is obvious. I do not need to argue or enlarge. To present the facts and state the position is to make the argument. Our nation is diseased, and our reformers fail to furnish an adequate cure. The disease spreads and strengthens, notwithstanding all we do to prevent it. The accessions to the ranks of villainy and debauchery come almost entirely from neglected or viciously trained children. The secret of progress rests in the true formation of character and society, and not in their reformation. In the family, through the power of woman mainly; in the school, Christianized by sacred truth; in the Sunday-school, into which the whole Christian Church of every name unites to bring every child, the problem of the national redemption and progress is to be wrought out. The reformer who is not willing to work here, faithfully and well, betrays the shallowness of his Christianity and the worthlessness of his philanthropy. Fanciful social theories, fanciful social experiments—all possible devices for making a sound structure out of unsound material—always have failed and always must fail. Our work for our country, our work for the future, lies with the young, and there is no possible sacrifice that we should not make to secure its efficiency.

In the bay yonder lies a beautiful vessel, but she is

full of the seeds and possibilities of disease. Her passengers are hungry and in rags, her decks are covered with filth, and already the fever is at work, but she is in our power. We hold her at quarantine. Shall we bid her come up to our wharves, and unload her miseries upon our shores, and then undertake to arrest the contagion which she brings? Shall we not rather, while she lies within our power, go out to her with fresh clothing and good food, and the ministry of cleanliness and medicine? Shall we not make her so fit to come, that she shall not only bring no disease, but shall bear to us the power of healthy hands and wholesome lives? The future of America is in the children of America, and the children are still in the bay. We hold them in quarantine. They are in our power to cleanse and mould and train, and make fit for self-control and for the duties of society; and they should not be permitted to land until they can do so without danger to themselves and to society. Among them lies the labor of our lives, and above them evermore hovers the angel of our hope.

The great mistake of the age—the great mistake of all ages, perhaps—is that of placing too low an estimate on the value of moral training. As a department of educational culture we have made it entirely subordinate, and there are multitudes who make no account of it whatever. The questions we ask about a young man are: "Is he bright? How much does he know? What can he do?" If these questions can be answered satis-

factorily, and it can be further shown that he can box like a professional and run like a hound, we call him one of our most promising young men. With good intellectual and physical training, he is regarded as entirely fitted for the struggle of life. This is what we pay our money for. Our teachers understand that their business lies not with the decalogue but the multiplication table. The capacity of a teacher for the moral training of a child is something that we very rarely look into, yet nothing is more easily demonstrable than that moral culture is far more important, if we can have but one, than intellectual.

Without its balance-wheel, the watch runs neither safely to itself nor usefully to its owner. Action without moral motive and regulation is always without high value, yet in such low esteem is moral excellence held, that to say of a young man that he is very good, is pretty effectually to kill any popular interest in him, or to excite a mean prejudice against him.

Is it wonderful that reformers find a great deal to do? Is it wonderful that they do very little?

If we are to progress, this matter of moral training must be brought to the front and kept there. This first and indispensable;—this universally and always, and the rest co-ordinately or subordinately if we can get them. Of course we can get them all, and get them as we want them. We can get them in this order too. I see but one obstacle in the way, and that is the jealousy

of sectarianism. This jealousy has always been the poisoner of all our schemes for popular moral culture. If, as a Christian nation, we could agree on Christian morals pure and simple; if they could be inculcated by men and women who are not partisans—if they could be inculcated without arousing partisan jealousy—we could work wonders in a single generation. As it is, we are all afraid of one another. The proprietors of our boarding-schools make a very attractive show of morals in their prospectuses, but they are cheap and are never charged as an extra. Everybody is afraid that there is some sectarian advantage to be gained or lost, and we crowd our poor opinions and poorer prejudices between our children and their teachers, and virtually declare that they must take their Christian morals after our own sectarian formula, or not take them at all.

Sectarianism is a considerable part of the stock in trade of nine-tenths of the colleges of the United States, and morals have become so much associated with sectarian names that the popular mind never conceives of them as independent of such names.

There is no good reason why Christians of every name should not agree upon the principles and details of moral culture, and there is no good reason why any literary institution should consent to work under a sectarian name, for the benefit and up-building of any special party in the universal Christian Church. I do not know why a literary institution should be sectarian

any more than a bowling-alley or a base-ball club. It is not opinions that we want; it is character. A young man conformed in his behavior to the Christian rule of life, is not likely to go widely astray in his opinions. Let him take care of his own opinions, when he becomes capable of forming them. To train men in opinion is to make bigots of them, and we have old ones enough, without a new supply.

When I think of the families in this land of fifty millions in which there is no moral training and no one capable of imparting it, and of the tens of thousands of schools in which such training and culture have never been recognized as legitimate objects of pursuit, presided over by teachers lacking all fitness for such a work, how can I wonder at the terrible social undertow that takes back into the sea just as much as all the winds of heaven can bear upon the shore? I do not wonder. I only wonder that it does not undermine the footing of us all, and overwhelm us in its slimy depths.

That future which is so great—that future in which are garnered the hopes of the country and the world—is to-day a child,—a simple, impressible, tractable child—to be cradled, nursed, led, trained and fitted for life.

Mother, that little babe in your arms is a giant; he is the future! Look well to that ragged girl at the street crossing; she is the future! Listen to that Sunday-school, singing, that is the future. Look at that dirty,

foul-mouthed gang of boys as they pass us ; they are the future. And all these are in our hands to be trained, with the certainty that in nine cases in every ten their characters will remain through life as they are formed in youth. If this world is ever to be saved, it is to be saved before it is twenty-one years old.

Ah ! that children's crusade of mediæval times, when they thronged forth by tens of thousands to rescue the Holy City from the infidel ! The echoes that come to us from that most wonderful tragedy of history are sad enough, but they have a wild, inspiring music in them that stirs us like prophecy. That was not the only army of children, filled with fanciful hopes and all untrained in purpose, that has gone to dissolution and destruction. Every generation furnishes its children's crusade, and witnesses its miserable failure. But the Holy City is to be rescued at last by children. That great procession, with songs and pomp of bannered pageantry, that I see winding among the hills and pouring down upon the plains of the future is a procession of children, not wildly marching like their brothers of the older time to bondage and death, but pressing on and leading the whole world on to liberty and life !

FASHION.

THE proverb that it is as well to be out of the world as out of fashion, is an old one and a mean one; and it has so damaged the world that the alternative is come to be not so bad as it was. Indeed, it were better that a man should be out of the world than in some fashions. I do not speak with particular reference to dress, or manners, or social usage. It does not matter what a fool wears upon his back, or a flirt upon her head; nor does it matter how closely or how universally sensible and sober people imitate them, provided they are comfortable in their habit, and tradesmen drive a thrifty business. It is, of course, very sad to think how often good taste is perverted or ignored in the fabric and form of personal drapery, and how frequently common sense and common honesty are offended by the social customs which fashion ordains; but as uniformity to a considerable extent is desirable, let fashion be the law. It is well enough that a silly queen reign over an unimportant realm. So long as fashion is employed in the shops of the tailor and the milliner, she is engaged in entirely innocent and legitimate business. I am aware

that her freaks in these departments often make us all ridiculous; but because they make us *all* ridiculous, there are none left to laugh at us—so we don't care. If fashion had only to do with forms and manners and methods which touch the person and the outer life, it would not be important as a subject of public discussion; but it goes deeper than this, and becomes a power of no mean magnitude in the world's life—even disputing supremacy with Christianity in our civilization.

It will be well for us, at starting, to obtain a sufficient idea of what fashion essentially is, and is not, even if we do not stop to define it fully. Fashion is not public opinion, or the result or embodiment of public opinion. It may be that public opinion will condemn the shape of a bonnet, as it may venture to do always, with the certainty of being right nine times in ten; but fashion will place it upon the head of every woman in America, and, were it literally a crown of thorns, she would smile contentedly beneath the imposition. Public opinion may be opposed to the wine-cup on the dinner-table, on festive occasions; but fashion places and keeps it there. Nay, fashion and public opinion, in all matters of form, are very often at variance; yet fashion is now, and always has been, stronger than public opinion. Fashion is aristocratic—autocratic; public opinion is democratic. Fashion is based upon the assumed or the admitted right of some man, or of some class, to rule; public opinion is the creature of universal suffrage.

I say that fashion is based upon the assumed or the admitted right of some men to rule. There seems to be in the human mind a native reverence for those who are high in position and social privilege—a native willingness to follow this class in all matters which do not touch the soul's life too deeply. Nay, there is a natural deference, in the majority of minds, to bold assumption of superiority, and bold assumption of the right to rule. The sway of that class which is, or assumes to be, superior, is fashion. What its members wear, the world wears. What their habits are—at the table, in the assembly, on the street—the world adopts. The highest lady has but to change the position of a ribbon to set all the ribbons in Christendom to rustling. A single word from her convulses the whalebone markets of the world, and sends a thrill to the most frigid zone,—alike of world and woman. The mustaches of the world used to wax as the Emperor's waxed, and to wane as the Emperor's were waxed. Coat-collars rise and fall, hats expand and contract their brims, waistcoats change from black to white and from white to black, gloves blush and turn pale, in response to the monthly reports from Paris. Fashion is based on the idea of caste ; and the sturdiest democrat in politics is not unfrequently its blindest devotee in his individual and social life.

So, over all the broad realm of public opinion and public conscience, regardless of all recognized rules of taste and propriety, trampling all our democratic theory and

practice under feet, Fashion holds her undisputed sway —Fashion, the self-ordained queen over subjects who bow to her, not only with no question as to her authority, but with joyful and unmeasured devotion of time and treasure. She holds in her hands the key of social destiny. She blesses, and men and women smile; she bans, and they weep. The place where she stands becomes henceforth holy ground. That which she embraces is sacred; that which she shuns is profane.

We have fashionable sins and fashionable follies, fashionable churches and fashionable schools, fashionable politics and fashionable medicine, fashionable authors and fashionable preachers, fashionable watering-places, fashionable hotels, fashionable streets and fashionable sides of streets. There is no department of life into which fashion does not thrust its hand, and there is no society, unless it be some such conservatory of ugliness as a Shaker community, that does not bow to it. Consequently, or concomitantly, we have a fashionable style of manhood and womanhood, a fashionable social life, and a fashionable literature; and these, as opposed to democracy and a genuine Christian civilization, I propose to make the subject of my discussion.

Here let us define terms a little further. I have spoken of fashion as opposed to democracy and Christian civilization; but by these latter I do not intend to indicate unlike or unrelated things. The popular definition of democracy is something more and something

better than "a glittering generality." Democracy is, in a most important sense, practical Christianity, and Christianity is, indeed, the life and soul of a pure democracy. The fundamental idea of Christian society is human equality, and the democratic root strikes into the same soil. Christianity and democracy alike crown men with equal rights and privileges, make them individually responsible, and pass through accidents of birth, circumstances, and position, to lay their claims and their awards upon every soul. They are so closely allied, that a Christian government must necessarily have the democratic element predominant; and a democratic government only needs to lose its Christianity as a controlling power to become a despotism. Wherever, and under whatever form, we find a government that is essentially Christian, we shall find a government that is essentially democratic. I beg you to regard me, therefore, as speaking always and alike in behalf of Christian civilization and American democracy. There is not an influence of fashion which does not tell against both, and both are associated in every advantage gained by either.

What is a fashionable style of manhood and womanhood? It is not always the same in all places, but this is true of it everywhere, I think: that it never demands Christianity, or a regard for popular rights, as an essential element. I have never known a man to be denied the possession of a fashionable style of manhood on

the ground that he was an infidel, or an atheist, or a despot, or an oppressor of the poor. I may say, indeed, that I have never known a thorough Christian or an honest democrat to be the possessor of a fashionable style of manhood. A lack of earnestness in any great or useful pursuit, a blind worship of rank and of those who hold it, a childish sensitiveness to the charms of personal adornment, a disposition to magnify above things essential all matters of form and ceremony, a hatred of labor and contempt for the laborer, and a selfish jealousy that walks hand in hand with an undisguised personal vanity—these are the leading characteristics of what may be denominated a fashionable style of manhood and womanhood,—the basis of an outside life, ordered in obedience to an outside law. You will perceive that my definition will establish a great difference between the fashionable man and the polite or gentle man. The fashionable man is often popularly mistaken for the polite man, and, I may say, is greatly interested in being mistaken for him. Indeed, he often mistakes himself for him. The difference between a gentleman and a man of fashion is just as distinct as that between a man of fashion and an unpretending boor. The fashionable man may be, and often is, a brute in his instincts and in his secret life; he may be a cringing puppy among his superiors; he may be the meanest toady of power and place; he may be intolerably insolent among those whom he deems his

inferiors; but certainly these things are not possible with a gentleman.

It is not to be denied that genuine ladies and gentlemen frequently associate with men and women who have no further claim to consideration than that they are fashionable, or that ladies and gentlemen give more or less countenance and coloring to fashionable life; but there is no man in all the world more conscious than the purely fashionable man that there is a style of manhood above his, and a style of social life in which he has no home save as a favored or a fawning guest. He is only an imitation of something which he envies. The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.

The fashionable man, either rich and powerful or allied with those who are, makes social pre-eminence the end of his life. He dreads poverty, but bows low to vulgar and insolent wealth. All his affinities run in sordid channels. He meanly worships the rich and the powerful, the titled and the gently-bred, and regards all contact with other classes as contamination. His moralities are the fashionable moralities, whatever those may happen to be. If a corrupt and licentious court be the ruling influence, corruption and licentiousness become fashionable with him. If the leading minds are mockers at the Christian religion, he treats it with irreverence and contempt. He calls things good and bad by fashionable names. An earnest Chris-

tian with him is a bigot; preaching is cant; prayer is a sort of Puritan snuffle; a life of self-sacrifice to duty is fanaticism; godliness, gloom; conscientious strictness in religious duty or observance, the being "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." On the other hand, a libertine is only a man of the world; a rich and well-dressed sot only lives too fast, or has an infirmity which renders it necessary that he should be seen before dinner to be appreciated. Swindling by himself and friends is regarded as sharp practice, and obtaining clothes without paying for them, "doing the tailor,"—a very sad joke to one of the parties, but traditionally a good one with the other.

Now for a glance at another picture. Here and there in the world—more numerous in the aggregate than those know who do not love their society—there are men and women whose lives are ordered from within; whose motive and regulating force is love of God and love of men; who are loyal to conscience, earnest in all benevolent enterprise, self-sacrificing, most happy in the communication of happiness, without jealousy and without hypocrisy; who esteem it a more honorable thing to forgive an injury than to resent one; who are humble in their estimate of themselves, and who in honor prefer one another. This, very briefly, is what I understand to be the Christian style of manhood and womanhood.

Now the difference between this and the fashionable

style is certainly the difference between antagonistic opposites. The man of fashion is exclusive, and has no sympathy with any but his class or clique. The Christian is universal in his sympathies, embracing in his prayer and in his charitable endeavor every nation, class, and individual. One seeks only to make the world useful to himself; the other to make himself useful to the world. One seeks for, or seizes, privilege; the other is happiest in ministry. One is a despot; the other is a democrat.

If we approach our second point in the discussion—fashionable social life—we shall find that that which is true of one is true of many. Social life is the interflow of the life of individuals; but social life has individuality. It has its creeds, customs, and conventionalities. It has its store and style of power. It has its currently understood, but capriciously fluctuating, laws. It is a distinct, characteristic thing, to be looked at, turned over, and talked about. If I were called upon to give an opinion upon any form of social life, I should first wish to learn the object of its worship, and, second, the object of its pursuit. I know that a social life which worships God, and pursues the good of men, is a Christian social life; and I know just as well that a social life which worships money, and pursues social distinction as its end, is, in spirit and in fact, an aristocracy. It may have no titles, it may have no civil privileges; but, wherever its power can go,—into all matters, social and

religious, political and military,—it will go with the characteristic influence of an aristocracy.

Such is the fashionable social life of America. If it boast no hereditary titles, it is not because it does not desire and worship them. If it have no civil privileges and prerogatives, it is not because it does not feel itself entitled to them. It is, in itself, the result of a conspiracy on the part of wealth and power for achieving and holding social distinction—elevation above the masses of men and the associations of labor. It separates itself from the commonwealth of humanity so far as it may, and believes in its right to rule and use men for its own aggrandizement and convenience.

This fashionable social life has, as I have said, its creeds, customs, and conventionalities. Thronged with jealousies within itself, it is jealous of all outside encroachment and interference. It has its own code of morals, which, more or less strict according to circumstances, is never up to the Christian standard. I do not believe that there is any fashionable life in the world that can justly be called Christian. If I go to the great cities, or even to the little cities, and witness the idleness, the intrigues, the frivolities, and the general self-seeking which characterize the fashionable social life that exists there; or, if I look in upon the wanton wastefulness and the worse than childish greed for display at a fashionable summer resort, I can find nothing that will remind me that man has either a na-

ture or a destiny better than a beast,—nothing that indicates to me that man, as man, has common need of ministry and common privilege. The humanity within me is insulted by assumptions of superiority which ignore the regal supremacy of manhood.

The most intimate sympathy to be found in purely fashionable society is that which comes through its low tone of morality. Wealth and power and place are considered sufficient in all fashionable social life to palliate, or atone for, almost every crime of which a man can be guilty. Morality is a matter of secondary importance; and there is nothing better understood than the conspiracy among fashionable people to sustain each other in practices which are only justifiable by their own low standard of morals. None of us will be obliged to tax the memory beyond measure to call up the image of a notorious libertine, petted by fashionable mothers of fashionable daughters, because he occupies a high place in fashionable society. None of us will be obliged to go out of his own neighborhood to meet with those whose sole claim to a place in fashionable society is based upon the possession of money won by gigantic frauds, or corrupt contracts, or oppression of the poor. I know of but one garment which the fashionable social life of this country borrows of Christianity. It is that ample mantle of charity which covers a multitude of sins—particularly fashionable sins.

Fashionable society has always been the ally and

support of every instituted and profitable wrong. Let any wrong become the permanent source of wealth and power to any class of men, and fashionable society will at once become its defender. We had in the history of times now happily passed away a competent illustration of this fact. If there was in all the world an institution which was both unnatural and unchristian, you will agree with me that it was human slavery; yet fashionable social life was always in friendly alliance with it. The fashionable society of the North meanly bowed down to and envied that class at the South whose wealth and position was based upon the possession and the profits of human slaves; and even at this late day you will find the two classes sympathetic. With the exception of a few wretched politicians, there were in the North no sympathizers with the great rebellion, undertaken on behalf of human slavery, not found in fashionable society. Almost the only element of Northern society that was at first sympathetic with treason was the fashionable. In the city of Washington—the capital of this great nation—fashionable society even now bemoans the loss of the lordly swaggerers from whom for whole generations it received its life-blood and law. By the means and through the influence of these men this society had made all reform unfashionable, made labor unfashionable, made Northern men unfashionable, made human freedom unfashionable, made Christianity and conscience unfashionable, made democracy itself unfashionable.

During our terrible civil war, there sat in the White House a most unfashionable man. His hands were clean from all suspicion of bribes,—but he was unfashionable. No President since Washington sought so little to compass private ends and promote personal ambitions as he,—but he was unfashionable. He had but a single aim, which actuated him through all the weary months of his public life—the restoration of national unity,—but he was unfashionable. With an army numbering a million of nobler and braver men than were ever before marshalled upon the field—an army finer than any king or emperor ever saw—and with a navy that within a year of the time of its creation revolutionized the modes of naval warfare throughout the world—head of a realm of thirty millions, and presiding calmly, conscientiously, and wisely over the history of the most eventful period of the national existence,—he remained a most unfashionable man. Honesty, integrity, patriotism, unflinching devotion to the great cause into which he cast his life, boldness to do what he believed to be right, charitable moderation toward all,—none of these things made him fashionable. Nay, occupying a position of moral grandeur which we cannot possibly apprehend, as it will be conceived by the future historian, there were fashionable people about him who regarded him with ineffable contempt; fashionable people who owed to his moderation and large-hearted charity their immunity from iron gratings

and hempen cravats. Let the nation thank God, that whatever else President Lincoln was, he was not a fashionable man!

Fashionable society has not only been the defender of every system of profitable wrong, in this and other countries, but it has been the constant opposer and reviler of humane and Christian reform. The fashionable instinct naturally rises against reform—against any scheme which tends to elevate the people, and relieve them from the rule of those who give law to fashionable life. Reforms are always democratic, and are based upon a recognition of the equality of men; and fashionable society can possibly have no sympathy with them. There is hardly a fact in all history more patent than this: that in the undertaking and prosecuting any humane or Christian reform, the fashionable class are never to be relied upon for aid, while their opposition in one form or another is certain. While this is true, it is just as true that the rule of Christian society, its motive and regulating force, is universal benevolence, which finds no plane of action and no rest save in the sentiment of universal brotherhood—the basis of a perfect democracy. So distinct are the spheres and the atmospheres of these two forms of social life, that the Christian gentleman finds nothing in fashionable society for the satisfaction of his social nature, and the fashionable man finds nothing in genuine Christian social life which is not to him a burden

and a bore. Sometimes—quite universally, indeed—compromises are effected between fashionable and Christian social life, for the accommodation of worldly people with tender consciences and Christian people with tough consciences; but compromises of this character are always surrenders upon the wrong side. Christian society, by consenting to an alliance with it, consents to neutralization by it. It is the old and everlasting impossibility of serving God and Mammon.

We, as Americans, profess to be a Christian nation. We profess to believe that we live under a democratic government, and that we are democrats ourselves. We should be startled to learn that we had really been governed for years by an aristocracy; but what are the facts? How much, for the past fifty years, has Christian social life in Washington influenced the legislation of Congress? You know that I ask a question to be sadly laughed at. You know that fashionable society at the national capital has always been able to secure the performance of its behests. In close alliance with every profitable wrong, it has been able to lord it over the Christian element, which, weaker or stronger, has always been present. It has branded good, conscientious, Christian men as fanatics, and they have walked the streets of the national capital despised, proscribed, alone. It has contemptuously barred its doors against those whom posterity will number among its saints and its heroes. It has laughed to scorn those who have

dared to speak of a higher than human law, and coupled their names with the foulest epithets which malice could invent. Arrogant, selfish, exclusive, meddlesome, the fashionable society of Washington has used the machinery of the government for its own support and aggrandizement. No unchristian and oppressive measure has ever found its slimy way through Congress, that was not either engineered or aided by the fashionable society of Washington. It has kept its gilded wares constantly in the political market. They have been hawked about by scheming women, who have boasted of successes won by flatteries and favors which degraded them and all who received them. It has never been the fashion to be virtuous in public affairs at Washington. It has never been the fashion to be devoted to the interests of the people there. Morality, integrity, religion, democracy, patriotism—these have only been names in Washington; and the men who have really believed in them, and who have undertaken to incorporate that which they represent into their living and doing, have been regarded with pity or derision.

I am smitten by wonder when I think of the power which bold assumption has in the world—when I see how it moulds the hearts and bends the wills of men. I am smitten by wonder when I see how the masses of men bow to the assumptions of fashionable society. I see everywhere a class of men who assume to give the law of social distinction to the communities in

which they live. This law, so far as it reaches, is supreme. The great and the little, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, bow to it, and regulate themselves and their relations by it. It ignores Christianity, moral worth, intellectual culture, personal loveliness—everything most prized in the soul's life and loves and friendships—and decides upon the positions of men and women by its own rule. It shuts out from the circle of its sympathies and support a good man because he is poor : it bids a bad man welcome because he is rich. It ignores the charms of a beautiful and gifted woman because she earns her bread ; it accepts an old and ugly remnant of an old and ugly family because she manages to live upon her friends. It kicks the young man of modest worth and noble aims and industries, and kisses the idle lout whose worth is on his back and whose graces are in his heels. It receives a religious sect into favor and frowns upon all others. In every variety of life which it enters, it assumes the pre-eminence, bending to nothing, and deliberately opposing itself to Christianity as the dominant element in our civilization.

But I hasten to the third point which I have proposed to discuss, viz., fashionable literature. There is fashion in literature. Nowhere, indeed, is it more exclusive or despotic ; nowhere is it more mischievous. I make the unqualified statement, that fashion has always insisted on the divorce of Christianity from

elegant literature. It has patronized with a lavish hand the mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome, with all their classical and cursed abominations; and, in modern days particularly, it has treated with dainty tenderness the Korans and Vedas and Shasters of swarthier and more insignificant heathen. I will, if you please, admit that, sometimes, as a matter of favor, it has accorded to the sacred writings of the Jews a place by the side of the sacred writings of the Hindoos. Nay, I will go further, and confess that the name of God is sometimes used by the most fashionable writers as a sonorous old noun for the rounding of a period, and that "the sweet Christ," or "the Spotless One," as He is patronizingly called, is worked up very handsomely for ornamental purposes in works of sentiment. But JESUS CHRIST, the personal representative of JEHOVAH on the earth—the very centre and soul of that civilization which embraces the moral, social, and political salvation of the human race—its breath, bread, and life-blood—is a name never heartily spoken by the writers whom Fashion recognizes as her own. It is not fashionable to write a Christian book. It is not fashionable to read a Christian book. To these two facts ambition, when yoked with genius, has almost uniformly bowed, and, having performed its fashionable work, gone forward to its fashionable reward. In vain have I searched the pages of fashionable literature, including much of what we call elegant letters, to find what has seemed to

me to be the genuine Christian element. In all the exquisite creations which have found life and immortality in fashionable fiction, I have never met one, so far as I can remember, that was put forward as a genuine embodiment of Christian piety. Lovely women we have had in abundance; women of beauty and brilliancy and virtue; women of amiable dispositions and noble instincts; but of women whose whole lives were ordered by Christian principle, by conscience, by the love of God and the love of humanity, alas! how few!—alas! none!

Here and there some sweet-faced, sad-souled devotee has been developed and described, not because she was pious, but because she was picturesque, and never with sympathetic interest on the part of the writer. We have plenty of caricatures of Christian ministers, and Christian societies, and Christian reforms, but never any examples of what the writer accepts as the genuine article. We have had Chadbands and Stigginses, and Dominie Sampsons and Cream Cheeses—reverend fops and reverend fools without number; and these men have been thrust forward in all fashionable fiction as the representatives of Christianity.

Now, mark you, I do not complain that these characters are presented. I do not believe in shielding a humbug because he wears a white cravat, nor do I claim that in every work of fiction a writer is bound to represent both sides of every subject which he introduces. What I complain of, is, that fashionable writers,

throughout their whole lives, criticise and caricature Christian men, institutions, reforms, and practices, which, on the basis of their own ideal, they never seek to embody and represent. They are fond of exposing Christian pretension. I find no fault with this, for if there is anything that deserves to be held up to ridicule and scorn, it is Christian pretension. This is not my complaint at all. I complain that, for anything to be found in their works to the contrary, they consider all Christianity pretension, and all Christians pretenders. They never introduce Christian character, Christian principle, Christian love, and Christian purpose, as golden elements in literary creation and composition.

Let me illustrate. Charles Dickens is a fashionable author, and he is not only fashionable, but popular, and popular, too, with the Christian public. Now no man can admire more ardently than I do the genius of Charles Dickens. No man, according to the measure of his nature, can sympathize more thoroughly than I do with the many lovely characters and the sweet humanities which throng the path of his delightful pen; but, so far as I can learn from his writings, that pen, thrilling to its nib with the genius which inspires it, has never written, in good, honest text, the name of Jesus Christ. And when I say this, I mean all that my words can compass and convey. The Christian element is not to be found in his writings. Christianity is not brought forward, either as a cure or a mitigation of the evils

which his eyes are so ready to see, and the woes which touch him with so quick a sympathy. You will find in Dickens travesties of missionary enterprise, and ridicule of various schemes of Christian reform; but nowhere, so far as I can remember, any evidence that he either loves Christianity, or believes in it, as his own and the world's consolation and cure.

I have not read Thackeray to find him better, even when I take into account the sulphurous satire which he points with such deadly fire at the very society which makes him fashionable. It is the fashion to read Thackeray, and the fashion to admire him, though he is far less popular than his rival; and we have to thank him for his exposure of the shallowness and shabbiness of the fashionable life which engages his caustic pen; but he has never, so far as I know, administered any medicine but satire. He has never shown, by direct teaching or by any form of art, the radical cure for the life which he so keenly satirizes and so thoroughly despises. Image-breaker he may be, but no reformer. With his pen of gold he probes every social sore with merciless precision; but he leaves it black with his own ink, and unblessed by any balm.

I name these men only because they are representative men,—because most of the fashionable novel-writing of the time consists of Dickens and Thackeray diluted and flavored according to the feeble necessities of the producers and the flatulent mental habit of the consumers.

All that is and all that aims to be genuinely fashionable, ignores Christianity as the matrix of a true literature, and discards the social and political systems which are its offspring as its choicest framework and material.

We have an abundance of theology; we have countless volumes of excellent practical sermons—duly labelled, that no one shall mistake them for elegant literature; we have a planetful of pious stories, written by goodish men and women, whose stupidity has nullified any honor to Christianity which they may have intended, —but only here and there has genuine genius, inspired and impelled by Christianity, worked freely and honestly in literary creation and composition; only here and there has Christian life been carved out of the world's life, and thrown into a form of art which reveals its transcendent virtue and beauty.

It must be known to you that there is a class of writers in every country who assume to be the fashion in literature. You will find them clustered around a literary institution, or a literary magazine, or united in a literary club or cabal. They constitute what irreverent persons have denominated a mutual-admiration society. We know little of the tie which unites them, but we know that no plummet-line is long enough to sound the depths of their self-complacency, and that no common understanding can understand the understanding that exists between them. We know that while they criticise each other in private, they toast

each other in public, and quote each other in print, and that when one of them dies, they sow his grave with eulogies that are kept constantly thrifty by copious showers of Maynard & Noyes. We know that neither man nor woman is regarded as having any position, or any right, in the field of letters without their indorsement, and that neither man nor woman can obtain that indorsement without the acknowledgment of their supreme authority. We know that their principal purpose is the nursing and rearing of reputations—the conservation and canonization of names; and that literary art is never regarded by them as only true and legitimate when it is made the minister of a Christian civilization. We know that they regard, or pretend to regard, the most indifferent productions of their sacred circle as the offspring of genius, and that all men who fail to detect in the productions themselves the reason for their good opinion, are regarded by them as devoid of literary judgment. And more than all this: we know that a modest and self-distrustful public voluntarily disfranchises itself by acknowledging merits which it does not see and cannot feel, simply because it is the fashion to admire or to admit them. We know also that these literary fashionables have multitudes of abject worshippers who regard them fearfully from afar, and others who will crawl upon their bellies for a bow, and become their toadies and tools for a single glass of their Madeira.

All this we know, and yet how well we know that we must go outside of this circle to find the Christian power in literature that is to move the world toward the religious and political millennium. We never find in this circle a power effluent in all directions upon the world of life around it, to melt and mould, to elevate and bless, but a beautiful show of gifts and graces that have conspired together to attract the admiration of tributary gazers.

Now I put it to your candor to say whether it is not true, that, in the opinion of this fashionable literary cabal, this self-constituted court of literature, religion hurts a book? Is not hearty, practical, devotional Christianity regarded by this court as a foreign element? a something which is not at home in elegant literature at all? Is it not true that any literary work which is burdened with a Christian purpose is regarded as laboring under a disadvantage? Answer these questions as I know you must answer them, if you are well informed, and you yield essentially all that I claim touching the influence of fashionable literature upon Christian civilization.

It is possible that you will tell me that there are some truly Christian writers who are fashionable. There are, indeed, beautiful names that rise to you and to me, before which even the fashionable bow with reverent admiration. I think of one whose genius was angelic; who swept all the cords of human passion with fingers

that shook with the stress of their inspiration; who soared and sang as never woman soared and sang before; whose every uttered word leaped from her lips like a bird, radiant in plumage and glorious in music; yet whose heart was the dwelling-place of an all-controlling, all-subordinating Christian purpose. She looked out upon humanity with a love ineffable even to her. She looked up to Heaven with a Christian adoration to which even her marvellous gift of language could give no fitting expression. Her whole being throbbed and sparkled like the sea, stretching its pure, life-giving sympathies around the world, and tossing evermore its white hands toward the stars. Ah! yes; she soared and sang as never woman soared and sang before; soared and sang at last, English sky-lark though she was, into the golden dawn of Italian nationality, till the attraction of the earth was surpassed, and Heaven drew her home. Elizabeth Barrett Browning! How the pretentious stuff that drapes our mutual admiration societies becomes fustian in the presence of her queenly robes!

I think of a name nearer home than this—the name of one now living—one of whom I may not speak in such terms as her consecrated genius deserves, because she lives. You have read her books, for they have been read in many lands and many languages—read more widely than the works of any other living writer. In these works she has incorporated the religion of

Jesus Christ, as it is incorporated in her own life and character. She has devoted her magnificent genius to the cause of Christian reform, and wields a pen whose power one would as little think of questioning as the power of the sun or the lightning. Under the inspiration of Christianity she writes for humanity, entering as a Christian power into life and character wherever books are read and hearts are open; and she sits to-day the queen of a realm, all of which she has either subjugated or created. In your hearts you have already spoken the name of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

There are others, still, whose names come to you and to me. I might pronounce the name of our Gabriel in drab—trumpet-tongued for the right, trumpet-tongued against the wrong; loving the poor man more than the rich, loving both more than himself, loving God more than all—John Greenleaf Whittier. I might speak of him whose catholic sympathies and whose quick sense of Christian truth and love and justice are as evident in his "Biglow Papers" as in his golden "Vision of Sir Launfal"—James Russell Lowell. I might speak of Charles Kingsley, a great Christian genius, or of John Ruskin, the peerless scholar and Christian leader of art, or of Dr. John Brown, whose "Spare Hours" have linked their Christian arms with your spare hours, I trust, and helped them heavenward.

Now do you ask me if these are not fashionable writers? Do you ask me why writers whom fashionable people praise are not fashionable? Simply because they are Christian and catholic in their spirit, their sympathies, their associations, and their objects, and are as little dependent on fashion for their reward as they are influenced by it in their work. They have a genius which commands respect and reverence even among the fashionable, in spite of the Christian inspiration which informs and the Christian purpose which possesses it. They have nothing in common with those whose sole aim is to gather a reputation and make a name. They may be fashionable in a certain negative sense, perhaps,—in the fact that it would be unfashionable to betray such lack of common sense as to deny their genius. Do you suppose that fashionable writers, and the lovers of fashionable literature, love the objects for which Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Stowe have labored? that they sympathize with Mr. Whittier and Mr. Lowell and Mr. Kingsley? Not at all. They look upon all of them as amiable fanatics, and, while they acknowledge their genius, regard their unselfish devotion to the world of men and women, and God's truth in its relations to them, as an element of weakness.

I have said that it is not fashionable to put Christianity into elegant literature. I may and I should say, here and now, that it is not fashionable to put it into

a literary address. It is not fashionable for an unprofessional literary man to deliver such an address as I am now delivering before a literary audience. Have we not men clothed in black and choked with white cravats who are paid for this sort of service? Have we not temples built for it? Is there not one day in seven, ordained for religious purposes from the foundation of the world, in which these temples are thrown open that these men may be vocal in their vocations? These Christian addresses are things that we get done by the year! Is not butter furnished by the season? Are not gas and water paid for by the quarter? Every man to his work in the regular way. No handling of Christianity by common hands, especially literary hands, on ordinary occasions, especially literary occasions. "Ah! don't mingle"—you remember the familiar music.

Now my idea of the Christian religion is, that it is an inspiration and its vital consequences—an inspiration and a life—God's life breathed into a man and breathed through a man—the highest inspiration and the highest life of every soul which it inhabits; and, furthermore, that the soul which it inhabits can have no high issue which is not essentially religious. There are those who make it their business to promulgate dogmatic Christianity: let them fulfil their calling in the proper time and place. There are adepts in scriptural exposition: let them exercise their gifts on all

proper occasions. There are earnest souls whose personal exhortations have power to move men to a religious life: God speed them everywhere. It is of none of these things or of these men that I speak. My point is, that a man in whom religion is an inspiration, who has surrendered his being to its power, who drinks it, breathes it, bathes in it, cannot speak otherwise than religiously. The magician can draw an uncounted variety of wines from a single flask, but the alcoholic base runs through them all. So the religious soul may give forth utterances of various forms and flavors, but one spirit imparts to each its vitality and power.

We never know a man's measure till we take it for his coffin. You will find among fashionable writers such wearing of high-heeled boots, such mounting upon stilts, such sporting of tall hats and riding of high horses, that you will be obliged to get them down and get the tape upon them before you can tell how much space they will occupy. Their names will shine upon the coffin-lid, and they will bury well, and stay buried; but no grave can hold a fruitful Christian genius. We say that Mrs. Browning is dead, we say that Mrs. Browning is buried; but we know that she lives, and that she walks the earth, and wings the air, and sits with us here to-night. The earth is not broad enough, the earth is not deep enough, to bury Mrs. Browning in.

I have thus attempted to expose to you the nature and the tendency of fashion, as it exists in personal

character, in social life, and in literature. I have endeavored to show you that it is essentially aristocratic, and must therefore be opposed to a genuine Christian civilization and a true democracy. It practically denies the rightful supremacy of Christianity in every field, ignores its grand, levelling truths, and maintains, through corrupt convention, an independent standard of morals. It is exclusive, devoted to clique and cast, and thoroughly sympathetic with all systems and schemes of life and all forms of society and government which take power and profit from the many and give them to the few.

WORKING AND SHIRKING.

THE disposition to shirk seems to be constitutional with the human race. The first recorded act of the primal pair, after they had eaten the fatal fruit, was an attempt to shirk a moral responsibility. The man tried to shift the burden of his guilt upon the woman, and the woman charged the serpent with being her beguiler. From that day to this their descendants have shown that sinning and shirking are inseparable companions.

There is a prevalent disposition in this country to shirk the hardships of useful and productive labor, and to shirk personal, social, and political responsibility. Very few men make a straight path for themselves, dodging no duty, avoiding no burden that legitimately belongs to them, and cheerfully and manfully assuming every responsibility that Providence places in their path. I think that we shall find it both interesting and profitable to discuss this fault and failing of mankind, especially as illustrated by American character and history, and to say a few words of the remedy which Providence prescribes.

Let me begin with the proposition that all mankind are naturally lazy. There are probably some men in the world who love to work, for work's sake, as there are some men in the world who love tobacco and pickled olives, having acquired a taste for them ; but, generally, men work because they are obliged to, for the procurement of the necessaries of life, or because they are impelled to do so by the wish for wealth or some other desirable good. I do not suppose that any considerable amount of stone-fence was ever laid " for the fun of it," or that the boy lives who prefers raking after a cart to flying a kite. Labor is embraced by the majority of men as a lesser evil than that from which it purchases exemption.

Now what is labor ? It is the price we pay for everything that is not free and common to men. For air, we pay no price. It is with us and about us everywhere. For the water that bathes our faces and slakes our thirst, we have only to go where it is—and it is everywhere—to find it bursting from the ground in perennial springs, or leaping down cataracts, or murmuring to itself in brooks, or spreading itself out into rivers, lakes, and oceans. Nay, it will come to us from the sky, and we can catch it in our hands, if we will. It is possible that some special disposition of air and water may cost labor, but both are intended to be without price ; and they are made free because they are so immediately essential to the preservation of life. It will

be found also that those articles of food which are absolutely essential are cheap. A few nuts, to be had for the gathering; a few roots, to be obtained for the digging; a few sheep and goats that will take care of themselves, and yield milk and meat and peltry—these cost but little labor; but the moment we pass beyond the simplest essentials for the preservation of animal life, we must pay the full price in labor for every article we obtain.

I say *we* must pay: *somebody* must pay. A bushel of wheat represents a certain amount of labor—the preparation of soil for the seed, the sowing, the covering, the reaping, gathering, threshing, winnowing, and transportation. A barrel of flour represents a still greater amount of labor, both in its quantity and condition. Every bushel of wheat and every barrel of flour represents certain processes of labor without which it could never have been produced. So, every ton of iron costs somebody a certain price in labor, and an ounce of gold, if it will pay for the ton of iron, cost somebody just as much labor as the ton of iron cost.

All values are based on labor—the labor they originally cost, or the labor it would cost to duplicate or reproduce them. A necklace of diamonds will sell for ten thousand dollars because it would, roughly and generally speaking, cost ten thousand dollars to duplicate the gems and their setting, drawing them from the original stock of nature. There are exceptions to this

rule in the lucky stumbles that are made upon extraordinary deposits of the precious stones and metals; but, speaking in the large way, everything costs its value in labor. California makes no more money in digging gold than Illinois makes in growing wheat; Georgia gets no richer in producing cotton than Massachusetts does in spinning it. Nature is so nicely adjusted to this basis of values, that intelligent labor thrives as well on a mountain as in a valley; thrives as well on the water as on the land; gets just as much for its pains in a quarry of granite as in a vein of gold-bearing quartz; and finds equal profit in working a coal-mine and washing for diamonds.

I look over my audience, and I see silks from China, ribbons from France, cloths from England and Germany, brooches from California, gloves from the feet of the Alps—the work of thousands of weavers and spinners and dyers and cunning artisans and artists—and all these represent labor. All these cost the labor of somebody, and the money that bought them cost the labor of somebody. The money which you gave for these things may not have cost you anything, but it cost somebody its value in labor. There are some of you, possibly, who have never been obliged to labor, and who have earned nothing that you possess; but somebody has earned it. That wealth of yours was dug out of the ground, or drawn from the sea, by somebody; perhaps it required ten thousand somebodies to do it.

You or your ancestors may have won this wealth at comparatively little cost; but it all came originally from the marrow and through the muscles of labor.

The fact that some persons are rich proves that the labor of the world is more than sufficient for the wants of the world. That everybody lives, and that some have wealth who produce nothing, shows that there are various ways of securing the results of productive labor without engaging in that labor. There is a large number of men and women in the world who live upon the labor of others—a large number besides those who are naturally or necessarily dependent. Many secure a share of this surplus of production by entirely legitimate means. They take a just contribution from it as it passes through their hands in various commercial exchanges. They fill some office or perform some service for the producers, and secure a proper payment for their work; but the great strife of the world is to see how much of this labor of production can be shirked, and how great an amount of its results can be secured without paying their legitimate price. Every employment that gives heavy pay for light work, every scheme of gain that promises large rewards for little labor, every profession, trade, or calling, that secures the results of productive toil without paying their full price, is filled to overflowing, in every community.

The great centres of commercial exchange are points of attraction for the shirks of the world. They stand

wherever the producers and consumers meet, ready to grasp some portion of the profits of trade—men who live by their wits—men who minister to the vices of wealth for a consideration—men who are content to be the well-dressed slaves of capital—men who speculate in the necessaries of life, though thousands starve—men who gamble in stocks and invent fancy schemes of plunder—knaves who eat the flesh and drink the blood of needle-women—Peter Funks, beggars, thieves—men who prefer to simper and smirk behind a counter to doing a man's work behind a plough—women who sell their bodies and their souls for luxury and ease—suckers and swindlers and supernumeraries and sinners generally.

Nor are these all the shirks of the city. If we could know the real motive that brings the reputable people of a city together, we should, very generally, find it to be the desire to win wealth without producing it, and without paying in labor the full price for it. The able-bodied farmer's boy leaves the hoe for the yard-stick to save his back from labor; and there are hundreds of thousands of men in our larger cities who have relinquished manly employment, manly aims and ambitions, and manly independence, for the sole purpose of securing the results of the labor of others at a cheap rate. I do not say that they accomplish their object, for there is great competition in shirking, and pretty hard work is made of it sometimes. I am talking simply of their motive and their aim.

You will not understand me to have any reference to the legitimate commerce and the useful professions and callings which engage large and honorable numbers in every city, when I say that the shirks of the city are very great curses of the country. They have contrived to make labor disreputable, or, at least, unfashionable. They have erected a false standard of respectability. They have helped to establish the opinion that the laborer—the producer and the artificer of the wealth of the nation—cannot possibly be a gentleman, and that the only gentle pursuits are those of trade and commerce, and the professions and callings which more immediately serve them. It is in these false ideas—offspring of pretentious laziness—that American productive labor is educated; and it is sad to think how much of it grows up to despise itself, and to look upon its lot as equally severe and degrading. The city is the beautiful and haughty Estella that tells poor Pip that his hands are coarse, and poor Pip gets ashamed of his hands, and feels very sadly about himself.

But it is not in ideas alone that the shirking classes of the city curse the country. Let us look for a moment at that paradise of shirks, the stock-exchange—a place where not the first particle of wealth ever was produced or ever will be produced; where great games of chance are played in a strictly legal and a superlatively immoral way; where men combine to break down the credit of worthy corporations, conspire to give a ficti-

tious value to that which is valueless, and make a business of cheating each other and swindling the world. I can perceive no difference between a professional gambler in stocks and any other professional gambler. Both are men who produce nothing; who play at games of skill and hazard for money; who never win a dollar that does not leave some other man poorer; and who strive to over-reach each other, and burn the fingers of unsuspicious outsiders. Professional speculating in stocks is organized and instituted shirking. Sin, we are told, "when it is finished bringeth forth death." Shirking, in its ultimate development, bringeth forth the stock-exchange.

Think of the influence of this institution upon the country. To leave out of account the temptations it holds out to those who are greedy for sudden wealth or to those who are in desperate circumstances, think of the false standard of values it sets before the country. Think how the trade, the commercial confidence, and the business enterprise of the nation rise and fall with the varying influence of the bulls and the bears in the stock-market, while the real value of the fluctuating stocks may not materially change from one year to another. A panic in the stock-market, produced by professional speculators, is felt from one end of the country to the other; and all this disturbance is caused that a set of professional shirks may *make* an opportunity to steal a dollar out of a railway-bond, or filch a dirty dime

from an honest man's share of bank-stock. Would it not be, indeed, a blessing to the country if this legal gambling-shop were shut up? Would it not be better, on the whole, that the men who get their living there should take to similar pursuits in private, where they use a thicker variety of paper—pasteboard, in fact—and where they have only four knaves in a pack? I think so.

Perhaps the most humiliating exhibition which the shirks make of themselves is on the occasion of a change in the national administration. A hundred dollars in money (borrowed), three clean shirts, a long petition, an anxious face, and a carpet-bag, form the outfit of something less than a hundred thousand able-bodied men who make a pilgrimage to Washington every four years. And what do these men want? They want a clerkship, a collectorship, a postmastership—any sort of a ship that will save them the trouble of rowing, and that will furnish them with pay and rations. The majority of these men are shirks, who wish to be released from the necessity of productive and useful industry. They swarm around the centres of patronage like bees around a sugar-cask, every one after something sweet which others have collected. Alas! let me confess that the shirks are not all in the city. Rip Van Winkle lived in a country village under the Catskills, and we are told by Mr. Irving that "the great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all

kinds of profitable labor." There is more than one Rip Van Winkle in every American village; but instead of decently lying down in the field, and sleeping for twenty years, he prefers to take a nap equally long in a government office, and waking up with better clothes on, instead of worse.

The genuine shirk, wherever he lives, has no honor, no conscience, and no patriotism. In the nation's hour of trial, when everything good in an American's nature was appealed to, he clothed our troops with shoddy, and cheated them in their rations, and took advantage of his country's need to fill his coffers, every dollar of which must be patiently worked out by his fellow-citizens. Certainly a swindling government contractor, in a time of national peril, deserves the most infamous place among the shirks and scoundrels of the world.

Let us look at some of the more obvious and ordinary results of shirking. All kinds of business that promise large results at little cost are overdone. The country drives straight into financial wreck at brief, irregular periods, simply because there are too many men trying to get a living without producing anything. If we look over the list of our acquaintances, we shall be astonished to see how large a number of disappointed men it embraces, and how large a proportion of this number is made up of those who tried to win wealth cheaply. Generally, disappointed and broken-down men are those who have failed in trade, or have run

through some fancy scheme of gain, or, to use an expressive Yankee phrase, have "flatted out" in a calling or profession which was intended to draw money in some way from the producing and commercial interests.

I repeat, that all kinds of business that promise large results at little cost are overdone. The haste to get rich—the desire to acquire sudden wealth without being obliged to pay in labor the legitimate price for it—is the principal cause of the financial calamities that at brief intervals have befallen our country during the last fifty years. It is not that we have not been a nation of workers. To get rich rapidly, we have been willing to work intensely and immensely; but we have been shirks all the while—striving to get out of our work ten, fifty, or a hundred times more than it has been worth. America can never become a truly happy, stable, and reliable nation, until its views of life become more sober, and a much larger proportion of its people become willing, by patient, manly labor in the useful or productive arts of life, to earn every dollar they receive.

I ought to add to all this, that much of the failure in commercial and professional life is due to a lack of preparation for it; and this neglect of preparation for success is a part of the universal system of shirking. Lawyers are made in a day. Physicians there are in abundance who are as innocent of any knowledge of science as they were when they were born. Men enter

the various avenues of trade without a decent familiarity with the forms of business, and without any business habits at all. Trades are adopted, not acquired—adopted at the suggestion of a natural knack. Indeed, I believe that the habit of shirking the work of thorough preparation for the business of life is well-nigh universal in this country. Long periods of training for the professions, and patiently pursued apprenticeships to the arts and trades, are almost unknown. In short, we choose a pursuit which will enable us to shirk labor as far as possible, and then shirk the necessary preparation to win success in it. When a boy changes his roundabout for a coat, he is ready to "stick out his shingle," as he calls it, and the shingle usually "sticks out" a good deal longer than he does.

It is among men who try to get a living by some shift or trick of laziness that we hear the familiar words: "the world owes me a living." A loafer who never did a useful thing in his life; who dresses at the expense of the tailor, and drinks at the cost of his friends, always insists that "the world owes him a living," and declares his intention to secure the debt. I should like to know how it is that a man who owes the world for every mouthful he ever ate and every garment he ever put on, should be so heavy a creditor in account with the world. The loafer lies about it. The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin, and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in.

The world owes a living to those who are not able to earn one—to children, to the sick, to the disabled and the aged—to all who in the course of nature or by force of circumstances are dependent; and it was mainly for the supply of the wants of these that men were endowed with the power to produce more than enough for themselves. To a genuine shirk the world owes nothing; and when he tells me with a whine that the world owes him a living, I am assured that he has the disposition of a highway-robber, and lacks only his courage and his enterprise.

I pass now to the consideration of the disposition to shirk special duties of life; and first, the duty of personal self-assertion. We live in a country where, more than in any other, public opinion domineers over the minds of men. Americans generally dread singularity in sentiments and opinions as much as they do in dress; so that if they cannot quite reflect the changing phases of the public mind, they modify their moral clothing sufficiently to avoid attracting the attention of the boys. We dread to appear in the street with a hat or a coat five years old; and we dread just as much to appear in an opinion which has gone out of fashion.

Sacred convictions, deliberately formed opinions, long-cherished sentiments, are clipped and rounded and shortened in, or pieced out in accordance with the popular style, so that we may be enabled to pass for men who are up with the times. The men are com-

paratively few who are willing to take the responsibility of the full assertion of their personality; who will stand or fall by their convictions, sentiments, and opinions; who will insist on being themselves, even when that is equivalent to being singular. This despotic public opinion, which, without doubt, has a legitimate limited field of influence, shapes our whole national life and character, through its influence upon the individual. None escape this modifying power, though some feel it and are moulded by it less than others.

I think you will all be able to call to mind some man of your acquaintance who will sufficiently serve to illustrate by his life and character this prevalent disposition to shirk self-assertion. Perhaps in early life he had a few opinions, and conducted his life after a certain policy; but some damaging collision—a little infirmity of will—a little too large a love of approbation, and a good deal of moral cowardice, have led him to throw overboard everything he can call his own; and he has become the victim and sport of the sea of personalities around him. He has a great horror of a collision, and will hear his most sacred sentiments attacked without replying. He shirks all conflict of opinions as he would shun a personal street-fight. Whenever he ventures to push out any manifestation of his personality which hits anything, or meets a repulse, he takes it back as quickly as he would a burnt finger. He is careful to agree with every man who carries a positive character; and it is

astonishing to see the variety of people he can agree with. He is like arrow-root, or certain widely advertised patent medicines that are warranted to "agree with all temperaments and the most delicate constitutions." One always knows where to find such a man as this. In a time of quiet, he will be with you, and with anybody who happens to be near him; but in a time of disturbance, when opinions are clashing and a great moral conflict is in progress, the fence is his invariable resort. He takes to a fence as naturally at every sign of tumult and struggle as a squirrel takes to a tree when the dogs are out. We have in every community a considerable number of men who have spent all their years of discretion upon the fence. Such men always affect candor and dignity and freedom from prejudice and passion, but they are invariably shirks and cowards.

Such men as these occupy an extreme, it is true; but how large is the multitude who are only less despicable than they! How many are there who go dodging through life,—shunning a collision here for the sake of peace, sacrificing a sentiment there rather than be guilty of singularity, shirking the assertion of their sentiments, convictions, and opinions, when manhood demands their assertion, allowing themselves to be hampered and paralyzed in every putting-forth of their personality, and clipped and rubbed and rounded and polished, until they become as thin and smooth and scentless as an old cake of soap in a public bathing-room.

Going uniformly with one's sect in religion, with one's party in politics, or with one's clique in social life, is only less mean than occupying the fence. A man who buries his personality in a sect or party because he is afraid or ashamed to stand alone, is quite as much a coward as he who endeavors to preserve neutrality. A bully with backers is quite likely to be the poltroon of his company, and quite likely to be a bully because he is conscious of his cowardice, and wishes to prevent other people from finding him out.

We are every day sacrificing something for peace. Well, peace is good, or may be good. Peace is certainly desirable. If daily peace with all mankind can be purchased by the sacrifice of unimportant things, by the surrender of a few personal notions, by a little inconvenience that affects only ourselves, very well. But peace purchased by running away; peace purchased by avoiding conflicts upon questions of vital importance; peace purchased by yielding a point of honor, or sacrificing a principle; peace purchased by silent acquiescence in wrong, is not very well. Such peace is the most insidious and deadly poison that assails American manhood. It is for this peace that a certain class has parted with its political opinions. It is for this peace that men have practically denied their religion. It is for this peace that numbers have failed to set themselves against great evils that threaten their neighbors, themselves, and their children. It is for this peace that

American nationality was sold out by cowardly politicians and cowardly people. Shirking self-assertion and personal responsibility for the sake of personal peace—what else was it that led patriotism to retire from year to year before the oncoming flood of treason, until even in the capital of the nation there was not an ark-load of loyalty left? Ah! cursed peace—ah! fatal peace, that is purchased by the surrender of personal manhood!

We are every day sacrificing something for popularity. Well, popularity may be very good, but it is not the best good, and it can be purchased at far too high a price. Popularity that is secured by meanly withdrawing our own opinions to give place to the opinions of others, or by refusing to give voice to solemn convictions, or by ignoring a popular vice or giving countenance to a popular wrong, is *not* good. It is the basest possession which human meanness can win. A man who only asserts so much of that which is in him as will find favor with those among whom he has his daily life, and who withholds all that will wound their vanity and condemn their selfishness and clash with their principles and prejudices, has no more manhood in him than there is in a spaniel, and is certainly one of the most contemptible shirks the world contains.

Of course, I would not be understood to advocate the idea that every man's personality should so stand out that every other man's personality shall run against it. I do not advocate the gratuitous obtrusion of one's opin-

ions, sentiments, and convictions upon the world, or seeking a collision or a conflict wherever one may be possible. I simply maintain that for no mean consideration, like a cowardly desire for peace or a childish greed for praise or popularity, shall a man refrain, on every just occasion, from asserting himself and all there is in him.

I shall speak next of the disposition to shirk the duties of social life. I will lead you to my lesson in this department of my subject through an illustration. In our New England congregationalism, the parish or society is independent in certain very important respects of the church, and has its own peculiar machinery. The parish raises the money, makes the appropriations, and does all the business. Now, if you will get inside of this organization, and look about you, you will find that its responsibility and its work are upon the shoulders of a very small number of persons, and that by far the larger number have no more interest in the affairs of the parish than they would have in the management of a theatre which they might occasionally visit. The majority of those who attend church look upon the minister and the deacons and the parish committee as a sort of corporation whose business they have no interest in and no reponsibility for. I have sometimes thought that they suspected there was an annual dividend of the profits of running the machine which those who handled the crank monopolized. They hire a pew; and, if they pay for it,

they imagine that their duty ends there. They are patrons of the institution; and if they do not like it they hire a pew somewhere else. Some of them apparently suppose that they place a parish under obligation to them by purchasing the gospel at its particular counter.

The idea that every man who attends a church should have just as much interest in it and just as much responsibility for it—means, brains, and piety being equal—as any other man, they do not apprehend at all. The fact that the support and the responsibility of a church rest upon all alike, and that the man who is willing to enjoy the privileges of a church without bearing his proportion of its burdens is a shirk, has never come within the range of their conception. I suppose this audience is made up of those who do their duty in the parishes to which they belong,—and those who do not; and if it should be like audiences that I am best acquainted with, the latter outnumber the former ten to one.

In general society we find matters much in the same way. Society differs from the parish, however, in that it has no formal organization, no instituted machinery, no sittings with definite appraisements, and no written articles of constitution. Society is, in the looser signification of the word, conventional. Men can enjoy at least a portion of its privileges—and many do enjoy them—without paying anything for them, or without paying the full price for them.

Society, like the parish, has its burdens; and these

burdens are usually borne by a few. We say of one man that he is public-spirited, and of another that he is not public-spirited. We mean that one is willing to assume his portion of the duties and burdens of society, or of the general public, and that the other is not. If some public enterprise is proposed which naturally appeals to the generosity of men as citizens—lovers of the general good—members of society—then we see who is ready to bear his proportion of the burdens of society, and who is disposed to shirk them. We shall find, I am sorry to believe, that the majority of men shirk the pecuniary burdens of society, and yet are quite willing to share in the results of the sacrifices of others. If a park is to be laid out, or a thousand shade-trees are to be planted, or a public library is to be established, or anything is to be done for the general good, which must be done voluntarily, by men acting as citizens—as members of society—we shall find that a few will contribute generously, and that the many will contribute niggardly, and always among these many, the miserly rich. The shirking multitude are quite willing to believe that what ought to be done will be done by somebody, and quite ready to be pensioners upon the bounty of their betters, with the privilege of abusing them. Most men do what they are obliged by law to do, and no more; and we can ascertain how willingly they do even this by inquiring of the assessors and collectors of taxes.

In a restricted sense, "society" is that indefinite number of individuals and families with which each person is brought into intimate relation. The men and women among whom I find myself in social assemblages, who frequent my house, who form the circle next to that which embraces my family-life, are my "society." This circle will be larger or smaller, better or poorer, according to my social value; and my social value will depend upon what I can give and what I do give for what I receive. If I give a great deal more than I receive, that will make me a social leader, or, in time, lift me into community with a higher grade than that in which I move. If I give less than I receive—though I give all I can—that will make me socially subordinate, or translate me to a grade in which the social requirements are less.

We find a very large number of men and women who are not willing to remain in the social circle in which the circumstances and the natural affinities and proprieties of their life have placed them. They have an idea that their social value is not determined by what they have to give to society, but rather by what society gives to them. They believe that if they can set their feet within some circle that is nominally above them—into that charming sphere which Our Best Society calls "our best society" their brass will immediately be transmuted into gold. Let us see what our best society, as Our Best Society calls it, is. There are three ele-

ments that constitute it, and that we may remember them the more readily, they shall all begin with a *B*, viz. : Breeding, Brains, and Bullion. These three elements are rarely or never in equipoise, but they mingle in different proportions in different places, according to circumstances. In a town where there is a considerable number of honorable old families, Breeding usually takes the lead, and gives the law. In a town where there is no pretension to hereditary respectability, and there is comparatively little wealth, Brains will be in the ascendant, and men and women of culture and gentle manners will be the leaders. When Breeding and Brains are lacking, Bullion will give the law to society; and those who have the reputation of wealth and the habit of ostentatious display will hold the weight of social influence. These three elements combine, as I have said, in various proportions, to make what Our Best Society is pleased to denominate "our best society"—that circle to which the socially ambitious always aspire.

Now, if there are those before me who stand on the outside of this charming and charmed circle, looking longingly into the inclosure, let me put this single question to them: "What will you give to go in?" What Our Best Society is pleased to call "our best society," is not so unreasonable or so difficult as you may suppose. It simply demands that you take notice of its dominant ideas, and pay for its privileges in the current coin. How much old and honorable blood can you bring to

add to its stock of respectability? If you have good blood, it is not so much matter about Brains, provided that your pedigree is so unquestionable that Bullion will lend you money. If you have plenty of Bullion, and will use it in the entertainment of our best society, you can get along quite well without either Brains or Breeding; but Breeding, Brains, or Bullion you must have, or you cannot go in. Tell me: have you a great family-name, or wit or learning, and the power to make exhibition of them in conversation? or excellent manners? or a great house and splendid equipage and a hospitable table, with which to pay for the privilege of entering this society? Can you, and will you, pay the price of admission in the current coin, or do you wish to become one of the pensioners and bores of this society? Are you willing and ready to pay the price and assume the duties of a high social position, or do you wish to enjoy its pleasures and advantages and shirk all its responsibilities?—to be patronized and tolerated as people who give nothing for what they receive?

I suppose there are multitudes of people, whose great desire and anxiety relate to getting into certain society for the fancied or real privileges of which they have nothing to offer; who do not dream of being anything but beneficiaries; and who look upon good society as a sort of charitable soup-concern for social mendicants, supported by people who have nothing to do, and unlimited means to do it with.

There is a great deal of fault-finding with that very nebulous entity which we call society; but if we examine carefully, we shall find that it is uniformly the shirks who make most complaint. I never heard a man who faithfully and cordially performed all his social duties complain of society; and so society, like the parish, is carried on by the few, while the masses of men do not regard themselves as having any social responsibilities whatever. They are shirks, who are willing to receive all that society has to bestow—shirks, who fold their hands and whine because society neglects them—shirks, who never perform a social duty, or feel that a particle of social responsibility is upon them.

I shall notice in particular but one more variety of shirking of which Americans are peculiarly guilty, and this is political shirking—perhaps the most prevalent and mischievous of all, because it strikes at the very root of the state, and of all individual and social well-being. Social shirking does not damage good society or injure its quality; it only makes it smaller. The better elements of society combine by natural and conditional affinities, and the shirks only fall back into comparatively harmless disorganization. Political shirking, on the other hand, instead of leaving political affairs in good hands, invariably leaves them in bad hands; for it is the more virtuous constituents of political communities, and not the vicious, that shirk their political responsibilities. I should rather say, perhaps,

that bad men seize the opportunity which the negligence of good men affords them, to manage political affairs for their own selfish advantage.

Under the American system of self-government—at whose ballot-box all social and individual distinctions are wiped away—it is astonishing to see how many there are who do not feel that they have the slightest political responsibility. They come out to the elections, perhaps, because their party-leaders desire them to come out, or because their party-feelings urge them to come out, or because they delight in the excitement of an election, or, possibly, in some rare and remarkable instances, because they are paid for coming out. I give it as a carefully formed judgment, that not one American voter in five really feels that he has any personal responsibility in the government of the country. All feel, of course, that they have a personal interest in it, but this interest is not associated with a sense of high personal duty. In times of political excitement they may be excited, but their interest is mainly in behalf of a party. They may work very enthusiastically, indeed, for "our side," without giving a single thought to our country. To a certain extent, this is the result of ignorance, or of a lack of power to grasp their real relations to the state, or of a degree of moral poverty which shuts them off from all high, patriotic motives.

I have yet to learn that the American nation is not the equal of any of the nations of the world in the pos-

session of pure morals and Christian virtues; but it is painfully evident that there is not a nation on the face of the earth in which bad men have such facilities for acquiring and retaining power as in ours. They win elections to seats in the national legislature by frauds and briberies; they go to roost like foul birds in the offices of great cities; they batten on public spoil; they disgrace Christian civilization and free institutions; they debase the moral sense of the nation. To them, a country or a city is but a great goose to be plucked and plucked and plucked again, until, sibilant and shrieking, it tears itself from their grasp, to be caught immediately by another set of spoilsmen and plucked to the very quills and pin-feathers.

Now, who is responsible for this? Not the bad man, certainly, or not the bad man mainly. It can hardly be accounted a crime for a vessel to run a blockade if she can, and her interests demand the risk; but it is a crime for a blockading fleet to allow her to do it. If the devil is permitted to manage the politics of a nation we expect him to do it, for politics are in his particular line; and the good men, whose business it is to hinder him from doing it, must be held responsible for the damage that may result from his management. Thus I affirm that the good men of America are mainly responsible for everything evil in American politics. They have the best social influences in their hands; they have the Christian Church; they have the

literary institutions; they have the pure sympathies of women; they have reason, conscience, truth, and God all on their side—nay, they have the majority; and the only reason why bad men reign and they are powerless, is that they are shirks.

Yet these political shirks are very respectable men. Let us not allude to them too harshly or too lightly. If they are "fossiliferous" and fussy, they are prudent and pious. Far be it from me to speak disrespectfully of their linen, or to question the whiteness of their fragrant hands. They are exceedingly clean and pure men, their particular fault (if they have one) being an excessive cleanliness and purity that unfits them for having anything to do with politics. They are of that unlucky moral hue that shows dirt on the slightest provocation, and requires them to be carefully dusted and set away. They refuse, year after year, to visit the polls, because politics have become so corrupt that they have ceased to have any interest in them, or because good men are not nominated for office; yet they never dream of attending a primary meeting to make sure that good men are nominated, or of making any attempt to render politics less corrupt. Of all the shirks and sneaks which the prolific soil of America produces, there certainly can be none more despicable than these. America is not suffering from a political evil to-day for which the good men of the country should not be held mainly responsible. Bad men have

run the nation upon ruin, because they have been permitted to do it; and good men, instead of leading in the political battles, have fought humbly in the ranks, or run away. Indeed, many of them have come to the conclusion that there is something necessarily demoralizing in politics, and that religion and politics are entirely incompatible with each other.

There is another class of good, or goodish men, who hold political privilege at a cheap price, and who are ready to sell it for personal ease and convenience. They are willing to look after politics a little, or to do anything for their country, if it does not cost too much trouble, or too much money. They are very much absorbed by their own affairs, and have no time to give to their town, or their State, or their country. They leave these matters to those who have leisure, and those who have leisure happen to be those who are bent on public mischief or private advantage. Bad men always have leisure for taking and employing all the power which the excessive occupation of good men leaves in their hands. While, therefore, one set of men are so good as to be disgusted with politics, and another is so busy as not to have time for attending to them, the very worst elements of society find an easy path to power.

The time was not long ago when there were few—alas! how few!—who were willing to sacrifice anything for their country. The best men have declined office and shunned public duty because they could not

afford to hold office. They could afford to see office held by second and third rate men, and to be themselves ruled by vicious men, and to have the institutions of their country cheapened and disgraced by the weak or wicked administration of the laws, but they could not afford to part company with a few dollars to serve the country and the institutions which their children were to inherit! What, in Heaven's name, shall become of a nation whose good men—whose best men—not only refuse to participate in elections, but refuse to be elected to office, when chance, or an aroused moral sentiment, designates them for responsible positions?

I have thus spoken of several varieties of shirking and several classes of shirks. I might mention others, but it would be alike tedious and unnecessary.

And now I am ready to ask what the cure for this grand national fault in all its various forms of manifestations may be. What is the medicine for this meanness? What will drive the shirking multitudes that throng all the easier trades and professions back to hard and honest gains in the useful or productive arts of life? What will harden the bones and strengthen the muscles and stiffen the courage of manhood, so that it will assert itself as manhood should—at all times, in all places—yielding nothing of personal conviction or personal power to a weak desire for peace or popularity? What will make us public-spirited, and generous in social life? What will enlarge our sym-

pathies and quicken our activities as members of a national brotherhood? What thing, more than any other, will bring us up to a comprehension of our political duties, and a willingness to perform them? What will teach us that we cannot shirk these duties—that there is not an interest of life on which they do not have a practical bearing? What will make us nobler and more unselfish men—more willing to do or die for that which is god-like in our souls and God-given in our institutions? What will transform all this multitude of personal, social, and political shirks into heroes and evoke from this mass of sneaking laziness and selfish indifference those virtues which are a nation's noblest wealth? I answer—*a great war for a great cause.*

If the history of America for the last fifty years proves anything with striking clearness, it proves that a long peace, maintained without sacrifice, and held without a sense of its value, is the very breeding-bed of cowardice, cupidity, and corruption. The most heroic blood becomes thin, and the stoutest hearts grow weak and cowardly, in the luxurious atmosphere of a cheap peace. National pride, love of country, patriotic self-devotion —these are not the sentiments and the virtues that thrive among a people that recedes from all sense of national care into the selfish pursuits of gain, or the weak indulgences of ease. Peace is very beautiful; peace may be very safe, indeed, for angels; but for men, with the imperfections, temptations, and tenden-

cies of men, a peace that is not the price of ceaseless vigilance, and the cost of a daily sense of sacrifice, may be a curse so much worse than war, that war may be gladly greeted as a blessing in its stead. It was London, cheaply built and cheaply held, and bent on selfish advantage, that was smitten again and again by the plague. At length, in one brief visitation, it breathed upon and blasted a hundred thousand lives. And then came the furious and all-devouring fire, driving the sickly multitudes from their homes, and licking up and wiping out cheap London forever. Straightway, on the ruins of both plague and fire, rose a new city and long generations have blessed the fire that banished the plague forever. The question in America has been for many years between plague and fire. With a full comprehension of the horrors and sacrifices of war—with a heart bleeding with sympathy for every soul to which war brings bereavement and sorrow—I thank God for the fire, and the dearer and better peace it will bring us.

Fire is a great renovator and gunpowder a remarkable disinfectant. Already is the influence of war visible for good upon the American people. Men have not only discovered that there is something better than money, but more than this—and greater discovery than this—that there is really something which they love better than money. The universal revival of patriotism in the American heart, and the devotion of a million

hands and lives to patriotic duty—is not this a blessing? Could anything but war have won it? That one thrill of patriotic indignation that passed through the American heart when the national flag was insulted at Fort Sumter, by those whom it had protected for nearly a century, was worth more than the whole sum of emotion that had rolled up in lazy accumulation during the previous period of peace. It transformed every man into a hero; it made a heroine of every woman. It was like the sudden flowering of the aloe, after sleeping through a century of suns. It burst upon the world like the comet that followed it—unheralded, unexpected. Men saw the flaming glory, streaming up the midnight sky, and wondered from what depth of heaven it had sprung.

There went forth a million of men, drawn from every walk of society, with their lives in their hands, to defend American nationality and American institutions. The lawyer left his briefs, the preacher left his flock or took it with him, the physician forsook his daily round of duty, the merchant his counting-room, the politician his intrigues, and the rich man his home of ease; the governor and the governed, the high and the humble, went together, and all pressed forward, inspired by a common impulse, to do or die for home and native land. Men who had long been sleeping in their political sepulchres came forth by a miracle of resurrection, to the surprise of the doubtful and the joy of

friends. That great number whose perch was the fence through years of questionable manhood, made haste to descend, and to declare themselves for their country against all foes. Women, used only to luxury, laid aside their frivolous pursuits, and with busy fingers and the noblest charities prepared mustering thousands of fathers and brothers and husbands and lovers for war. Nay, more : forsaking home and kindred and comfort and peace, they went forth voluntarily, at their own charges, and without hope of reward, to breathe the foul air of hospitals, and move among the cots of the sick and wounded soldiery, with the sweet ministries of sympathy and mercy. Capital, timid and careful and compromising through years of political decay, and gathering signs of national disruption, became bold and defiant. Noblest of all, it threw its giant arms around the tottering form of American nationality, and swore to sustain it forever. It brought its golden treasures, and laid them all at the feet of its country, and said : "Take them, for without thee they are worthless." If there could have been one thing nobler than the eager readiness of a million of men to sacrifice their lives for their country, it would have been the bold and unhesitating devotion of capital to the common cause. From its nature, it was the sign and seal of political salvation, and the harbinger of returning political virtue.

There was no lack then of personal self-assertion. All men had an opinion, and there were but few who

were not stiffened up to a determination to assert and maintain it against all forms of opposition. Political shirking retired among the sins of the past. Men felt, in their consciences and in their personal interests, the burdens of the government, and understood and felt, as they had never understood and felt before, their personal responsibility in public affairs. When men fight for their country, and sacrifice their present prosperity and their accumulated treasure for their country, and voluntarily tax themselves through the remainder of their lives for their country, they will apprehend and faithfully discharge their personal responsibilities in its government.

He would be an unwise and a most unsafe physician who should prescribe war as a specific remedy for each of the national evils I have discussed, considered without relation to their cause; but it must be remembered that they are the offspring of a common parent. It is because we have held our choicest blessings cheaply—it is because we have enjoyed them, like air and water, without price, and with no adequate sense of their value, that we have failed to appreciate the minor good, and, whenever possible, shirked its price. The right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—a right for the acquisition and maintenance of which many a nation has struggled through centuries of blood and sacrifice—the right which the revolutionary fathers fought through weary years of suffering and privation to achieve—we have enjoyed without sacrifice, without

price, and with only the feeblest sense of its value. The right to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences, under forms of our own choice,—the right which the pilgrim fathers found in the wilderness after their weary search across the sea—has been ours without question and without cost. The right to govern ourselves—asking no privilege of outside powers, and suffering no interference from them—has been as cheaply held as the right to breathe. It is thus that we have lost the standard by which to measure values, and learned to shirk the price demanded for our humbler wealth.

WORK AND PLAY.

THE human race presents no aspect more interesting than that which it wears in its apron and shirt-sleeves. There breathes no nobler music under heaven than the roar of a great city, in which the din of wheels, and the clangor of hammers, and the cries of the hawker and the auctioneer, and the hurried tread of uncounted thousands upon the pavement, are blunted and crushed and blended into a sublime monotone, that rises and swells, and surges and subsides, from day to day, through all the prosperous centuries. There is nothing more wonderful than that labyrinthine net-work of human interests, spread finely over a continent and more broadly enveloping a world, out from whose indistinguishable intersections run the daily efforts of the earth's thronging millions.

There is an office for every man, and a man for every office. One builds a ship, another turns a spool; one paints a madonna, another decorates a toy; one attends a king, another grooms a horse; one sends a ship to the Indies, another gleans the offal of the streets; one writes

a book, another places it in type; one conducts a rail-road-train over a hundred miles, another trundles a wheel-barrow up and down a plank. Millions live among the whirl of spindles and the clash of looms; and other millions ply the needles that fashion their fabrics. On cotton-fields and corn-fields, on farms and plantations, in workshops and mills, on the water and on the land—everywhere, everywhere—men and women are at work. The brain and nerve and muscle of the world expend their energy, day after day, in tidal sweeps through every artery of industry; and thus the world's great heart throbs and throbs; and thus it will throb until its strings shall shiver in dissolution.

This is a working world—a serious, earnest, hard working world; yet it is not all, or not always, so. Rising out of this daily vision of work, and harmoniously blending with it, like variations sporting with, and above, a musical theme, there are other scenes that attract attention. A steamer pushes out into the bay, with music swelling and streamers flying over a happy company of men, women, and children, upon an excursion of pleasure. Under the shadow of a grove the groups of a picnic romp and run, and laugh and chat, through the long summer afternoon. In public halls and private parlors feet move to the sound of the viol through the merry evenings, till they cross the bars of midnight. Children frolic upon the lawn, and boys play

at football or cricket upon the common. All over the country, where the snow falls, old and young are sleighing and skating and sliding under the moon; and wherever the surf rolls in upon a pleasant beach, or crystal waters mirror lordly mountains, or the earth bubbles with its mineral treasures, a nation of languid travellers gather during the heat of summer, for relaxation and enjoyment.

So this world is a world of work, not only, but a world of play. Surely something of present interest and permanent, practical value may be said of things which absorb more than half of the time, and all the energy, of the civilized world; and I propose to devote the hour to the discussion of Work and Play, and the illustration of their meaning and their mission.

I have not selected this subject because there is much that is brilliant or amusing to be said upon it, but because there is no man, not too indolent to attend a lecture, who does not possess a practical, every-day interest in it. I have selected it, too, because I believe that the popular notions with relation to it are in many respects erroneous, and in some respects unhealthy and even dangerous. My aim will be:

First, To reveal the relations of work and play to the development of the worker;

Second, The relations of work and play to each other, in securing this development;

Third, Their relations to the health and happiness of the race ; and,

Fourth, To suggest something of their ultimate results.

The first thing to be done is to define our terms. What is work, and what is play ?

Work is the exercise of the mind, or the body, or both, under the command and control of the will, for the attainment of an object of fancied or real utility.

Play is the exercise of the mind, or of the mind and body, at the instance of impulses originating in the conditions and dispositions of the system, and expending themselves without an object, beyond momentary satisfaction. Work contemplates achievement and acquisition, and has its end outside of, and beyond, itself, so far as relates to the worker's intent. Play, self-moved, seeks for nothing further than present gratification, and has its end in itself. Will is the master of work. It fixes its goal, and then harnesses and drives all the human faculties toward it, or to it. Play removes their harnesses, hangs up the whip, and releases them to the impulses which move them to show the iron upon their heels, to roll in the sand, or to frisk upon the sward. Work, under will, is determined, persistent, and steady ; play, under impulse, is volatile, and delights in change.

Now let us go directly to nature for our first lesson in the meaning and mission of work and play. The

boy is born into the world a delicate organism—a soft bundle of brains and nerves, and bones and muscles, and vessels and limbs, without will, and without the power of self-support and self-direction. The first months of his life are passed in a kind of unconscious consciousness, and nothing higher is expected of him than that he pull the whiskers of his father, and smile appreciatingly when his mother talks nonsense to him. Soon he begins to grasp, or to reach after, the things he sees—a pearl-button, a coffee-pot, a chandelier, or a church-steeple; and we feel that great progress has been made when he can shake his rattle-box three times and repeat, even if the performance be slightly spasmodic and irregular. The months pass away, and he stands upon his feet; and after a brief and delightful tutelage, he waddles about wherever his impulses lead him. He takes trips of ten feet upon his father's cane, which not unfrequently proves refractory and throws him. He frolics with the kittens, or hugs them to death. He builds block-houses, and knocks them down. He excavates convenient sand-banks. He delights, above all things, in the open air, and runs because he likes to run; but whether within doors or without, he is always in mischief. From morning to night his little muscles are in motion; and when compelled, at last, to go to bed, he relinquishes his play with tears. Year by year, as he grows up through boyhood, the range of his play is widened. He drives other

boys four-in-hand, or plays at ball, or slides down hill, or runs races, or wrestles, or goes hunting and fishing.

Now, what makes this boy play? And what does this play do for him?

He plays because he cannot help it—because in the central, motive forces of his nature God has written the command to play. He has no end beyond the gratification of his momentary and shifting impulses. He plays because the life within him exults in action, and delights in expenditure. Tired in one direction of amusing or pleasant effort, he turns toward another; and thus, one by one, or group by group, he calls into activity all the faculties of his mind and all the functions of his body. He has no object, I repeat, in this constant action and constant change; but God has. This play is for the symmetrical development of the boy, of all the powers of which he is the possessor; and no boy without play was ever well developed, or ever can be. A boy who does not play, and does not like to play, is not a healthy boy, mentally, morally, or physically, no matter how many precious hymns he can repeat, nor how well he can say his catechism. Play is the Creator's ordained means for the development of the child. I am aware that it drives weak-headed mothers crazy, and aggravates the aggregate of the shoe-bill, and makes terrific work with trousers; but it makes men, and, as a general rule, the boy that plays the best, makes the best man.

There is a sad amount of fighting against Heaven in the attempts made by irritable and impatient parents to repress the playful manifestations of their children. Carefully and reverently I declare that God impels, nay, compels, the child to play, and that those who strive to crush the spirit of play in children for the security of their own ease and comfort, or from mistaken notions of the nature and the mission of play, oppose Him as really as when they set themselves against any movement or policy in His moral universe.

Play is a sacred thing, a divine ordinance, for developing in the child a harmonious and healthy organism, and preparing that organism for the commencement of the work of life. I insist upon this, at this point, for I shall call it up again in the course of this discussion; I insist that play is not only an innocent thing in itself, but that it is an essential portion of the divinely appointed means for the development of the race into its highest earthly estate.

In order that our lesson may not be complicated, we will leave the period of study out of consideration, and put our boy to work. Perhaps he has already performed a few tasks about the house, willingly or unwillingly, but they have been so light that he has not seriously felt them. That the work may be simple, we will apprentice him to a trade. This little bundle of organs, grown into compactness and power through the exercise which play has procured, is placed under

a task-master. The first day, perhaps the first week, is passed delightfully, because it has the charm of novelty; but, at last, his mind, strained in one direction, and his muscles, exercised in a single style of action, become weary. At this point begins the discipline of work—the bringing of all his faculties under the control of his will. He flinches from his task, perhaps, but his will spurs him on. He looks from his window, and sees other boys engaged in play, and longs to be among them; but his will vetoes his impulses, and keeps him to his work.

Thus these organs that have been developed by play, and this life that will manifest itself in action, bend themselves, under the command of will, to the accomplishment of useful results. Directed by intelligence, and starting from rationally apprehended motives, they take their way along the channels of the world's industry.

Here dawns upon us the mission of work. God, by implanting in the boy the impulse to play, has taken care of his development up to this point. As a boy, he is complete; but manhood demands something further, and he must be trained to self-impulsion, self-direction, and self-control. The organs which play has prepared, work puts to use. Over these young faculties the will is placed in office, and is, itself, developed by the exercise of its functions. The mission of work is never fully accomplished until the will

has attained supreme control of all the mental and bodily faculties, and those faculties have become obedient and efficient instruments of the will. Patience, persistence, and power to do, are only acquired by work.

But we are leaving our boy. If we watch him at the close of his daily task, we shall find him very weary, but very ready to play. He has been working in a single direction. A single group of faculties and a single set of muscles have been employed during the day, and before he sleeps, Nature impels him to bring those that have been unemployed into harmony with them. The strain must be released, and the worked and the unworked boy must be reconciled to each other by play, before both can sleep well. So, through the evening the boy is as active as the liveliest, and as boisterous as the noisiest; and at bedtime, if he be not rested, he is ready to rest, and to rest well. He sleeps better at night, and he works better the next day, for this play; and thus, play comes in as the minister and helper of work. The used and the unused faculties are harmonized with each other, and developed together. If the impulse to play between the periods of labor be suppressed, and nothing of the boy be developed save the faculties engaged in his special work, he will become not only the slave of work, but he will be transformed into its creature. Woe to him if he fail to yield to the impulses to play

which start up among his unused faculties, until those faculties dwindle beyond the power to give birth to an impulse!

This simple illustration has introduced us to the primary and principal offices of work and play. In this illustration they reveal themselves as co-ordinately essential in that economy which contemplates the highest human development. The development which God seeks for is the growth and perfection of the power to do. Play does what it can for this object, and work, in widely varied forms of activity, does the rest.

Our illustration has not only revealed the primary relations of work and play to human development, but it has suggested something of their relations to each other, and thus brought us to the second point under discussion. I begin with the proposition that work was made for man, and not man for work. Work is man's servant, both in its results to the worker and the world. Man is not work's servant, save as an almost universal perversion has made him such. We need not go beyond the circle of our immediate acquaintances for instances of this perversion. Every variety of work has stamped itself and left its stamp upon society. Almost everywhere men have become the particular things which their particular work has made them. In the place of a broad, strong, symmetrical manhood, we have a weak, crippled, and distorted manhood. We know a thoroughly worked old

lawyer as readily as we do an old fox. We can recognize a Wall-street financier at thirty paces, and can tell a clergyman as far as we can see him. There are very much greater differences between a Yankee farmer and a Yankee sailor than in the length of their trousers. There are round shoulders, and pulpy muscles, and halting limbs, and all varieties of bodily and mental eccentricities, resulting from the slavish pursuit of the different callings. The negroes on the cotton plantations of the South, who carry water to the field upon their heads, become bald upon the spot where "the hair ought to grow" by the weight and friction of the jugs, but they are no more distinctly stamped by their work, and are, in fact, not half so bald, as multitudes of whites who bear heavier burdens of a different kind.

Thus have men become the creatures of their work, and thus has work become to them, in many respects, a curse. When work enslaves a group of faculties, and employs and develops that group to the neglect or the death of all others, then does it surpass and abuse its office. This it is that makes one-sided men, partial men, fractional men. This it is that puts the menial stamp upon men, that brands them with the name of their tyrant-master. This it is which spoils manhood, and debases its subjects to the level of their calling. This it is which too often transforms men into lawyers and financiers and ministers and merchants and farmers and hod-carriers—beings who can do one thing, and

nothing else—who are competent in one direction, and babies or fools in every other direction. I say again, that man was not made for work, but work for him, and that its office is abused in the degree by which it hinders the symmetrical development of all his faculties. One of the direct roads to brutality lies through unalleviated and undiversified bodily labor. Let a man be worked and fed as a brute is worked and fed, and he will become brutal. A man using only the faculties demanded by his calling will develop only those faculties. So it is evident that something besides work is necessary for healthful development, after the peculiar period of play is passed.

If, now, we turn to play as the exclusive agent in the development of the adult, we shall find it still more inadequate than work, because in play there is no purpose and no training of power under will. Up to a certain period of life play is everything that is necessary. Wherever it is suppressed, and the young mind, or the young body, or both, are put into the harness of work, disease or disaster is the result. I know not which to pity most—the infants crowded into a premature development of brain and mind, or the pale-faced dwarfs among the factory-boys. Whenever I see a pale, old face on a young body, I know that somebody's wilful ignorance, or somebody's cupidity, needs forgiveness.

Up to a certain point of development, I say, play only is necessary. Beyond that point work must come

in with its discipline, or play will degenerate into dissipation. There are few more pitiable objects than men and women who have never had anything to do but to amuse themselves. They are pitiable because useless, powerless, and unhappy. The whole horde of dandies and devotees of fashion—men and women who have no higher employment than ministry to vanity and appetite and passion—are blanks, or blotches, on one of the most beautiful and beneficent schemes of the Creator, and objects of disgust to every healthy soul. As much as many working men desire ease, I have never seen one who did not in his inmost soul despise an idle man, or one who could do nothing.

Play, I repeat, leaves entirely out of consideration one of the principal offices of work, viz., the training of the will. It is all-important that the intense vitality that comes in with manhood and womanhood be under control, and be directed into legitimate channels of expenditure. As childhood is left behind, new passions take possession of the individual; and if he be left to the sway of impulse, he will be almost certain to gravitate toward sensuality. There is abundant life to be expended somewhere—if not in work, then in something else. Impulse will be sure of the mastery if the will be weak and vacillating. Appetite is clamorous, and passion is imperious, and an undeveloped and untrained will, will bend readily under the stress of these motives. It is notorious that, almost without exception,

those young men who are never put to work, especially if they have strong vitality in them, sink into vice. The reason is, that exclusive play, after the period of childhood, naturally degenerates into dissipation. The will bends before the strongest impulse, or lends it its aid; and the strongest impulse is born of the strongest passion that happens to be in exercise.

Not unfrequently we have striking instances of this dissipation and degradation, and the corrective influence of work when resorted to for the first time in adult life. We all of us know young men who have led a life of gayety and vice upon the paternal wealth, and we have seen them become the terror and disgrace of a neighborhood, the bane and burden of a home,—given up, as hopelessly debauched, by their best friends. Yet, when some great disaster has whelmed the wealth upon which they have lived, and a great motive of action has presented itself to them, we have seen them sobered in a day, and, under the discipline of labor, become men of character and of power. Among men, these cases may be rare; but among women, cases not dissimilar are abundant. With them, play is more a dissipating and less a debasing habit, and reformation is consequently easier. How many gay girls have we seen—butterflies, giddy, thoughtless, undisciplined creatures—becoming sober, noble, and devoted wives and mothers, when marriage and maternity have put the discipline of work upon them. How, under the motive of a great

love, has their work often taken on the character of a great heroism!

So, neither work nor play is sufficient of itself; and now, before I come to the practical discussion of the relations of play to labor in adult life, I recall the question of the essential nature of play. I propose that it has as legitimate functions in the life of the man and the woman as in that of the child, and that, in the discharge of those functions, it is in no sense sinful, thriftless, or undignified. The religious asceticism that has placed its ban upon play in its various manifestations, the hard economy that denounces it as wasteful of time and money, and the stolid dignity that regards it with contempt, are essentially moral nuisances. Play may not have so high a place in the divine economy, but it has as legitimate a place, as prayer. Its direct importance, when we contemplate useful results, is not so great as that of work; but it is essential to the healthful development of the worker, and essential in keeping the machinery of work in order. It is the great harmonizer of the human faculties, overstrained and made inharmonious by labor. It is the agency that keeps alive, and in healthy activity, the faculties and sympathies which work fails to use, or helps to repress. It is the conservator of moral, mental, and physical health.

I have never seen a man who, through a long life of labor, has been playful, giving himself up in the hours

of his leisure to the lead of his innocent impulses, who was either bigoted, invalid, or insane. In short, play is as innocent and as legitimate in the man as in the boy, provided, of course, that it start from innocent impulses, and answer its legitimate ends.

I bring out this point with special prominence, because many of the innocent modes of play, like play itself, have been placed under ban by well-meaning people who are possessed by the notion that all time spent in play is mis-spent, and that all money devoted to play is mis-appropriated; who believe that the idle words and the thriftless deeds of play are those for which they are to be brought into judgment. Play is to be resorted to intelligently and conscientiously, without doubt, and should never descend into dissipation. It should always be of that kind and amount which will induce the most perfect sleep; which will the most thoroughly harmonize the functions of the mind and body, wearied and distracted by work; which will best nourish the faculties that work has neglected; and which will best prepare both body and mind for the pursuit of work. This is the mission of play to the worker; and a great blessing would it be to the world could it be intelligently apprehended as such. A great blessing would it be, could the almost universal bondage of the world to the idea that play compromises Christian consistency, and worldly thrift, and manly dignity, be forever broken. A great blessing would it be, could a mistakenly conscientious world

look heavenward, and feel the full blessedness of the truth that God smiles upon His creatures at play as benignantly as when they are at work, and that He frowns as indignantly upon that work which enslaves and distorts and spoils them, as upon that excess of play which dissipates or prostitutes them.

We have resorted to Nature for an illustration of the effect of play upon the boy: let us go to the same teacher to learn the united effect of work and play upon the man. The simpler the illustration, the better. We will take the negroes of a cotton plantation. They will sing all day while engaged in their work, and dance all night after it, if they can get a chance. For every hard task they have a song which helps them through. It is in this way that they preserve themselves from disease and insanity. If you would find invalids and lunatics, go among the Yankees, and particularly the Yankee farmers. They follow their instincts and impulses, unchecked by any conscientious or economical considerations; and I wish that all the poor slaves, chained to the oar of labor, would follow them as innocently.

But I can bring my lesson from a nearer point than this. I appeal to you to testify if there do not come to you, at the close of each day's hearty and healthy labor, the desire to play. You go home from your work to your dinner or your tea, and when you rise from your table, (if you are not smokers,) what is your first impulse? Springs there not in you that which tells you

there is something which should intervene between that point and sleep? You love that wife, or those children, or sisters, better than all, of course; but is it your supreme desire to sit quietly down with them and spend the evening? Is it the most delightful thing you can imagine to doze over your evening paper for an hour, and retire to bed as early as you decently can? Never, unless work has killed the best part of you. Do you not feel that you need something besides rest and before it? Is it not habitual for it to occur to you that you have "an appointment," that you must go to the post-office, or go somewhere? Do you not long to get into the open air, and to wander where you list? I know that I touch the experience of every healthy working man present. Now, believe me, this is God's voice in your nature bidding you play, and you have no right to disregard it. It was under this untaught impulse that the slave resorted to singing and dancing It is this impulse, perverted, which drives the poor toper to his pot-house and his pot-house companions. It is this impulse, under a German education and German habits, that takes the German to his garden and his lager-beer; but you, with higher tastes and better impulses, resort to nothing at all but a barren walk in a giddy street, and feel yourselves obliged to make a business apology for that! "They order these things better in France."

I therefore make the assertion, that every intelligent worker—every man and woman whose faculties, under

will, are trained and held to the performance of a daily task—should always have regular periods of play.

The practical question now arises as to what this play shall be. It should never be that which is essentially work—that which is felt to be a tax of power, under will. If you have read Dickens, you will remember the picture of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen as they appeared when "enjoying themselves," walking out in dignified and dressy couples, with the Doctor at their head, and the boys of the street turning somersets in the foreground. There is a great deal of this bastard play, in which the young have been forced into walks which worried them, and tasks which disgusted them, as a relief to study or work. Exercise which has been the severest mental and bodily discomfort has been mistaken for play. I have seen young men working away for dear life at saw-horses, or scudding over barren miles as if a ghost were after them, or swinging dumb-bells, when I knew they were engaged in harder tasks than those from which they sought relief. This "muscle-movement," as it is called, in our colleges, will amount to but little if the element of play do not enter largely into it. A young man, or a young woman, who takes exercise of set purpose for the preservation of health, may in some instances succeed; but the chances are against success, in all cases where the exercise alternates with periods of severe labor, of any kind. The severest exercise may, indeed, be play, but

that which is felt to be a task is not play, and can never be made to take the place of it.

The mode of every man's play must be determined by the indications of his tastes, conditions, and dispositions. There are some who enjoy athletic games, and are never so much at home as when on the cricket-ground, or the bowling-alley, or the row-boat. Play of this character has the double power to give mental relief, and preserve and develop physical health and strength. Every intelligent lover of his country and his kind will hail the fresh attention attracted to this kind of play with gladness and gratitude. It is time that this overworked nation—this nation of narrow shoulders, and flat chests, and weak arms and spindle-shanks—possessed more of the characteristics of physical manhood. Who wonders that strong-handed and strong-minded women assert their rights in the presence of such a race of men as this? Were I such a woman, with such a husband as such a woman invariably has, if she has any, I would assert mine. Why is it that the good men of a city permit the bad men to rule it? Why is it that the respectable men of a ward allow rowdies to keep them from the ballot-box? Because, and only because, they lack pluck and prowess, and are physically afraid of them. The cause of public decency, nay, the cause of Christianity, demands more muscle, and I am glad to see that it is likely to get it. In such times as these, and in such as seem likely to

come, the church militant would find abundant employment for a saintly corps of robust and muscular men.

There are others who most enjoy society, and who find recreation and reward in a genial circle of friends. Much is to be done for the play of the nation by a more generous development of its social life. Work has well-nigh killed out this kind of play. How few are the impulses among the every-day, hard workers of the world to mingle in society! We wander from our work into lonely moodiness, for, though we may have something to receive, we are conscious that we have nothing to give, in social intercourse. How many are there in my audience who shrink from receiving company, and who dread to go into it, because too constant and too much work has spoiled them for social life? Work has exhausted them; work has possessed them, and they cannot get their thoughts out of it. Work has absorbed, drunk up all their vital juices; and if they go to a social gathering, they are either driven or dragged there.

It is in a genial social life that the worker comes into contact with minds developed in various directions. A congregation of sympathies touch him at every point, and stimulate his whole nature into delightful activity. It is in society that knowledge is equalized, and experience harmonized, and all those faculties that work has kept from free development, and those sympathies that work has cursed, are called into demonstration.

It is in social life that the adult is always to find his best play, and, until work has destroyed the disposition to play, it is there that he will always seek it. In the mind of the healthy man and woman, as in the mind of the healthy boy and girl, play and society will be inseparable thoughts and things. The moment that work has so far abused a man that he loses the impulse to play, that moment his love of society is lost. So I advise all those who find themselves averse to going into society, to go until they like it, as they will be sure to do, so soon as the mischief which work has wrought shall have been remedied.

Lonely walking, unless among new scenery, cannot be play, except in peculiar conditions of the mind. Routine walking, in order to be play, should always be social walking. It takes two pairs of ears, at least, to enjoy the music of a waterfall, and two pairs of eyes to weigh the gold of a sunset with just appreciation.

To a great multitude, riding is, perhaps, the most delightful of out-door play. The man and woman who carry heavy burdens like to be carried. This love of being carried begins in the mother's arms, and is never outgrown. There is something in the passive exercise of riding, and even in the society of a horse, if one can get no better, that is eminently refreshing. I never despair of a man who really loves the society of an intelligent horse. A man who lives as a man should live, never outgrows his love of playthings, and he should

always have them. The little girl plays with her doll, the mother with her baby; the boy plays with his rocking-horse, the man with the living animal; and baby and horse are just as really playthings as doll and hobby.

Happy are ye who own horses, and love them and know how to use them; and happy will you all be when you get rich enough to own and keep one. In the meantime, let your imagination tell you of the horse which is to come. His color shall be bay—dark and glossy, like the throat of a wild pigeon; and his mane and tail shall be black and flowing. His pace, when you wish to be soothed, shall be as gentle as the motion of a yacht under easy sail; and, when you wish to be exhilarated, he shall fly like the wind. He shall draw you and yours over the smoothly gravelled roads, and learn to know and love his burden. He shall whinny for you in his stall, and inform you in his choicest forms of "horse-talk" that all your admiration of him is appreciated. You will speak pet phrases in his ear, your children shall caress him, and he shall catch their spirit and become playful like them and like you. You will tell him that he is very beautiful; that there is grandeur in the arch of his neck; that there is grace in all his action; and that it is not a sin for a horse to be proud. When, by intimate association with you, he shall become half human, you will make known to him the beautiful truth, that when you

were young God gave you ready and active limbs to play with, but now when work has tired them, He has given you a horse.

Every man, I say again, must determine what his play shall be. I say, *must* determine, because he only can judge what is play to him—what his taste selects, and what his nature calls for—and because there is a duty involved in the matter. To every man who has the power to spend a portion of his time in play, I say that you have no right to spoil yourself by refusing to play. You have no right to prostitute all the noble faculties of your soul, and the powers of your frame, to the offices of work—to become the things, the machines, of a calling. What you are to be careful about is, that your play be that which best relieves your labor, and best prepares you for it; that it do not degenerate into dissipation, nor tend in vicious directions; that, for the time, it drive work from your mind, and be recognized as one of its most grateful rewards.

There can be no radical reform in this matter until the popular mind shall more fully comprehend the intrinsic nature of work and its relations to life. The popular mind is enslaved, and needs emancipation. It is enslaved to the idea that life is work and that work is life; whereas work is but an instrument of life, to be held at arm's length, and used in such a way that there shall be no damaging reaction. During the hours of labor, the mind should bend to its faithful perform-

ance; but as soon as they are passed, it should rise out of work into a free and noble life. The Italian beggar, after obtaining enough for a dinner, contents himself, and gives himself up for the remainder of the day to music and macaroni. This, you say, is very stupid, and I think it is; but he is more sensible than the Broadway merchant or the Wall street broker whose whole soul is absorbed by work—who is in it all day, and who dreams of it all night. We need emancipation, if for nothing else than for the sake of a decent family-life. The slave of work becomes an inharmonious element in his own home-circle. It is pitiful to see the thousands scattered all over the country, who, through insane devotion to business, have ceased to be husbands and fathers; who have no part in the family-life but to furnish funds for its maintenance; and who are only treated respectfully by wives and children because they are crabbed and sour, or because they carry the key of the family treasury.

We need emancipation, and the tendency to it is happily evident. It is evident in the more general circulation and entertainment of sound and rational ideas; evident in the growing love of literature and art; evident in the increasing attention directed to physical culture and game and sports. These facts relate peculiarly, perhaps, to the literary and mercantile classes; but there is abundant evidence of approaching emancipation to the tiller of the soil, the artisan, and the

operative. The effect of labor-saving machinery must ultimately be to reduce the hours of labor, as it has already mitigated its severity. The work of a day will be crowded into a smaller space; and so soon as our people can learn that gold is not the highest good, and that man is something better than a beast of burden, we shall throw off the shackles which now make our callings our masters, and which reduce our life to one long, unmitigated bondage to work.

I now pass to the relations of work and play to the health and happiness of the race. Use is the condition of health in all the human faculties and functions. We have seen that it is the condition of development; and health is naturally implied in the same condition. When a plant grows strongly and thriftily, it is in its healthiest state: so, when the faculties of the mind and the powers of the body thrive the best, are they naturally the healthiest. Happiness depends also upon the same condition; for a complete human organism, in process of full, healthy development must be happy, or, in other words, consciously harmonious. Work and play, then, do not stop at development as their direct result to the individual, but they make him healthy, and they make him happy so far as happiness depends upon the harmonious movements of his complicated nature. Utter idleness is but another name for utter misery. As a symmetrical development depends upon the use, in work and play, of all the human faculties, so

also do health and happiness. I do not believe the world can furnish a man who has for any length of time been entirely absorbed in the duties of a calling, and is, at the same time, healthy and happy. It is impossible in the nature of things that he should be so.

Here we arrive at a point of importance. Neither development, nor health, nor happiness can be secured, in their full degree, unless the mind be animated by a purpose to secure an object in which it is interested. There must be a glad consent of the mind to the efforts of its life, or use will be nothing better than slavery. Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot. For the accomplishment of this purpose, work is the instrument; to its accomplishment, play is only indirectly, though essentially, tributary. There must be a tendency of the life, starting from an intelligently apprehended purpose, to certain ends or certain results, before everything in a man—before all things in a man—can move harmoniously. Now the mind of no healthy and sound man can gladly consent to a life of slavery to a calling. It revolts from such a life; and play comes in here, not only as an agent in development, but as a mental relief and a mental reward. If a few hours of work purchase and secure a few hours of play, then is the work sweetened as an exercise, and rewarded as a finished performance.

In this philosophy we shall find at least one of the

causes of the discontent and the not unfrequent disaster that attend retirement from business. No man in the possession of his faculties can actually retire from business and be happy. The moment a life loses its purpose, and seeks for its sole enjoyment in play, and the neglect of the use of its powers, that moment it loses its happiness. It matters nothing how rich a man may be: the moment those purposes of life are gone to which the work of his life has been devoted, he will become miserable, provided he have any power left for the fulfilment of a purpose. Your memory will recall many a man who has retired from business only to die, or to become a melancholy invalid. So long as a man retains his faculties, and his control of them, he must remain in harness if he would be happy. He must possess and pursue a purpose, or bid farewell to the zest of life. Here is where the greedy multitude of money-makers make wreck of themselves. They deny to themselves play while the work of their life is in progress, in order to have a few years of play, or uninterrupted ease, at the end of it. When their money is made, they find themselves spoiled for play, and having accomplished their purposes, life is utterly spoiled for them. The truth is that play, for the man and woman, was never intended to be a steady dish, but the condiment of a steady dish. Play is to be taken every day, or never. The moment that the purposes of life are accomplished, play has lost not only its power, but its

significance; and a man who has really retired from all business is practically dead.

Independence and self-respect are essential to happiness, and these are never to be attained together without work. It is impossible that a man shall be a drone, and go through life without a purpose which contemplates worthy results, and, at the same time, maintain his self-respect. No idle man, however rich he may be, can feel the genuine independence of him who honestly and manfully earns his daily bread. The idle man stands outside of God's plan, outside of the ordained scheme of things; and the truest self-respect, the noblest independence, and the most genuine dignity, are not to be found there. The man who does his part in life, who pursues a worthy end, and who takes care of himself, is the happy man. There is a great deal of cant afloat about the dignity of labor, uttered mostly, perhaps, by those persons who know little about it experimentally; but labor has a dignity which attaches to little else that is human.

To labor rightly and earnestly is to walk in the golden track that leads to God. It is to adopt the regimen of manhood and womanhood. It is to come into sympathy with the great struggle of humanity toward perfection. It is to adopt the fellowship of all the great and good the world has ever known.

I suppose that all God's purposes in work and play are fulfilled in the completion of the discipline of the

worker,—and the results of work are doubtless laid under tribute for this end; but man's direct purposes culminate in the achievement of ends relating to society, institutions, material necessities, art, literature, and the varied objects of human pursuit.

It is in achievement that work throws off all its repulsive features, and assumes the form and functions of an angel. Before her, like a dissolving scene, the forest fades, with its wild beasts and its wild men, and under her hand smiling villages rise among the hills and on the plains, and yellow harvests spread the fields with gold. The city, with its docks and warehouses, and churches and palaces, springs at her bidding into being. The trackless ocean mirrors her tireless pinions as she ransacks the climes for the food of commerce, or flames with the torches of her steam-sped messengers. She binds states and marts and capitals together with bars of iron, that thunder with the ceaseless rush of life and trade. She pictures all scenes of beauty on canvas, and carves all forms of excellence in marble. Into huge libraries she pours the wealth of countless precious lives. She erects beautiful and convenient homes for men and women to dwell in, and weaves the fibres which nature prepares into fabrics for their covering and comfort. She rears great civilizations that run like mountain-ranges through the level centuries, their summits sleeping among the clouds, or still flaming with the fire that fills them, or looming grandly in the purple

haze of history. Nature furnishes material, and work fashions it. By the hand of art, work selects, and moulds, and modifies, and re-combines that which it finds, and gives utterance and being to those compositions of matter and of thought which build for man a new world, with special adaptation to his desires, tastes, and necessities. Man's record upon this wild world is the record of work, and of work alone.

Work explores the secrets of the universe, and brings back those contributions which make up the sum of human knowledge. It counts the ribs of the mountains, and feels the pulses of the sea, and traces the foot-paths of the stars, and calls the animals of the forest and the birds of the air and the flowers of the field by name. It summons horses of fire and chariots of fire from heaven, and makes them the bearers of its thought. It plunders the tombs of dead nationalities, and weaves living histories from the shreds it finds. It seeks out and sets in order the secrets of the soil, and divides to every plant its food. It builds and binds into unity great philosophies, along which run the life and thought of ages. It embalms the life of nations in literatures, in whose crypts are scattered seeds of thought that only need the light to spread into harvests of bread for living generations.

How wonderful a being is man, when viewed in the light of his achievements! It is in the record of these that we find the evidence of his power and the creden-

tials of his glory. Into the results of work each generation pours its life; and as these results grow in excellence, with broader forms and richer tints and nobler meanings, they become the indexes of the world's progress. We estimate the life of a generation by what it does; and the results of its work stand out in advance of its successor, to show it what it can do, and to show it what it must do, to reach a finer consummation. Thus the results of work become the most powerful stimulus of the worker. They inspire emulation; they instruct in mode and style; they feed perennially the springs of ambition.

Great, however, as these achievements are, they derive their peculiar significance from the fact that they are necessarily and forever less than their author. Work being the ordained means of development to the worker, must always, by an immutable law, leave him higher than his achievement. Never was a worthy work accomplished, above which the worker did not stand with the feeling that by his work he had been fitted for something higher. Every generation that has stepped from its sphere of labor into the shadowy beyond, has walked forth with the results of its work beneath its feet. He who hath builded the house hath more honor than the house. Thus work, in its results, lifts each generation in the world's progress from step to step, shortening the ladder upon which the angels ascend and descend, and climbing by ever brighter and broader gradations toward

the ultimate perfection. A new and more glorious gift of power compensates for each worthy expenditure, so that it is by work that man carves his way to that measure of power which will fit him for his destiny, and leave him nearest God.

Among the results of work, we shall find for play, too, a compensating ministry. Work wins the appetite for play, and provides the multiplied means for it. It buys and mans a yacht for play. It purchases a horse for play, and drives him before its door, and gives it the ribbons. It opens houses to the incoming of friends, and carpets floors for them, and fills their ears with music and their mouths with delicacies. Play plays for work, and work works for play. Play assists work by ministering to its delight, and keeping its machinery in order, and work supplies play with implements for its grateful service.

There remains to be presented another thought relating to the ultimate results of Work and Play. Development and discipline have been seen to be their immediate object. What is the object of the development and the discipline? For what purpose must you and I play in boyhood, and then work through a life-time, bringing all our powers under the control of will, bending our whole being to the accomplishment of a purpose, till every faculty moves harmoniously with every other faculty? Why is man fitted by his work to do something higher than his work, and to lie down in the dust

at last, capable of a greater deed than he has ever performed? Why is it, that, great as the record of man upon the earth is, it must be forever unworthy of man, and convey but a hint of his power?

I am not a preacher, nor is this an occasion for preaching; but this is a Christian congregation, which claims from me the noblest view of this subject—the key to its whole meaning. You and I believe that man is immortal, and your knowledge of yourselves will readily bring you to the admission that an immortality of rest must be, beyond all conception, horrible—more repulsive, in fact, than an immortality of work. The mind that ceases to act without an object, must forever feed upon itself. If I am taught anything by the intimate association and the mutual relations of work and play in this sphere of being, it is, that a period will arrive when they will be blended in one; when out of rectified conditions, and purified dispositions, and rationally apprehended schemes and objects of good, impulses will rise to spur the will and all the faculties trained under it into an eternal play that will be essential work, and an eternal work that will be essential play.

Thus introduced to the object and the meaning of this development and discipline, what wondrous music do the din and discord of business become! How magnificent the thought that, running parallel, or intertwining, with our own limited purposes, and even our careless play, there is a limitless divine purpose threading each

object and achievement, and passing infinitely on into the unseen! Hammer away! thou sturdy smith, at that bar of iron, for thou art bravely forging thy own destiny! Weave on in glad content, industrious worker of the mill, for thou art weaving cloth of gold, though thou mark not its lustre! Plough and plant, and rear and reap, ye tillers of the soil, for those brown acres of yours are pregnant with nobler fruitage than that which hung in Eden. Let Commerce fearlessly send out her ships, for there is a haven where they will arrive at last, with freighted wealth below, and flying streamers above, and jubilant crews between! Working well for the minor good and the chief good of life, and wisely making play tributary to your ends, you shall all win your way to the great consummation I have indicated, and find in your hands the golden key that will open for you the riddle of your history.

COST AND COMPENSATION.

THE law of compensation, as it is generally held and expounded, is a law of circumstances. Over against every defect in a man's constitution, over against every flaw in his condition, over against every weakness in his character, there is set some compensating excellenoe which rounds him into wholeness. Mr. Emerson, in his exposition of this law, declares that no man ever had a defect which was not made useful to him somewhere—a comfortable suggestion to that limited number of fortunate persons who have defects!

In the general view of this law, man would seem to be not unlike those gum-elastic heads which amuse our children. A pressure on the cheeks is accompanied by a compensatory thickening of the lips. Bear down the bump of reverence, and up comes the bump of benevolence. Squeeze hard across the temples, and hold closely in the back of the head, and we have Sir Walter Scott. There is compensation for every squeeze in some new protrusion. The head assumes new forms and expressions, but it is never smaller. So, in this philoso-

phy, a man may have any number of defects, but the measure of his manhood is not reduced by them. Indeed, his defects are the measure of his excellences.

Now I do not propose to quarrel with this philosophy, which, I may say in passing, covers not only man in his constitution, but man in all his belongings ; for there *is* some truth, or half-truth, in it. It opens a field of observation and thought that will well repay exploration, though the only practical result that can be reached is contentment with the constitution of things and the allotments of life ; and even this is not a mean prize.

I propose to leave this aspect of the law, for one which has relation directly to life and its motive forces. Cost is the father and compensation is the mother of progress ; and I propose to treat of them as they relate to the grand ends, enterprises, and activities of life.

Exchange, for mutual benefit, is the basis of all trade —it is itself all legitimate trade. The man who does a day's work for me exchanges that work for my money, and we are mutually benefited. He would rather have my money than save his labor. I would rather have his labor than save my money. The story of the two Yankee boys who were shut in a room together, and made twenty-five cents a-piece by swapping jack-knives before they came out, is entirely rational and probable. It is very likely that each found his advantage in his new possession. A merchant in Illinois has wheat which he exchanges with a New York jobber for hardware. The

exchange is made at the market value, and is nominally an even one, but, in reality, each finds advantages in it, and each makes money by it. When the business of a nation is in a healthy condition, all men thrive through the means of exchanges of values that are nominally equal.

As a rule of business intercourse, we pay for what we get, dollar for dollar, and pound for pound. Every material good which man produces has its price, and can be procured for its price. Except this price be paid, it can only be procured by begging or stealing—through shame or sin. Everything costs something; and most of the meannesses of the world are perpetrated in various ingenious attempts to get something for nothing, or for an inadequate price.

The history of a dollar has been written, I believe, and it would certainly be interesting to follow any dollar through the endless concatenation of exchanges, and see how it relieves and enriches every hand it touches. I pay a dollar, for instance, for a bushel of potatoes, and the green-grocer pays it to the gardener, who pays it, we will say, to the coal-dealer, who pays it to the mining company, who pays it to the miner, who pays it to the draper for a shirt, who pays it to the manufacturer, who pays it to the cotton-factor, who pays it to the Southern shipper, who pays it to the Southern planter, who pays it to his—no—I believe he doesn't. My illustration is not entirely happy, I see; but, after all, it is the only

one that will give me a stopping-place. Everything a man parts with is the cost of something. Everything he receives is the compensation for something.

This, as between man and man, in all business intercourse whatsoever. Now, between man and nature there is precisely the same relation. Man, as his own proprietor, understands it, and God understands it as the proprietor of nature. God has commissioned nature to pay for everything that man does for her—imposed upon her this law, indeed, which she never disobeys. To man, He says by many voices: "I have given you all the air you can breathe, all the water you can use, and all the earth you can cultivate; I have given you the ministry of the rain and the dew, and the light of the sun and moon and stars, and spread over you the beauty of the heavens; I have given you brains to design and muscles to labor. These are essentials—these are necessary capital for commencing life's business—these are common and free; but if you want anything else—and you do want everything else—you must work for it—pay for it in labor or its equivalent. You are at liberty to exchange what you have worked for, for that which your neighbor has worked for; but, between you, you must work for what you get."

And here is where we find the basis of all the values by which we regulate our exchanges. Labor—the expenditure of vital effort in some form—is the measure, nay, it is the maker, of values. A pearl will sell for just

as much more than a potato as it will cost of human effort to obtain it. Gold is not so useful a metal as iron. Iron can be put to ten uses where gold can only be put to one; but gold is ten thousand times as valuable as iron, and mainly because it costs ten thousand times as much labor to obtain it from the earth.

Expenditure—Compensation: these are the great motions of the world. We are all the time pouring our life into the earth, and the earth is all the time pouring its life back into us. Her great storehouse of treasure is filled for those who will pay for it. Douglas Jerrold said that in Australia it is only necessary to tickle the earth with a hoe to make her laugh with a harvest. That I suppose is when she meets the first settler, and is particularly glad to see him; but she soon gets over her extreme good nature, and insists on rigid business dealing. In New England she is severe, but she is true. There is not a spot of all her sterile soil that will not fairly compensate those who put their life into it. The meanest white-birch swamp only asks for drainage and tillage, and it will pay bountifully in bread. Culture, fertilization, exploration—these are the conditions upon which the earth yields up her treasures to man—and she never fails to pay back all that she receives. The trapper, in his pursuit of furs, travels far and wide, and exercises all his skill and cunning; and he brings back that which pays him for his expenditure. The fisherman throws his net or his hook in all waters, and the sea

faithfully rewards his quest. The gold-hunter digs into the side of the mountain, and, when he has probed far enough, he reaches the chamber where Nature sits behind her crystal counter, and deals out the yellow ingots. The sweat of the human brow, wherever it falls, dissolves the bars by which nature holds her treasures from human hands.

Thus we find in fellow-dealing, and in all our search for material good among the resources of nature, this law—that everything costs, and everything pays; that if we make an intelligent expenditure, under essential conditions intelligently apprehended and fulfilled, we receive full compensation in the kind of good which we seek. And this law is not a special one. It is universal, and throws its girdle around everything desirable to the human soul. We give and get, and only get by giving. All the good we win, we win by sacrifice.

There are certain essentials to the soul's life, as there are to the body's life, which God bestows in common upon all the race—necessary spiritual capital on which to set up business. It is as if God had said: "I have given you love for your hearts, senses to yield you pleasure while they do you service, joy in living, aspirations, ambitions, hopes; but if you want anything more than these—and you do want everything that you can appropriate in all my universe—you must pay for it by an expenditure of yourself or your possessions. If you want learning, you must work for it. If you

desire to reproduce, or embody, that which is within you in any form of art, you must make great sacrifices for it. If you would make high acquisitions in spiritual and moral excellence, you must pay, measure for measure, for all you obtain. There is not a single good in my realm—not yours in common with all your race—not embraced in your original capital—that can be secured without a sacrifice that corresponds to, and in some degree measures, its value; and there is not a good in my realm that will not reward, and does not wait to reward, your expenditures."

Now, what are the treasures that a man holds in his hands, exchangeable for the better wealth?

First, Time. Our life is limited. The average life of men does not exceed forty years; and threescore years and ten measure, except in rare instances, the farthest limit of active life. This matter of time, as one of our articles of exchange, is a very important one. Under ordinary and prevalent circumstances, it is a pleasant thing to live, and, it being a pleasant thing to live, it is a pleasant thing to have leisure—that is, to have nothing which shall so occupy our time as to interfere with the simple enjoyment of living. When, therefore, we are called out of our leisure into labor, we go, if our leisure is comfortable or happy, with a sense of real sacrifice.

Again, time is of great value to us, because so much of it is required for those activities whose aim is the

sustenance and protection of the bodily life. The amount of time required for the acquisition of the means of bodily subsistence is very great; and to this must be added all that is necessary for bodily rest and refreshment. A man whose period of active life stretches on to fifty years—say from twenty to seventy—laboring ten hours a day, sleeping and resting and idling ten hours, and spending two hours in eating, dressing, bathing, etc., has just two hours left out of the twenty-four which are at his disposal. These amount to four years and a fraction in fifty, without reckoning the Sabbaths—but, as the average of active life is really not more than twenty-five years, and we are only after a general result, we will let the Sabbaths go, and say that every man has four years of time, as a treasure to be disposed of for whatever the soul may choose to purchase.

Let us remember that we are making a liberal estimate. There are great multitudes of men—aye, and women too—perhaps more women than men—who, even in an active life of fifty years, do not have two years of time at their disposal; who work and eat and sleep throughout the whole period, and then die with absolutely no time with which to purchase that higher good for which they were made. It will be seen, therefore, that time, as one of our disposable treasures, is not measured by the duration of life at all. Divide the number of years we live by ten, and the quotient will give us

more than the average of time in our possession, for conversion into the higher grades of good.

The second treasure which a man holds for exchange is Vitality. "No man," says Peter Bayne, "has more than a certain force allotted him by nature. It may be greater or less; but it is measured, and it cannot be expended twice." Every man, I suppose, arrives at adult years with a definite stock of vital power on hand. Before he dies, that stock is all to be expended. It may all be expended in bodily labor, or a portion of it only. It may be expended in a struggle against disease. It may be expended in the illicit gratification of the senses. It may be wasted in the digestion of unnecessary food. Or, it may be expended mainly in the acquisition of intellectual, moral, and spiritual wealth. Like time, much of it must be used in obtaining food and clothing and shelter for the body; but there is a remnant left to be applied by the power of the will to the purchase of that good which is the highest wealth of life and character.

The third treasure is Ease. Beyond the simple pleasure of living, and beyond the passive reception of pleasure through the senses, ease is, and always has been, regarded as a treasure. Men often work through many weary years to obtain it. Labor is not a thing which men love for itself. Men love that which pleasantly engages the activities of body and mind; but that is essentially play. Work is something which both

body and mind are driven to. The will is obliged to apply its determining and motive power, before either body or mind will undertake that which is essentially a task. To many men, of fine powers, the ease of those powers is the most grateful and precious of all their treasures, and the one which they are the most unwilling to sacrifice for the higher good which only its surrender can win. The fairest picture of heaven itself, to some souls, is that which represents it as the home of ease. But this treasure must go with the others, as a part of the price of spiritual and all superior good.

There is another treasure, harder than all the rest to surrender, without which the whole payment is vitiated; and this is the Will, with all its self-love and pride. There is nothing more precious to a man than his will; there is nothing which he relinquishes with so much reluctance. The natural desire of every man is to follow the dictates of his own will, unhindered. Obedience is not easy, until it is adopted as the rule of life. If we had no authority but human experience, it would be safe to say that an obedient and childlike spirit is absolutely essential, not only to the acquisition but to the reception of the highest good. A man must come under the laws of his being, and bow to the laws and conditions of all being—he must place his own will in harmony with the Supreme will—before it will be possible for him even to receive the highest good God has to bestow.

I might enumerate other treasures which every man

holds for exchange, but you see the drift of the argument, and can fill out the inventory.

These, then, are our treasures—our stock; and now let us examine some of the ways by which, as individuals, communities, and nations, men win compensation for their expenditures.

And first, let me state the proposition which I hope with some degree of clearness to illustrate in this lecture, viz., that no expenditure of the treasures I have enumerated can ever be made, with earnest truthfulness of purpose, without securing compensation in some form, at some time. Let us understand that there are before every one of us two hoards of treasure—one held by God, the other by man—mutually exchangeable, and that this law of exchange, or this law of compensation for expenditure, is instituted from eternity, and has no suspension and no flaw. Let me present this treasure which God holds for us under the figure of a massive golden vase, filled to the brim with water—a vase that can neither be dipped from nor drawn from, but that overflows to the hand that drops its treasure into it—overflows to that hand always, and overflows to no other hand.

In our consideration of this subject, we shall find that cost and compensation are of two kinds; that they are separable into two departments, each governed by independent laws. In one, compensation is directly sought, for personal advantage. In the other, moved

by the power of love, we expend our treasure without hope of personal advantage, and receive it without the seeking. The instinct of infancy is to grasp and appropriate something to build itself up with. It blindly reaches out toward everything its senses apprehend, and fixes its grapple upon evil as greedily as upon good. This impulse, directed with increasing intelligence, follows us throughout the infancy of our being. We work for a direct reward. The hardest trial we have, in the education of children, is to induce them to study when they are unable to see and appreciate the reward which that study will secure. Daily practice of the scales upon a musical instrument, drill in the rudiments of a foreign language—these are tasks which a child tires of, because it does not distinctly apprehend, or does not value, their reward. Set the child to learning a tune, or trying a bit of translation, and the reward for work is so near, and so distinctly apprehended, and so much valued, that it labors with efficiency and enthusiasm.

Grown-up children betray the same characteristic, and it is not to be found fault with. It is the ordination of nature that we shall be something before we can do something—that we shall win something before we can have anything to bestow. We are to be fed, developed, endowed, before we are fitted for ministry; and we must seek directly for those rewards which give us food, development, and endowment.

The second motive of action proceeds from within rather than from without. The personal reward is unsought for, but it never fails. When a man moves under the law of love, he is unselfish, and loses all thought of reward. He has ceased for the time to appropriate, and becomes a dispenser. His life is voluntarily transformed into a channel through which the divine beneficence flows into the world. That which he has won of the higher good becomes generative, and makes manifestation. But here, as elsewhere, he must expend his private treasures; and for this expenditure there is always payment. He must expend time, ease and vitality, and money, perhaps—one of the forms in which all these treasures are preserved. Does the meadow that bears one of God's broad rivers on its bosom get no reward from the river? By bearing the burden of the hills, it is greener than they. Any man who becomes the channel of a divine good, sucks into his own being the juices of that good. Indeed, the reward for unselfish service is better than any other, because the quality of the sacrifice is finer.

And here let me say that there is no such thing in the world—that there never was, and never can be, any such thing in the world—as charity—something given for nothing. There may be abundant charity in the motive—that is, sacrifice may be made from motives of love, or pity, or sympathy, or mercy, without

wish or expectation of reward; but this expenditure is subject to the highest grade of compensation. There is no letting up of this law for any motive. Expend, and the compensation comes. One motive is the complement and resolution of the other. They fly wing-and-wing throughout the universe. The operation of the law is like that of those old country-wells which we knew in our childhood. While we empty one of their two buckets, the other is filling: it is impossible that one should be emptied without the other being filled, and equally impossible that one should be filled without the other being emptied.

In the first of these two departments of compensation we need to linger but a moment. Precisely as we dig in the ground for gold, or wash the sand for gems, or sound the sea for pearls—precisely as we cultivate the field to obtain those fruits which feed us, or operate the mill to make those fabrics which clothe us, do we seek for that higher good which supplies and endows our higher life. The recorded wisdom of the world is in our libraries; the truth of God is in our Bibles. We know just where labor will win, moment by moment, full compensation. We know what sacrifices will win wisdom, learning, culture. We know what we must give of time, ease, and vitality, for every excellence in art. We know how much of sensual pleasure and how much of will we must relinquish to acquire spiritual elevation and purity; and we know

that, in all these cases, these sacrifices will procure the exact measure of compensation which we seek. We know, furthermore, that there is not a power or possession with which we seek to endow ourselves, which is to be procured in any way but by these specific sacrifices. It is said that there is no royal road to learning. It may be said with equal truth that there is no royal road to anything desirable. Genius enjoys no immunities. The bird flies faster than the fox runs; but the bird must use his wings or the fox will catch it. God gives us arms and hands, but he does not give us strength and dexterity. These have a price, and we must work with our hands and work with our arms, or we cannot have strength and dexterity. He gives us brains, but he does not give us learning, or wisdom, or power of easy expression, or strength and skill in intellectual labor. All these must be purchased, and all these are a sufficient reward for what we give for them.

We turn to the other department, and find our most direct way to its illustration through an appeal to universal human experience. We find no statistics ready for us. No careful plodder has ever been over the ground, and collected the facts which show that for every unselfish deed of good the doer has received a grand reward; and The Master keeps no accounts that are open to our inspection. Every man, however, who hears me will testify to this: that he never fed a beg-

gar, or ministered to a helpless or suffering fellow-man, or made a sacrifice for the public good, without a return which more than paid him for his expenditure.

It is not necessary that I should point out the modes in which good comes to a man, as a compensation for unselfish sacrifice. It is enough for me to say that no man ever made this sacrifice without feeling abundantly paid for it.

Still, let us illustrate the point. I choose for this purpose true marriage and happy maternity. In the surrender of her name, her destiny, her life, herself, to her husband, a woman realizes the reception of a blessing greater than she believes it in her power to bestow; for true love is always humble in the presence of its object. This surrender is entire, and glad as it is entire; and the moment it is made, she finds that she is worth more to herself, as the possession of another, than she was when she was her own. And this wife becoming a mother, gives her life to her children. The freshness fades from her brow, the roses fall from her cheeks, the violets in her eyes drop their dew, and her frame loses its elasticity; but in these children and their precious love, she has a reward for every sacrifice, so great that sacrifice becomes a pleasant habit, and ministry the passion of her life. She expends, under the motive power of love, all her treasures of time, ease, vitality, and will, and feels pouring back into her heart, through numberless unsuspected avenues,

such largess of blessing as overflows her with a sense of grateful satisfaction. Does that Christian lover of his kind who spends his life in hospitals and prisons, in ministry to human need and human suffering, have smaller pay? Has he who gives himself for his country, even if he fall in the front of battle, meaner compensation? Ask him, and hear his noble answer: "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." Does he who gives himself in service to the Great Master, even though he die the martyr's death of fire, have a smaller reward? Love is one. It moves to one tune; it works by one law; it leads to one issue.

And now I come to the consideration of this law of compensation as it relates to social communities. Society has material interests and treasures, and society is high or low, good or bad, progressive in culture and goodness or retrograde, refined or coarse, polite or vulgar, as it sacrifices these interests and treasures for social food and social wealth. When we reach the consideration of associated men, we come to institutions. Those who are Christians associate themselves together, and form a church. They build a house of worship, and engage the ministry of a preacher. They start a Sunday-school, and institute all the machinery necessary for securing the best Christian results. Society establishes and supports schools for the education of the young of all classes, purchases libraries for the people, forms lecture associations, establishes institutions for

the relief of the poor, and institutes a multitude of agencies for the general good.

Now, while there is a certain number of persons in all society, who must sacrifice time, ease, and vitality, directly, for the purpose of elevating its life, the great majority are called upon to sacrifice little more than money; but money itself, as I have already incidentally stated, is an article in which time, ease, and vitality are embodied and hoarded. Some men inherit in money the hoarded lives of many men, and so have much power. Time, ease, and vitality are converted into money, so that a given amount of money represents a day's labor. If my friend, who has a special gift for doing the work of society, spends a day in that work, he sacrifices no more than I do, who give, to forward his objects, as much money as he would earn in that time. Money is a grand, indispensable requisite for all the operations for social improvement. Churches and schools cannot be built and supported without money, and it is a beneficent ordination of Providence that the results of labor can be accumulated and embodied in a form so available for social purposes.

There are three forms in which reward comes for all expenditures made for the higher interests of society. The first is material, and perfectly appreciable by minds actuated mainly by material motives. The Great Rewarder has provided a payment for social sacrifices which the most selfish man can appreciate and appro-

priate. If a man makes a sacrifice for society, he can, with a common share of brains, see that he gets his money back, so that he may regard his sacrifice as an investment.

Let us, for illustration, suppose the existence of a little city of ten thousand inhabitants, without a church, or a school-house, or a library, or a lyceum, or any institution of any kind for the moral, intellectual, and social culture of the people. Let us suppose this city to be rich in material good, and in facilities and opportunities for augmenting it. Would property be safe in such a city? Would vice be under control there? Would men be industrious there? Would it possess the best elements of prosperity and security? What things, in all the world, would add most to the value of real and personal property in such a city? Would there be a man among its ten thousand—no matter how vile or mean his personal character might be—who could find a better investment for his money than by paying his share toward building five churches and ten school-houses, and endowing a public library and lyceum? Such an investment as this would double the actual market value of all the property of the city. No man there could afford to place his money at simple interest while such an investment waited to be made. Any man who permits institutions like these to go begging, in a city which contains his property, convicts himself of business incompetency. All these institutions bring with

them a positive, money-producing and money-preserving power. They are stimulants of industry, foes to all wasteful vices, bonds of harmony among jarring material interests; nay, they are absolute essentials to a safe, steady, and reliable prosperity. It is not necessary that a man should be benevolent to give money for the establishment and support of these institutions. It is simply necessary that he have the instincts and the foresight of an ordinary man of business.

The second form in which reward comes for social sacrifice is higher and better than this; and there are very few minds that cannot appreciate this, and even appropriate it. There are things in the world which cannot be eaten, or worn, or handled, that have a money-value. When a man pays out half a dollar for a dinner, he buys that which he knows to be necessary to his life. A dinner is one of the things that he must have. When he pays out half a dollar for cigars, he pays for that which is not necessary to him, but which, through habit, has become so desirable, perhaps, that he really wins more satisfaction from his expenditure than he did from that which procured his dinner. Here, you see, is a money-value attached to a satisfaction which stands outside the pale of utility. If he pays half a dollar for the privilege of listening to a concert, he concedes that music, or the satisfaction it gives him, has an actual money-value. If he gives half a dollar to hear a lecture, he declares by his act that the satisfaction, or

inspiration, or instruction which the lecture yields him is worth half a dollar in money. If he pays a hundred dollars a year for the purpose of hearing a preacher, he recognizes a money-value in preaching, considered with direct reference to himself and his family. There is, then, an actual and well recognized money-value in the satisfactions and acquisitions which come to society immediately through its institutions. We pay out our money, and we get for it a kind of good which we cannot re-convert into money, but which we recognize as worth the money it costs us in the market. Indeed, the value which we attach to this good is measured by the dollars it costs far more than we are generally aware. We talk about free churches, and free schools, and free libraries; but if these were all free—free as air, or water, everywhere—society would be impoverished by them. People do not prize a blessing which costs them nothing, nor care for an institution whose burdens they do not feel. If all these institutions, which do such service for society, should be placed where they would cost society nothing, they would die of inanition.

I have thus discovered to you two distinct and independently competent rewards for all that is expended in the establishment of social institutions. The first is a return in kind, of dollars and cents: a community is actually and demonstrably worth more money after having sacrificed generously for the ordinary institutions of Christian society, than it was before. The second is a

reward, in money-value, of the good which these institutions were established to secure, in their direct and immediate result: it is a reward which society feels that it is profited by accepting in place of its money. Yet there is a third reward, not much considered in the expenditure, greater and better than these.

Society, by intelligent sacrifice, not only wins a reward in material good and passing intellectual and spiritual satisfaction, but it builds up for itself a character and a culture, which increase its value to itself and the world. Society grows rich in social wealth, as its sources of satisfaction are multiplied and deepened, and its power and influence are extended. The more society pays wisely for its higher good, the more capacity it has for the reception, enjoyment, and dissemination of that good. Let us, for illustration, take two men, representatives of classes. One is a man of wealth, who hoards his money, or spends it stingily or selfishly. The other is one who spends freely of his means, for the culture of his brain and his heart. The sole satisfaction of one is in accumulating and keeping money. The other delights in intellectual pursuits, in the gratification of his tastes, in the exercise and culture of his religious nature, in all those things which inspire, feed, satisfy, and build up that which is his manhood. Tell me, which of these two men is of the more value to himself? Plainly he who possesses the best and the largest number of sources of satisfaction. If these two men could possibly exchange

places with each other, the miser would make an infinite gain, and the man would make an infinite loss. The man is worth more to himself than the miser, because his sources of satisfaction are better, are more varied and numerous, are perfectly reliable, are inalienable, and are constantly deepening and extending. What is true of an individual is true of society. Society becomes rich in power, rich in sources of satisfaction, rich in character, rich in influence, and of value to itself and the world, according to the amount of its sacrifices for those institutions on whose prosperity the progress of society mainly depends. There can never be good society without good social institutions, and there can be no good social institutions without sacrifice.

I ask you to look at this largess of recompense—this threefold reward, touching and enriching every interest, and then be mean in any expenditure for social good if you can.

Thus far in this discussion, even when treating society as an organic, independent entity, I have spoken of this law mainly as it applies to the individual life of men. There is a broader view of the law, remaining to be presented; and this covers its relation to the national life. The painter who composes a picture that is to cover a broad canvas, paints a small one first, which he calls "a study"; the architect who designs a cathedral, draws it first upon a small scale: and both painter and architect do this that they may keep their masses of detail within

limits which the eye can embrace at a glance. We, too, shall find it for our advantage, before undertaking to get a view of a nation as a grand, organic life, to study some smaller kindred life—such, for instance, as we may find in a great city.

A great city is a huge living creature, with life and breath and motives, and power and pride and destiny. Its being is just as distinct as that of a man. If we could be lifted above it, and obtain, not a bird's-eye view, but a God's-eye view of it, we should see its arteries throbbing with the majestic currents of life, pushed out from its centre to its remotest circumference, and returning through a multitude of avenues; fleets of winged messengers and ministers hanging and fluttering upon its wave-washed borders like a fringe; breath of steam and smoke rising from its lungs; food received by cargoes, and offal discharged by countless hidden estuaries into the all-hiding and all-purifying sea; grand forces of animal life and grander forces of art and nature harnessed to ceaseless service; couriers of fire flashing forth on their way to other cities, or returning from them with freights of life and treasure at their heels; and, over all, a robe of august architectural beauty, broidered with the thoughts of the ages, and garnished with the greenery of parks and lawns. And this body, embracing all the varieties of human and animal life, and all the matter and material forces whose form and movement are apparent to the eye, is a living

organism, and has a soul. Descending into it, we shall find it the subject of laws which it makes, and laws which it does not make. We shall find it a network of interests, with congeries of interests, acting and reacting upon one another. We shall find it with a moral character and a moral influence. We shall find it with a heart, will, and culture, peculiarities of disposition and genius and taste, just as distinct among the great cities of the world as those of a great man among the great men of the world. What a contrast of individuality and character do the two words London and Paris suggest! Light and darkness convey ideas hardly more diverse. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati—how distinct the individuality which each of these words represents to us! Bring before your imagination six great men, and you shall not find them more different in all that goes to make their characteristic manhood, than these cities are in all that constitutes their individuality. They are, I have no doubt, in the eye of God, organic creations, made up of an aggregate of humanity and human powers, peculiarities, and possessions, which have an interest, as such, independent of the individuals which compose them. They have interests that over-ride personal interests, subordinating the man to the city, and a life and development of their own.

It is said that the particles in the human body are changed every seven years. This can almost be said

of a city, regarding men and women as the constituent units. Certainly these units are changed every generation, but still the city lives. A man falls dead upon the sidewalk, or dies quietly in his bed. Does the city feel it? His funeral will make part of the life of to-morrow. A few tears around a bier, a few clods upon a grave, a little family draped in black, and new life rushes to fill the place made vacant by his departure! Day brings its roar and night its rest, and there is no pause; there is not even a shudder at the extinction of a life. Twenty generations will pass away, and the great city which we see to-day will be greater still. The giant will be more gigantic, though not a life remains that even remembers the life of to-day.

Thus, in this picture of a city, we have the study for a picture of a nation. I use the word nation, because a nation in healthful life cannot be considered apart from the country which is its dwelling-place, and because the word brings us closer to humanity than the word country.

Take this study now—so small that we can measure it and comprehend its details with a glance of the eye and spread it upon the canvas. We have here a Colossus, the constituent units of which are men, certainly, but men in cities, men in villages, men in townships, counties, States. Here is a grand organic being, with a range of life reaching through long millen-

niums; with a character and a manifestation of life peculiar to itself, and just as different from the other nations of the world as London is different from Paris, or Boston from New York, or Henry Clay from Daniel Webster, or Abraham Lincoln from Jefferson Davis. As we look down upon it, we find navigable rivers and lines of railroad and canal taking the place of streets; continental stretches of coast haunted by sail and steam, instead of wharves and harbor bustle; universal production and transportation in place of limited trade; instead of wreathed smoke, the breath of climates, drawn in in storms, and expired in mists that drape the sky with the glory of the clouds; and, shaming into insignificance the sorry piles of brick and stone which we call architecture, grand mountain-ranges, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;" fertile valleys that hold within their broad bosoms milk for a continent; vast forests that bury their feet in the mould of uncounted centuries; lakes that glow alone like gems, or stretch across a continent their chain of silver; and scattered over all, informing all, making its mark upon all, appropriating all, a vast organized human life. This is the nation—body, and soul, and belongings. This is the grandest organized life that the world knows. The life of hundreds of millions is swallowed up in this life. It draws into itself the blood of a thousand generations, and tinctures that blood with its own quality —gives it its own law. What makes a man an Eng-

lishman?—birth in England? What constitutes an American?—generation under a Western sky? Why is a Frenchman a Frenchman?—because he drew his first breath in France? Nay. These men are not born into England, America, and France, so much as these countries are born into these men. This great, all-subordinating national life begets and bears its own; so that, meet whom you may where you may, you shall find his national mark upon him, and all over him, and all through him—coloring his skin, characterizing his frame, tinting his eyes, and, in the large view, determining the character of his mental constitution. Climate, food, institutions, pursuits, religion—all contribute to make him what he is.

Now, this great creature which we call a nation—one of the gigantic units in God's universe—which, in its aggregate of influences, colors and characterizes the individual life of which it is composed, is, in turn, colored and characterized by that life. Its action is the expression of the sum of individual motives, and its character the sum of individual character. The sum of all Americans makes America, and America makes Americans what they are.

We shall find that a nation's constitution and law of life are at least fairly illustrated by those of the individual man. A nation has grand material interests; and it may become mean and miserly like a man. It has lusts and passions, and it may commit all crimes to

gratify its greed for power and its passion for glory. It may be so fond of ease that it will permit its liberties to be stolen from it. It may have a will so stubborn and unreasonable that it will sacrifice for its gratification, peace and prosperity, in quarrels with other nations. It may have the vice of pride, so that it will take offence at every fancied insult, and be haughty and insolent in all its intercourse. It may be under the control of the lowest grade of motives; and, on the other hand, it may bow loyally to the highest. It may hold wealth subordinate and subsidiary to those institutions and policies which tend to popular competence and comfort. It may sacrifice its passion for power to national comity, and the desire for the peace and the good-will of the world. It may subordinate its love of ease to the vigilant guardianship and defence of its rights. It may give up its will and its pride for the security of its peace and prosperity, or from higher motives of Christian principle.

In the case of a nation, as in that of a man, an inferior possession is to be sacrificed as the price of a superior good, and this superior good can be had at this price, and cannot be had without it. Whatever of true glory has been won by any nation of the earth; whatever great advance has been made by any nation in that which constitutes a high Christian civilization, has been always at the cost of sacrifice—has cost the price marked upon it in God's inventory of national good.

Now, what are the items in this divine schedule?

I will name some of them; and first, freedom—freedom of person and pursuit, freedom of thought and worship, freedom of expression by type and tongue. Where freedom is wanting, the highest national good is wanting, for it is not only a good in itself, but it is the condition of all other national good. Without it, there is nothing in national life that is not base. After the freedom of the citizen, intelligence and virtue; then good, competent, Christian rulers, selected because they are competent and Christian, and because they secure justice and humanity in the administration of law, and purity in office. Then peace and security, without which no national possession, high or low, is valuable. And with security and peace and a Christian administration of law, a studied and consistent policy which shall encourage all that is desirable in morals, education, literature, and art. Then fraternal concord, and harmony of sections and interests. I do not need to mention a humane, honorable, and Christian character, for it is alike the source and sequence of all this desiderated good. Still less do I need to mention patriotism—the warm and devoted love of all the nation's children for their government and their fatherland; for such a nation as this must be made of patriots, who glory in their national name, and who are willing to sacrifice everything to that which is truly national glory.

All the good which has been named, and all that is related to it, or associated with it, has a price; and this

price must be paid, or the good cannot be secured. Glance with me, for a moment, at one or two points of our early national history, that we may have convenient illustration. Look at that little band of pilgrims that planted their feet on Plymouth Rock, two centuries and a half ago. Watch them throughout the trials of that first winter, when half of them laid down their lives; and watch them still through all their subsequent struggles with the native tribes. See them winning their bread by the hardest, lodging in rude cabins, and ground almost into the earth by small economies, and, at the same time, planting schoolhouses and building churches. Mark how every act of their lives was a sacrifice—how every foundation stone of this national temple of ours was laid in sacrifice. Mark, further, how whole generations of associated colonial life built in sacrifice upon these foundations, cementing the whole structure with sweat and tears and blood. Did it pay? I do not ask now whether it paid them. That question has already been disposed of. Regarding the nation as an organic individual, I ask whether these sacrifices secured any commensurate national good? Was it a wise and profitable investment on the part of the nation? There is but one answer to this question.

If there is one fact that shines out with unquestioned radiance from the history of all time, it is, that by the pangs of that mother-period—as necessary, as

unavoidable, as the pangs of human birth—was the fairest nation born that Time counts among her children. All down these two long centuries has the nation been reaping in joy what then she sowed in tears. There was not a hardship endured, not a drop of blood shed, not a life laid down, in vain. There was not one sacrifice for principle, not one unselfish effort for the general good, not one treasure of time, or ease, or vitality surrendered, that miscarried of its purpose.

Still later came those sacrifices that won our national independence. Independence was a good that had a price, and a heavy price it proved to be. Those brave, enduring, patient three millions paid it. Seven years of war, for what? What was a little tax on tea? What mattered the stamp on paper? It did not amount to much—not a thousandth part as much as a war would cost. Ah! but a principle was involved. Here was taxation without representation—tribute demanded, and a voice in the government and even respectful petitions denied—and this was oppression. Popular rights were not only unrecognized, but trampled upon. The colonies which had already sacrificed much to establish their life as colonies, determined to be independent of a power that abused them, and bent themselves patiently to the task of paying the price which their independence would cost them. Seven years of war! Seven years of blood, of hardship, of crippled prosperity, ending in total financial wreck;

seven years of weeping and watching, of scanty food and scantier clothing; seven years of anxiety and difference in the public councils, and of quarrels with public servants, even the spotless Washington being accused of the grossest political crimes; seven years of vigilance against the intrigues of tories, who worked in the interest of the enemy, and clamored for peace; seven years of what seemed to the observing nations of the world to be the hopeless struggle of a colonial handful with the most gigantic military and naval power of the earth.

The end finally came. The price was all paid to the last drop of blood and the last tear—to the last hardship and heart-ache; and the coveted boon was won. From this long struggle the nation rose a bankrupt in everything but that one prize it had sacrificed every material good to obtain. It was independent, and had its destiny in its own hands. Was the new possession worth its cost? Let the history of the last century answer. We have grown from three to more than fifty millions. Never in the history of the world has a nation had such enormous growth, or such marvellous prosperity. The oppressed of all nations have found an asylum with us. It is no idle boast, but sober fact, that we stand to-day, as a nation, without a rival in the world in general intelligence, morality, and material resources.

The American nation developed in its symmetry from the point of its independence. Colonial life was child-

hood; independent life was manhood. If we, for a moment, suppose that this price had not been paid, we shall get a suggestion of the measure of good we should miss. It would reduce our fifty millions to ten, and make a Canada of our magnificent empire. Time would fail me to indicate the variety of good which the nation has received from the sacrifices of the Revolution, and imagination could not compass the amount. It is enough that none can deny that the reward for these sacrifices has been unspeakably munificent.

These illustrations are two, among the thousands furnished by the history of the world. I choose them because they need no treatment. You are familiar with all the facts, and these facts teach us that this law of cost and compensation, beginning, as we have seen, in the life of the individual man, runs up through all the social and civil organizations and institutions of men; that all those treasures which a nation holds dearest—its freedom, unity, independence, peace, security, prosperity, character, and position—have their price in the free sacrifice of inferior good; that those treasures are not only won at a cost, but kept at a cost; and that no national sacrifice can possibly be made, in the right spirit, for high ends, that does not, by an immutable law of God, procure a grand reward.

Give and get; sacrifice and win; expend and grow rich; minister and be helped—this is the lesson of our lecture; and it is a lesson necessary to be learned before

the first step can be taken in individual, social, and national progress. For our own good, God puts us on a business footing with Himself; and he is the only reliable paymaster. Do not be deceived by appearances. If payment does not come at once, in return for a sacrifice, it is because you have only paid an instalment. Italy paid for her unity in instalments. Rome has made one instalment of the price for her liberty. When the price is all paid, she will have it. Hungary has paid one instalment. Wait until she pays another, and another, and perhaps still another, and we shall learn, at last, the price of her independence.

As I come to my closing page, I cannot choose but think of him whom the nation loved—the pure, the wise, the gentle, the true—stricken from his high place by the hand of the assassin—every man's father, brother, and friend—the sweetest, noblest, costliest sacrifice ever laid upon the altar of freedom. I cannot choose but think of half a million of men who, alive a few years ago, sleep in the soldier's grave to-day. They perished, some of them, beneath the fiery crest of battle, some of them after the wave had passed, and only the stars saw and pitied them, some of them in hospitals, some in ambulances, some of them in the sea—all of them for their country and its holy cause, with a patriotic enthusiasm that rose to a sublime faith in their country's future, and a prophecy of its permanent glory and peace. I see, too, a million women draped in black

—mothers, daughters, sisters, wives, lovers, of those who have given their lives to the great cause. There is mourning in the land—mourning all over the land. Not a battle was fought that did not shake the nation's breast with one great sob of sorrow. I see a great sacrifice of treasure—time, industry, money, vitality, ease—more than I can compute; more, indeed, than will ever be computed. I see a long period of taxation for ourselves and our children; but I see beyond all these, piled quietly against a golden sky, mountains of compensation, bright with the hues of a glorious peace, and holding within their purple bosoms treasures for the endowment of all the coming generations of men.

ART AND LIFE.

PRIMITIVE art must have been as humble, and its character as simple, as the life from which it sprang and to which it ministered. It was the creature of rude utility, having relation only to man's material necessities—to the dressing and keeping of a garden, and the stitching of fig-leaves. It was entirely natural and rational that Jabal, Adah's first-born, should be the father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle, and that her later son, Jubal, should be the father of such as handle the harp and organ; though I doubt not that Tubal-Cain wrought brass and iron, and was a favorite in the family for a good many years before Jubal effected much in instrumental music.

It may be presumed that the arts necessary for securing food and raiment and shelter were those which had first development. They lay nearest the outreaching life of a new race. They were born of the natural, animal want to which they ministered. They were the first things on which the instinct of self-preservation laid its hand. Ideas were an aftergrowth, and their ex-

pression in sound, and form, and color, and language, an after-fact. When Jubal played his first tune, he opened the golden gate to a new realm. Music was a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore. In this first expression of the soul, high art had its birth. The art which had preceded it had its origin and end in the material; high art began and ended in the spiritual; and this latter development is so exalted above the former, that we make the generic title specific, and call it ART.

I propose to address you upon art and life—art as the expression of life, and life as the end of art. My first proposition is, that God and his creation, or God and nature, are the first facts in all life and all art. Nature is the expression of God's self and of God's life; legitimate art is the expression of that which is godlike in man and in man's life. I only need to assume, what you will all admit, that man is God's child, bearing His image, and partaking of His essence, to show that the expression of himself and of his life, when both are in their normal estate, must necessarily be after the order of nature and in the style of nature. If that which is greatest and best in man be like God, then that which is greatest and best in art must be like nature. It is from this fact, and from no other fact, that nature becomes in some respects a standard by which to test the forms and qualities of art; that is, of the highest art, which is essential creation.

To develop my idea of art in its higher manifestations, I begin at its lower. God expresses an idea in a beautiful landscape; man, admiring it, expresses himself by painting its picture. God makes a man of bone and brawn and blood; man imitates the form as closely as he may in marble. God builds a forest, and man repeats the sweep of its arches and the lines of its tracery in cathedrals. In the rolling thunder and the hoarse cataract, God speaks to man with audible voice, and writes his thoughts in woods and mountain-ranges, and stars and grass and flowers. So man speaks his thoughts to men by audible sounds and visible signs. God makes instruments of music, and His great life plays through them. The sounding shore, the gurgling brook, the roaring storm, the plashing waterfall—beasts, birds, and insects—weave their separate melodies into august harmonies. Man, too, makes instruments of music, and breathes through them the melodies and the harmonies of his life.

So far, man expresses the life in him through his faculty of imitation. He simply takes in from nature, and gives out what he receives. Nature is his nurse and his teacher. She speaks, and he faintly and imperfectly repeats her words. At this point, what we call talent in man stops; beyond this point talent never goes. It may flutter and mount with many a graceful gyration, but it cannot surpass it. Genius may imitate, and even in imitation show its divinity; but it goes

alone into the higher realms of art. Genius only can create and compose. Nature may educate and correct genius; but its expression is the expression of a life unborrowed from nature—a life instituted, informed, and inspired by God Himself. If genius lays nature under tribute, it is for materials—not inspiration. It chooses from nature, and moulds to its will; it assimilates nature to itself, and then utters it as its own expression. Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature. Genius acts from the centre to the circumference, as a power of creation and order; talent gathers from the circumference, and utters only what it gathers. Genius originates ideas and invents forms; talent adopts ideas and imitates forms. Talent is instructed; genius is inspired.

My second proposition is, that nature, which is an expression of God's life, is not an end in itself, but is addressed to life, and has its end in life. The whole structure of the universe—the blue expanse above our heads, the sun, the moon, the constellations, the atmosphere which invests us, the great ocean, trackless, fathomless, boundless; all of inanimate nature that we see—is utterly without significance and without value, save as it relates to life—the life to which it ministers and from which it proceeds. Not only inorganic but organic nature, in all its subordinate forms, relates to a life above and beyond itself. The earth feeds the grass, and the grass feeds the ox, and the ox feeds the

animal life of man, and the animal life of man serves the higher life of the human soul. We find life rejoicing in every element of nature—swimming in the sea, flying through the air, and rejoicing on the land. Even the old rocks of far-retired ages are records of the great fact that they were that life might be; and they even now bow their Titan shoulders, with patience and purpose, to sustain the burden of that which lives in the sunlight above them.

There is not an atom of matter, not a form of beauty and grace, not a star in heaven nor a flower on the earth, not a rill that cleaves the sod nor a sea that chafes the shore, that does not appeal to life for the justification of its existence.

Thus God becomes transitive through nature, into life. There is no such thing in nature as beauty for beauty's sake; all beauty is for man's sake. The procession of the seasons, the phenomena of revolution and change, all the magnificent machinery operative in the natural world, are the ministry of the life of God to the life of men. We drink that life from these cups. When I take a flower into my hand, and mark its wonderful beauty of form and color, and inhale its fragrance, I know that it is a thought of God expressed to me, and that one end of its value is upheld by God's thought and the other end by mine—that, save as the expression of one life, and the apprehension and appropriation of another life, conjoined, it is as valueless as utter nothing.

Upon this basis I rest my third proposition, and from this I propose to develop the lesson of the hour. This proposition is, that art is not an end in itself, and that it cannot be justified, save as it ministers to a life beyond itself. In other terms, art intransitive, without an object, is a monster, illegitimate in its origin and unjustifiable in its existence. A work of art, in any department of creation and composition, that has no ministry, is either a thing utterly without value, or a thing of discord and mischief. It is not enough that art be true to nature, for nature is not an end—it is a means. It is not enough that the artist be true to himself, for he is not the end of art. It is not enough that he be true to art, which simply means being true to certain conventional ideas and arbitrary rules, for art is not the end of itself. Art has a mission to life, and can only be true art when true to life through a well-administered purpose. The question which every true artist will ask himself before he undertake expression will be, "What have I, in me, as the development of my life, which is susceptible of embodiment, and which I can embody, in a form of art that shall minister to the growth or the wealth of other life?"

Thus I take the standard of art out of the hand of the artist, out of the hand of art, and out of the hand of nature, and place it in the hand of life, and bid the artist be true to that. He is not to bow to art, for art is his servant. He is not to bow to nature, for nature is

God's servant. He is not to bow to himself, for he is life's servant. He is to bow to life—that to which he owes service—that which is necessary to give to art the slightest significance and value.

The question of ultimate purpose becomes, then, the very first question in all sound and rational criticism. Primarily to be settled is the question of intent upon one side of a work of art, and of legitimate or actual effect upon the other. If the intent and the effect both be good, then the existence of the work is justified, and the work itself may be approached critically from both sides;—from both sides, I say, for the life of the author and the life of the age or the people that he addresses, furnish the only standpoints from which a work of art may legitimately be criticised. The justification of a work of art existing only in its intent and effect, criticism may only decide whether the intent have its best possible embodiment in the work—whether the work embrace perfectly the artist's idea, and whether the end secured be the highest to be secured by the idea. Thus, if these principles are genuine, are laid aside the arbitrary rules of the schools, the notions and conventionalisms of a pestiferous dilettanti, the tests and standards born of the usages of the masters; and the very soul and substance of criticism is brought within the compass of a nutshell, and the comprehension of all.

To illustrate: we find spread over our heads a canopy of blue. If, for the nonce, we assume the interpreta-

tion of the purposes of the Creator, this color was selected through the reach of His contrivance to present to the eye a soft and pleasant tint to meet its outlook into space. This sky is a work of nature, marvellously beautiful. The intent is good; the end is good; and its existence is justified. Now let us approach this work as critics. We are now ready to ask whether blue, of all the colors of the spectrum, is the best to paint a sky with—whether blue, of all those colors, is the most agreeable to the eye when looking into space, or whether some other color, or combination of colors, would be better. If we can prove that some other color would be better for this purpose, then we can prove that the work, as a work of nature, is imperfect. But no: we say that it is the embodiment of God's best thought, in God's best way, for the best achievement of a great and good purpose, relating to the life of His children. This conclusion would, of course, follow the critical examination of every other work of nature with which we are acquainted. And this is my key not only to all art but to all criticism.

I have exhibited these principles, as the ground of my justification in declaring the prevalent ideas of art to be mainly a mass of crude conceits and inconsistent notions. I have exhibited them, that the people may assume for themselves a rational judgment of art, and enter upon a domain from which they have hitherto been excluded—upon which they have not even pre-

sumed to enter. Hitherto, this domain has been the domain of mystery. Art itself looms upon the popular apprehension as a phantom—a great, shadowy, sublime something, into whose presence only a favored few may come; into whose counsels and secrets only the world's *élite* may be admitted. It cannot be approached through any of the ordinary channels of knowledge. Science, laden with the spoils of nature's arcana, stops embarrassed before this phantom, and bows and retires. Philosophy confronts it with boldness and determination, only to see it vanish into the impalpable and the incomprehensible. Wisdom, that has gathered into its storehouse the wealth of all lands and all languages, may not even give it good-morrow without betraying the accent of the unsophisticated. Only those whose eyes have been anointed may see; only those whose ears have been touched may hear; only the mind that has been miraculously quickened may conceive the marvels of a world the brightest glories of which found their birth in the inspirations of paganism, and were addressed to an age of sensuality and shame.

Homage to the old, the useless, and the arbitrary, is the price of that which is called the artistic sense. At the shrine of this absurd trinity, Christian manhood, truth, and purity must kneel with votive offerings. On its altar must they sacrifice their first-born sense of the tasteful and truthful, in order to procure

a vision of that which is inscrutable to natural eyes, and a love of that which appeals to no natural appetite or aptitude. So true is this that the conviction is almost universal that artistic sense, or artistic taste, is a thing never inborn, but always acquired—that it is itself a thing of art, or something which proceeds from art. The multitude acknowledge that they know nothing of art. They see an old painting that they would hesitate to give a dollar for at an auction-shop, sold for a hundred guineas—"a phantom of delight" to critics and connoisseurs—and they shake their heads in profound self-distrust. They see a select few go into raptures over the long-drawn, dreary iterations and reiterations of a symphony, and confess that they know nothing of music. They read a literary performance which stirs and inspires them—which elevates and enlarges them—which fills them with delight and satisfaction; and are shocked and chagrined to learn, at the end of the month, by the shrewd critic of the review, that they have been so vulgar as to be pleased with something that tramples upon every rule of art.

So the people sit down, and heave the sigh of humble despair. Art is something beyond them—something above them. It is high; they cannot attain unto it. It is profound; they may not fathom it. Now this idea of art, as it is held alike by the initiated and the uninitiated, has its birth in distrust of the great truth that art is alike without meaning and without

value save as it ministers to life by direct purpose; the great truth that all true art is but a life-bearer from him who utters to him who receives. Art, as I have said before, is not an end in itself; and the only reason why art has done no more for the civilization and exaltation of mankind is that artists, and the self-constituted arbiters of art, have hedged it in from the life of mankind. They actually put a work of art under ban which bears a mission to life, for the reason that it bears a mission. In their view, a work of art is actually prostituted by the burden of a mission. If a lesson of life is to be conveyed, they would let the schoolmaster and parson bear it. It must not profane the backs of the dapper gentlemen who do the sublime and beautiful for them. The art-critic of to-day contemns and derides a work which has any intent in it beyond the satisfaction of the critical judgment of himself and his precious fraternity.

You will readily apprehend, from this train of reasoning and remark, the ground of my claim that the people —the great world of hungry life—are the only competent judges of art. They recognize, know, and love the hand that feeds them—the hand that ministers to their wants; and they are the grand court of final judgment on all art and its authors. No artist ever won an immortality that was worth the winning, that he did not win from the people, by a ministry through direct purpose to the life of the people. This is no new doc-

trine, even if it be not commonly accepted. "The light of the public square will test its value," said Michel Angelo to the young sculptor whose work he was examining; confessing, master of masters as he was, his own incompetence to decide whether it should be immortal.

You will remember that fifteen or twenty years ago two musical artists—players upon the same instrument—visited this country respectively to make a professional tour. One was the pet of the musical critics; and he was undoubtedly more thoroughly versed in the technicalities and intricacies of his art, and possessed more of manual facility, than his rival. We were told that he was true to his art—truer by far than his competitor—and that the latter was a charlatan and a trickster. Well, this charlatan breathed out upon the people the life that was in him—the very pathos and passion of his soul; and the people drank it, and were blest. One of these artists was a man of talent and education; the other, a man of genius and inspiration. Vieuxtemps returned across the Atlantic, chagrined and disgusted; Ole Bull remained to win the admiration and the plaudits of a continent.

Every year or two the musical critics are exercised with ecstacy by the miraculous performances—the runs and roulades, the trills and tricks—of some imported contralto or soprano, and bemoan the low state of art that hinders them from winning attention to that which

they miscall art; but when a pure and generous life, a noble womanhood, a soul of strength and sweetness—gushing with life in every expression, and sympathetic with life in every fibre—breathes through the lips of Jenny Lind, the people drink the nectar with greedy lips, till it overflows in tears. The immortality of Grecian art sprang from its truth to the highest life of its time, and of its ministry to that life. The Christian art of later centuries addressed also the highest life that lived, and the highest department of that life. The entire artist-life of Raphael was devoted to feeding the highest religious life of his country and his age. Hardly a picture of this master remains that was not born of religious inspiration, and intended to reproduce in the beholder the exaltation out of which it proceeded. Raphael is immortal. The people did not ask then, and they do not ask now, what were the characteristics of his school—whether this or that master modified the development of his genius—whether he learned this thing of one and that thing of another. They know that he gave his most exalted life to them embodied in forms of art; that those forms enter into their life, elevating their conceptions and exalting their sensibilities, and that they have received a blessing.

For the illustration of my position, I have dwelt thus far among the confines, the suburbs, of art. I have spoken only of that which resides in sound and form and color. Music may be divine, but its living

is its dying. It gushes, and is drunk up by the thirsty silences. It bursts in blooming harmony, and the whole flower is at once exhaled. The great song that entranced the ears of the simple shepherds of Bethlehem went back into heaven with the vocal host. The literal sentence was saved, but the pearls that glorified the sacred string were returned to their casket. All that is material perishes. Pigments fade, canvas decays, and marble crumbles. The long path of art is strewn with ruins. Thus the great aggregate of life that in the ages gone has sought embodiment in form and color will waste away, age after age, until only hollow names remain, to be read as we read the names on gravestones set over life and beauty turned to dust. It is only words that live, immortal representatives of everything evolved by the processes of thought, the experiences of life, and the operations of the imagination. The temple of art is built of words. Painting and sculpture and music are but the blazon of its windows, borrowing all their significance from the light, and suggestive only of the temple's uses.

To me, words are a mystery and a marvel. There is no point where man so nearly touches God as in creation by words. There is no point where art so nearly touches nature as when it appears in the form of words. What are these words? They are the very nothing out of which God spoke creation into being. "Let there be light," said the Creator; and

there was light. It came of those words; and it comes of ours as well. He spoke to perception; we speak to imagination. We pronounce the word light, and the imagination sees the atmosphere flooded with sunshine. We pronounce the word night, and straight the sky is studded with stars. Words paint the flower beyond the faculty and facility of the pencil. Words weave and wind the very harmonies of heaven. There is nothing that man knows, there is nothing that the heart has felt, there is nothing that the imagination can conceive, that may not, and does not, find in words its highest revelation. Ah! this is impalpable, invisible, plastic nihility —this formless mother of forms—this vitalized nothingness—this matrix of all being—words! When the artist works with these, he works with that by which God made the universe; and there is no genuine embodiment of the highest life of man which passes so directly into the life of other men as that which takes the form of words. The pencil and the chisel are but clumsy things by the side of the pen—the choicest and noblest of all instruments ever placed in human fingers.

In sculpture and picture, man speaks to man by signs, to which the receiver of the utterance is unaccustomed. Into those channels of expression the popular life does not flow; but words are familiar—the dies in which all daily life and thought are fashioned. Through words, life flows freely and exactly into life. Picture and sculpture are fixed and formal, and strive

to make us understand them by attitude and expressive dumb-show. Words are vocal and vital, active and flexible, and enter the door of our perception whether we will or no. Words, in short, are not only the highest representatives of thought and life, but they are the representatives, the sources, the expounders, and the preservers of all that is highest in picture and sculpture.

I approach this field of art with profound interest, for the first book upon which I lay my hand is the Bible. In this book God condescends to speak to men in words. Even He must come to this. The burning stars, the everlasting hills, the infinite sea, forests and streams and flowers—all his sublime sculpture and infinitely varied picture, even when informed with vitality and instinct with action—are not sufficient for His purpose,—not sufficient for His self-expression, and not sufficient for our satisfaction. He comes to convey to us something more of His life than He can convey through nature. He comes to us with a mission. Now, I ask, will He be simply didactic, or will He convey His life to us through forms of art. If we examine the volume critically, we shall find that He embodies all His highest truth in these forms. The life He would convey is moulded into the form of human life, endowed with the spirit and the motives of humanity, and then passed over to us. He does not say in two words, "be patient," but He builds the trial and triumph of Job into an exqui-

site form of art; and Ruth inculcates the lesson of filial love and duty in the sweetest pastoral that lives in language. He does not read to us dry lessons of morality, but he gives those lessons vitality in parables, in which "a certain man" is made to live what He would have us learn. The sweet singer of Israel pours out his life to us in Psalms—divine life breathed into him, and breathed through him—and we drink in that life to feed the springs of our devotion. On the wings of exaltation and adoration furnished by the art of the Psalms, the praise and the thanksgiving of Christendom rise to heaven.

I ask myself, why this huge volume of poems and allegories, and songs and narratives, and parables and pastorals? Why this waste of type and paper? Why all this wonderfully varied machinery for the conveyance of a definite number of simple and sublime truths? Why this exhibition of the same truths in wonderfully varied forms? I find the answer, and I find it only, in my theory of the mission of art; and I claim the Bible as a divine recognition of the fact that art is the ordained vehicle for the conveyance of that which is divine in the life of man to the life of men.

True art is that which is true in life, organized in the idea, in its relations to human motives—abstract truth, assimilated to life, and thus made food for life. Abstract truth is no better fitted to feed the soul's life than the abstract elements which enter into the composition

of the body are fitted to feed the bodily life. Chemistry will tell me all the elements contained in the food I eat; but if I take my food at the hand of chemistry, I shall die. Vitality must organize these elements, and then my vitality will feed upon them. So, if my soul try to live on abstract truth, it will starve. I cannot take my spiritual food from the hand of spiritual chemistry. It must be organized for me by a vital process—it must be lived in fact or in idea—before it can come into healthful relation to my spiritual vitality. I cannot take even God Himself until He is manifested to me in human life.

Thus, this book of books is a depository of the highest truth, all assimilated to life by the processes of art. Out of this exhaustless magazine of all that is divine in human life do the nations of Christendom draw their food. Forth from this has sprung our civilization. Out of this germinal mass have grown and will grow all good institutions; and by it is human life to be wholly regenerated. We find in this book that when God works in the field of art, He works precisely as He does in that of nature—with direct reference to life. He never makes art an end of itself. As in nature, so in revelation, there is no such thing as beauty for beauty's sake; all beauty is for man's sake. Every form of art contained in the Bible is but a vehicle for the conveyance of divine humanity to a life that needs it.

But we leave the Bible, and take up a humbler volume

—a volume which I suppose the majority of literary men would conspire to place upon the lowest shelf of art, and open the pages of The Pilgrim's Progress. From my point of vision, you will see that as a work of art this book must be regarded as one of the most remarkable ever written by mortal pen. More truly than any uninspired book with which I am acquainted does it spring out of life, and answer the end of art—passing into other life. An illiterate tinker sits in Bedford jail, and embodies in an allegory his own religious life. In this allegory he gives his highest self-expression—organizes the truth that he has lived, for the nourishment of other life. It will be seen that the origin of the work is strictly legitimate, and that the intent is, beyond question, beneficent. What has been its effect? It has been the grateful food of millions. It has been translated into a multitude of languages, and will live immortally in the heart and life of Christendom. Yet Bunyan did not know what artistic sense meant. He was innocent of all knowledge of classical models; but he had something in him, knew what he wanted to do with it, invented the best possible way of doing it, and did it. Many of the greatest minds, though entangled by false theories of art, have not failed to recognize the angel in his pilgrim form, and have rendered him just tribute. When Southey and Cowper, Radcliffe and Franklin, Coleridge and Johnson, Jamieson and Macaulay, bring their offerings to such a shrine, the author may well spare the wor-

ship of smaller minds. I grant that, as a work of art, this great vehicle of Bunyan's life is roughly finished, but that may well be rough which comes from the hand of a giant.

We now come to the consideration of an acknowledged master—crowned by the critics and the people alike as the world's master. What is Shakspeare's secret? What was the material with which he wrought? Life—always life. In some, perhaps many, respects, he is indeed the world's master. More than any other man has he drunk in, assimilated and organized in forms of art the life of the world. The king and the courtier, the prince and the peasant, the fop and the fool; manhood and womanhood pure and simple and beautiful—manhood and womanhood black with impurity, passion, and craft; every form of life that came within the range of his far-sweeping vision—he appropriated to his uses. These he associated and informed with life and motive; and then he embodied in language the dramas which their life played in his wonderful brain. This is the life he has transmitted to us; and in it, and in it alone, resides his power over us. Bunyan and Shakspeare are very different; yet both are masters. Shakspeare was a highly vitalized medium through which the life of humanity passed into artistic organization for the use of other life; Bunyan was a medium hardly less vitalized, through which the divine life passed into form for the nourishment of the same life.

Though the field is tempting, the lack of time forbids the further illustration of this point. I cannot leave it, however, without recalling for a moment my proposition that the people are the true judges of art, and that all immortality worth the winning must be won from the people. All the critics in the world cannot kill the Bible. All that philosophy and science and learning can do to effect this object has been done; but it is stronger to-day than ever before, because the people find a life in it which they need, and which they can find nowhere else. I speak of the book now simply as a collection of works of art, without reference to its origin. Bunyan was immortal long before the critics of art found it out. Shakspeare would have been forgotten centuries ago if he had not had a ministry for the people. When the people will not come to the support of the critics—when they fail to find anything in a work of art which ministers to their growth and wealth—that work, in my judgment, is competently condemned. It answers no purpose in the earth. It has no apology for existence. A fictitious halo of glory may be thrown around it, and its author's name may descend to posterity in books, and a feeble and foolish dilettanti may make it the theme of encomium; but it is a dead thing, which must ultimately descend to a burial too profound for resurrection.

Although I have recognized with sufficient directness the popular want with relation to the ministry of art, I

have failed to consider that want distinctly in the light of a demand which has a place in the basis of my theory. I have stated, as a general fact, that no man wins immortality in art save by ministering to the life of the people; but I have not stated that the demand for life at the hand of the artist helps to fix—nay, independently of everything else, fixes—the province, and defines the mission, of art. In the whole range of nature, every want has placed over against it an appropriate source of satisfaction. If there be a well of water in the desert, and a crowd of thirsty Arabs around it, the office of that well is defined by that thirst. So if a town need bread, and there be only one man who can bake it, that man's province and mission are as well defined by that want, as by the power and skill he has within him. If such a man should say, "I have nothing to do with this want—I did not make it; I am to be true to the highest faculties I possess, and the glory of my trade; I will make patty-cakes and pastry; if the people will not buy these, the worse for them; as for ministering to this clamor of popular want, I will do no such thing"—I say that if such a man should say this, we should call him a fool or a madman—possibly worse names than these.

Now, in the consideration of this subject, I see before me two classes of men. One is comparatively small, but it is full of vitality, and rich with life. The other is large, and poor in these elements. The artists

are opulent; the people are in poverty, and in need of the overflowing life which the artists possess. I know that there is no way for the administration of this life save through forms of art. "Give us of your wealth," say the people; "give it to us in a vehicle by means of which we may be enabled to appropriate the whole of it, for we are poor, and in need of that of which you possess an abundance." When I see and hear this, and learn that this want can only be supplied by the artist, I am left in no doubt touching the character of his mission, and the direction of his duty.

Mark how this appetite for life is pronounced—this need of life declared. Mark how the newspaper has become the universal fireside companion—how its morning visit is as necessary for the satisfaction of a daily arising want, as the coffee and the rolls of the breakfast-table; and mark, too, how everything—marriages, deaths, and all—is read before the dry and didactic leader. Mark how the personalities of the press—kind or otherwise—are first devoured in the greedy appetite to get at the life of others. We may deplore this devotion to the newspaper, but it can neither be checked, nor diverted, until a better life can be drunk in from other sources. The newspaper is only fascinating and absorbing because it feeds better than the popularly available forms of art this demand for life.

Mark, too, the interest of old and wise men in the books written for children—books, by the way, the tru-

est to the mission of art of any to be found in our literature. I do but give voice to the common experience in the assertion that a first-class juvenile book is as interesting and as instructive to the mature mind as to the immature. The truths elucidated may be familiar—even trite; but the life in which they are cast ministers to this ever-open want, and confers a fresh vitality upon the truths themselves.

Rising into a higher range of literary art, we find almost the whole world engaged in novel-reading. Many of the wise and good shake their heads over it. Careful and conscientious parents place fiction under ban in their households. The pulpit fulminates against it, even if the church fail in terms to proscribe it. Signal instances of its sad effects upon the mind and the morals are portrayed in the issues of the Tract Society, but still the reading goes on; and from one to one hundred editions of every work find buyers and readers. If the novel is not read openly, it is read in secret; if not by sun-light, by gas-light; if not in the house, or under genial sanction, then in the barn, or under a green tree. Why all this swallowing of so much that is trash? Why this almost indiscriminate devotion to worth and worthlessness? Is this all from a debased or morbid appetite? By no means. You will find the high and the low all agreed upon a work of fiction from the pen of genuine genius, true to its mission. Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Stowe will have the most convenient shelf of the library

of him who reads "The Devil's Darning-Needle: a Tale of Love, Madness, and Suicide," as well as that of the man of high and chastened tastes.

Life! Life! This is the cry of the multitude—life, true and chaste and beautiful—life that shall nourish and enrich us, if we can get it, but life of some kind—life of any kind—rather than none. This great world of common life, bound to the work-bench, the farm, the counting-room, the four walls that enclose the domestic circle, the factory, the ceaseless routine of daily toil and care in every sphere, cries for the wealth of other life. It cannot go out, and gather life; so it eagerly grasps that which comes to it. It cannot mix in multitudes, and travel, and enter into varied society; so it must buy multitudes, and buy travel, and buy society, in books—so art must bring them into communion with life. This cry for life cannot be stifled. It can only be hushed by satisfaction. History, narrative, biography—all these—are laid under tribute in accordance with individual tastes for the supply of this want.

If you will go up and down this land, and, when you find him, place your hand upon the shoulder of the preacher who draws the largest audiences, has power over the greatest number of minds, and moulds and sways public sentiment more than any other, you will find him to be one who exhibits his truth organized in the form, and instinct with the breath, of life. You will not find him the expounder and the champion of a creed

—the retailer of second-hand dogmas, and ready-made rules and formulas, but the promulgator of a life—a life which he has in him, fed by every fountain that God and humanity open to him.

So I say that in the want of the world, no less than in the vital wealth of the artist—in the want of the world, no less than in the economy of God in creation and revelation—is the true mission of art defined. Never, until this mission shall be comprehended and practically entered upon, will art rise to be the power in the earth that it ought to be, and is destined to be. We mourn over the decadence of art in its Italian home. We lament the insignificant position that it has achieved in this country. We cross the seas, or go back to a dead literature, to gather from the old masters their secret. We strive to filch from a burnt-out life the light and inspiration which may only be invoked from a living present and a possible future. We look to decayed nationalities and effete civilizations for ideals and ideas upon which those very nationalities and civilizations have starved. We refer to the old models of thought and art with slavish deference to classic authority. We strive to cast the burning life, molten in Christian love, of this latter day of grace, into the old moulds of pagan art and literature—outgrown, outlived, and outlawed. We bow to the life behind us, and not to that within us and before us. We stand upon the mountain-tops of life, and peer down into the valleys for light.

Pray Heaven we may have no art in this country, until we can learn to be as true to the life within us and without us as those whom we have learned to call masters were true to their own life and that of their age! We have the same foundation to build upon that they had. We have a hundredfold richer materials than they had. Our civilization and institutions are purer and higher than theirs. Into all our life and thought have been infused the fertilizing influences of Christianity; and what shall prevent an unprecedented development of art save blind obedience to artificial standards, reared among the ancient schools, standing half way between us and chaos, rather than half way between us and the millennium?

I have repeatedly said that, save as art ministers directly to the life of the people, by definite purpose, it is illegitimate. I have nowhere said, directly, that the beautiful in art has a mission to life and a ministry for it; and this I wish to say here. I do not propose to speculate upon the nature of the beautiful, presuming that your minds are already sufficiently confused on that subject. Driving after practical truth, I go back to my first facts—to God and nature—to find the legitimate mission of beauty. Only in subordinate departments of nature do I find beauty a leading element, or a principal purpose. In a pansy, a daisy, and a rose, as in a wide sisterhood of flowers, I find no object consulted higher than the pleasure of vision, or

the excitement into activity of the sense of the beautiful; and when I find millions drinking in this beauty with exquisite pleasure, and see that it has a refining and harmonizing power upon their life, I conclude that beauty in nature, independently of all other elements and properties, has a mission from God to the life of men—that through it something of God's life passes into man's life.

I look upon a wheat-field, spread like a sheet of gold upon the hill-side, and as the shadows of the clouds chase each other over it, and it bends, and swells in soft undulations, to the will of the wandering wind, I say and feel that it is very beautiful. It moves me more than the rose that I hold in my hand; but I see at once that the beauty of the wheat-field is a subordinate element—that it is no more, in fact, than the glory, the efflorescence, of the element of fitness. It is eminently fit that that sheeted aggregation of plants which have sucked up from the soil, and, by vital elaboration, have prepared for my hand that which feeds my life, should be beautiful. The beautiful is a proper dress for that to appear in which is the very staff of my life.

I look out upon the ocean when the sun is bright and the wind is still; when spectral spars and sails flit along the edge of the horizon, and the sea-birds toss the sunshine from their wings in flakes of silver, and the surf gently kneels at the feet of the headland

where I stand, and bathes them with its tears, and wipes them with its flowing hair, and I say that it is all very beautiful: but this beauty is not what the ocean was made for. It is only the fitting garb of the infinite storehouse of waters from whence arise the clouds that spread the heavens with glory, and rejoice the earth with showers. It is only the proper physiognomy of the great and wide sea, which defines nationalities and races; upon whose bosom buoyant Commerce weaves the meshes of human interest, that bind clime to clime, and unite universal man in universal brotherhood.

With the lesson which these my first facts teach me, I come back to art; and if this be a legitimate lesson, drawn from the only legitimate source, I am prepared to tell exactly what the mission of beauty in art is. In art, as in nature, beauty has a subordinate mission. If art be simply the medium by which life is transported from those who are rich in gift and grace and goodness to those who are not equally rich, or not rich in identical wealth, the simple question to be settled is, whether beauty be the highest evolution of life on one side, and the greatest need of life upon the other. I assume that there can be but one answer to this question, and that beauty never is, and never can be, more than the shell of the highest art—the appropriate dress of vital values. I find beauty as the supreme end of art justified in nature, but only in min-

iature forms and limited instances. Always, as nature rises toward high ends and important issues, beauty ceases to be an element, and takes the subordinate position of a quality or property, with relations to that which is essential.

Now you will bear me witness that the slavery of art to beauty is universal. The aim of nine-tenths, at the least, of all the forms of art that have been uttered in the departments of picture, sculpture, and poetry, has been ministry to the sense of the beautiful. The voice of universal art is—beauty first and at any sacrifice; beauty exclusively if necessary. Beauty has been compelled to come in. If the palaces of thought would not furnish it, then the highways and hedges have been laid under compulsory tribute, while the highest end of art has been forced into the lowest seat, or thrust out of the house for lack of a becoming garment.

Thus has art been cheated out of its sinews and its soul. Thus has it failed, where it has flourished most luxuriantly, to preserve the life of nations from decay. Thus are we, in this country, drinking the breath and toying with the curls of beauty, and all the while wondering why, in an age far in advance of all its predecessors, in power, activity, civilization, culture, freedom, and positive goodness, art has made no greater progress. I only wonder that it has a name to live—that it has not utterly starved upon the husks which have

been its food. Thank God for the few great souls, scattered here and there, along the track of history, that were a law unto themselves, and revealed all the life that was in them, in such forms as that life naturally assumed.

I have been obliged by the limits of an effort like this to deal in broad generalities, and these relating entirely to the highest departments of art. I might profitably spend another hour in exhibiting the bearings of my theory upon the range of art that lies below my theme—upon that which is simply imitative and adaptive; but my pen respects your patience, and I will only add a few practical conclusions.

My first conclusion is, that there is, and can be, no such thing as a general standard of art and criticism, having relation to form and management. There is no such thing in nature. A horse is made for fleetness: so is a swallow; so is an antelope; so is a greyhound. An elephant is made for strength; so is an ox; so is a lion; so is a bull-dog. Suppose a critic of nature should set up his standard at the side of the horse, and insist that a swallow should have four legs, a greyhound hoofs, and an antelope a switch tail! Or suppose he should set it up at the side of the elephant, and insist on tusks for the ox, a trunk for the lion, and a greater show of ivory on the part of the bull-dog! We should all laugh at such a critic as this; yet a critic like this is just as ridiculous in the domain of art as in the

domain of nature. In nature, we always find the form of each creature exactly adapted to the life that is in it; and both life and form are adapted to their mission. Every creature of God is sent into the world to live a certain life, and do a certain thing, and is endowed with precisely that form which will best enable it to live that life, and do that thing. Forms, varying almost infinitely, combine the same elements. The greyhound and the swallow are fleet, yet one is borne upon feet and the other upon wings. Therefore I say that the life embodied in a form of art, and the mission to other life on which it is sent, must always determine and define that form, without regard to any arbitrary standard whatsoever—without regard to any other form in the universe of art. Therefore I say that a man who condemns a work of art because it is not like something else, does not know what he is talking about. Every work of art has in its centre a germinal idea, which has, in itself, a law of development, and this development cannot be cramped or interfered with in any way, without damage to the work. I know of no way by which such a work may be judged save the one I have already given to you. Does it embody the artist's idea in the best form for producing the effect at which he aims? That is the question, simply and solely. It has nothing to do with schools, precedents, authorities, and general rules whatever.

This leads me to another practical conclusion which

has, in substance, already been affirmed, viz., that you and I, and everybody who has brains and uses them, are competent judges of art, in the measure that we are competent judges of anything. If I display a picture, or unveil a statue, or read a poem or a story, or exhibit any form or creature of art to you, and you experience no thrill of delight, and drink in no thought that feeds in any way the life that is in you, so that you feel enriched by it, I declare that work of art to be competently condemned, notwithstanding a single connoisseur, judging by his arbitrary standard, may pronounce it a gem. So far as you and I are concerned, it is a failure, and so far as we represent the world, it is a failure before the world. There is nothing in it that we want; there is nothing that the world wants. In short, if there be nothing in a work of art save that which is addressed to the critical judgment of a few dawdlers and dilettanti, professional wine-tasters who cluster about the spigots of art—experts, who have no life that was not born of art, and no life out of art—then that work has no apology for existence, save the ignorance or the hallucination of its author.

Another and a most important practical conclusion is, that the life must be rich which produces art, or it will have no wealth to convey to other life. Many young persons—men and women—with genius in them, and with all the natural yearning of genius for self-expression, write books, and give them to the world only to be dis-

appointed, and to sink back into disgust with a public which is not capable, as they think, of appreciating them. But does not this stupid public appreciate Shakspeare and Milton? Ah! the trouble is that the public does appreciate them. They have nothing, and can have nothing, to give the world, and why should the world be grateful? They have only dealt with books and dreams. They have only become imperfectly prepared to live, themselves, and what have they to give to other life? The struggles, the sorrows, the patient toil, the collisions, the ten thousand polishing, chastening, softening, fertilizing, and strengthening influences which give them symmetry, power, knowledge of human motive, and sympathy with the universal human heart, are all unexperienced. I believe that the world, in the main, sooner or later, is just; and that it will weave a crown for every man and woman who by ministering to its life deserves it. I believe that every man who gives the results of a rich life to the public, in higher or humbler forms of art, will be recognized by the public—that the public will turn to him as one of the benign sources of its life; and this, not so much from a sense of justice, as from unthinking obedience to a natural law—the law that turns the infant's lips to its mother's bosom, and the dying saint to his Redeemer's promises.

And now for a practical conclusion of a more grateful character—the conclusion of this address. If I apprehend the signs of the times, in their true aspect,

a brighter day is dawning upon the world of art. In all departments of thought and life we are cutting loose from the old, and thinking and doing for ourselves, in obedience to the life within us, and with reference to the living realities of to-day. More and more distinctly pronounced is the call of the world for help, and more and more is that call respected; for the world of life is beginning to take judgment into its own hands. More and more is the patronage of art, in all its forms, passing from the hands of the church—from the hands of royalty and wealth and power—into the hands of the people. Less and less is art the servant of the great, and the pensioned glorifier of doughty names and doubtful institutions. Art has now to deal with the people more than ever before in the world's history. The critical middle-men bless and curse with less effect than formerly; and artists of every class will be compelled to give the world what it needs.

I believe both in the law and the fact of progress; and as life is more opulent now than ever before, so a higher art is possible now than has ever existed. I believe, too, that the ages which are to follow this will surpass our richness of life, and our possibilities of art, as they will transcend this and all preceding ages in expression. The art of to-day should embody the highest life of to-day for the use of to-day; for those who have gone before us need it not, and those who will come after us will have something better. The

art that now lies in glittering piles upon the shore of achievement was deposited by waves which started near the land, and found but insignificant spoils as they rolled in and burst upon the beach. Closely behind us press other billows, with mightier bosoms and loftier crests, surging in from farther climes and richer seas, with contributions that will shame our unproductive age.

I not only believe in progress, but in communion as its vital condition. It is the condition of progress in religious life, and it is the condition of progress in all life. Those who are great, and those who would be great, must serve. Those who would win for their names a wreath of glory, must expend their lives in ministry. The name that is above every name belongs to Him who communicated His whole life to the race. Universal progress is impossible, save as the barren many become partakers of the life of the fertile few.

Painter, sculptor, poet,—worker in words of whatsoever name—minister of the life which is—prophet of that which is to be,—have I not shown to you your mission? Hungry waiters at the door of art—thirsty loiterers at the fountain of life—hold to your right, and demand that that mission be fulfilled!

THE END.

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